Feb.14,1959

THE NEW YORKER

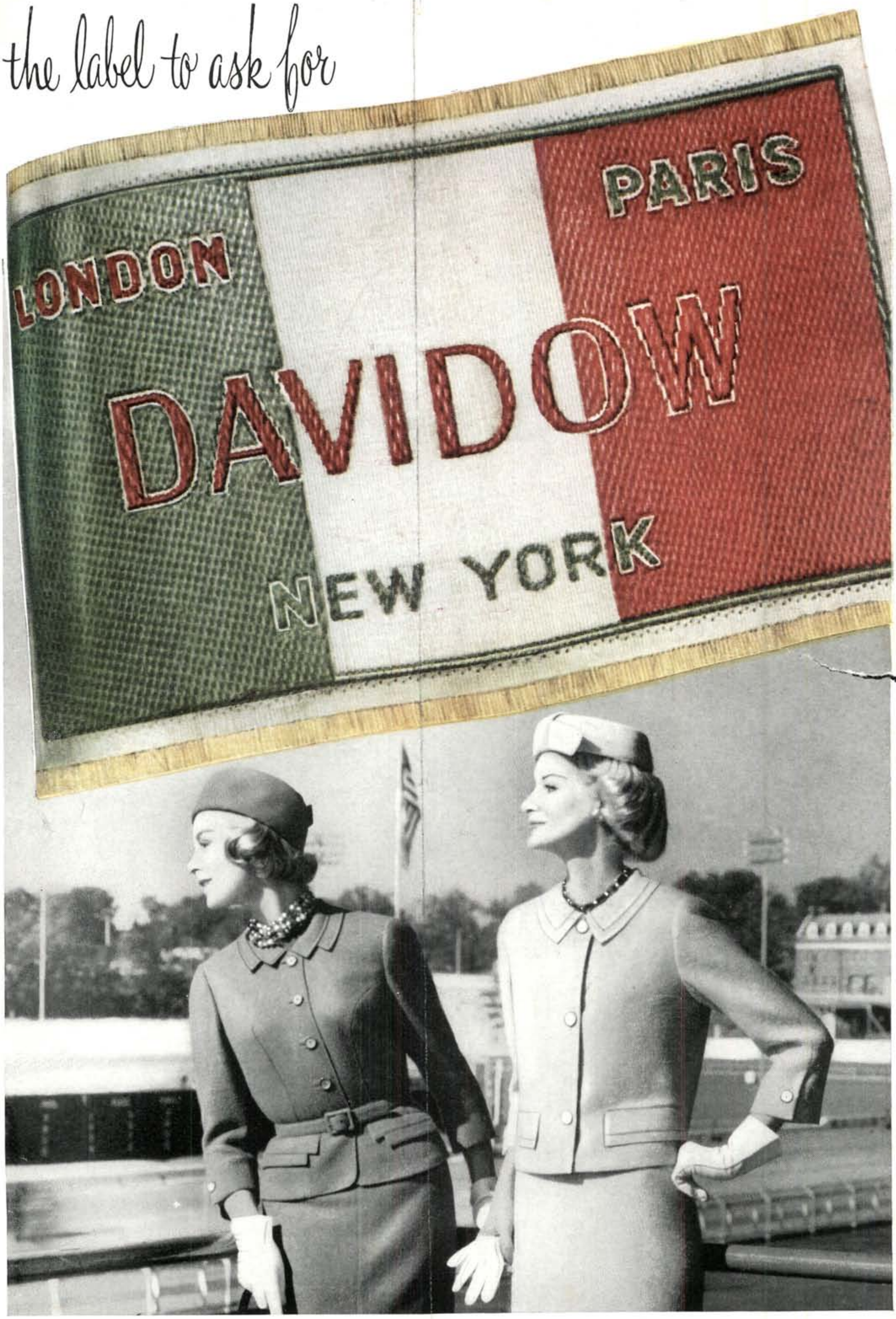
Price 25 cents

AUG 1 0 1993

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

the label to ask for


LONDON
PARIS
DAVIDOW
NEW YORK

In one minute you understand
Benson & Hedges
Tiffany & Co.
8 Days

You pay more...You get more with Benson & Hedges

You get the most expensive filter system used in any cigarette... the superior Benson & Hedges filter is recessed into the famous mouthpiece. The filter itself never touches your mouth... truly made for the fastidious smoker.

You get the world's choicest tobaccos... only superb tobaccos are used in Benson & Hedges. If you appreciate quality, you will recognize why this *must* be a limited edition cigarette.

FILTER MOUTHPIECE
Benson & Hedges
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
PARK AVENUE · NEW YORK

KING SIZE AND REGULAR

You get the most handsomely packaged cigarette... the famous Benson & Hedges cigarette-case package is completely crush-proof... the cover slides back to deliver each cigarette to you in perfect shape. It gratifies your own sense of beauty and marks you as discriminating to those around you.

Yes, you pay more... but you get more in Benson & Hedges.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cold Wind and the Warm—Eli Wallach shares top billing, but Maureen Stapleton, as a *gemütlich* matchmaker, is the best thing about S. N. Behrman's play, which looks back in rather mushy charity on the author's childhood. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Disenchanted—The last days of a great writer, lover, and drunk, distantly related to F. Scott Fitzgerald. Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit have written some memorable scenes for Jason Robards, Jr., though the play as a whole misfires. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—Happily resurrected after an overhasty burial, this searching play by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton concerns a rapacious young Englishman, trapped in suburbia, who can't decide whether he's a genius or a fraud. Robert Stephens is alarmingly good as the hero, a sinking ship firing on its rescuers, one of whom is Eileen Herlie. Also with Alison Leggatt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Gazebo—Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows are the leading figures in Alec Coppel's frail comedy thriller about a television writer who gets mixed up in an alleged murder. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

J. B.—The Book of Job, confusingly modernized by Archibald MacLeish but vividly acted by Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey. Elia Kazan's direction is stunning. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Leslie Stevens' examination of the behavior of American husbands and wives is at its moderate best when Julie Newmar, a statuesque and scientific siren, is trying to break up the home of Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, a couple of college professors. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Once More, with Feeling—The professional and domestic doings of an eminent conductor who is even more difficult than most. An occasionally mildly amusing farce, but also rather flimsy. Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Joseph Buloff are in it. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—A somewhat heavy-handed comedy by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, having to do with hearth and home in San Francisco. It benefits from the direction of Cyril Ritchard and also from his presence in the cast. Mr. Ritchard has the help of Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rashomon—Oscar Homolka, Akim Tamiroff, Claire Bloom, and Rod Steiger are the main participants in this engrossing tale of a stabbing in Japan ages ago. Fay and Michael Kanin wrote it, Oliver Messel designed it, and Peter Glenville staged it. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; on Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Requiem for a Nun—Only an outright worshipper of William Faulkner could get much sustenance out of his play, a rambling study of infanticide in Mississippi and its expiation, with Bertice Reading and Zachary Scott hovering around Ruth Ford, as the dead child's mama, who talks and talks. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rivalry—A dramatization by Norman Corwin of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, with Richard Boone, Nancy Kelly, and Martin Gabel. Directed by the author and produced by Cheryl Crawford and Joel Schenker. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tall Story—About bribery and corruption in college basketball, with Robert Elston, as a worried athlete; Hans Conreid and Marc Connelly, as a couple of compromised professors; and Marian Winters, as the former's wife. The authors, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, have had funnier ideas than this. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Third Best Sport—Celeste Holm has a few bright moments in this rather toothless satire about the plight of a newly married girl in the midst of a business convention in Florida. The authors, who drew the teeth, are Eleanor and Leo Bayer. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A strong, slow dose of posthumous Eugene O'Neill. With Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The World of Suzie Wong—The brothel that is the scene of this commonplace play is full of high-minded people played by hard-working actors, including France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO:** Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** William Gibson's piece about a couple of lonely people in New York. Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. Kevin McCarthy will fill in for Mr. Andrews for one week starting Monday, Feb. 16. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Legend of Lizzie—Reginald Lawrence's play about the Lizzie Borden trial, with Douglass Montgomery and Anne Meacham. Produced by Hartney Arthur (who also directed it) and Nat Stevens. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Flower Drum Song—East meets West, rather coyly, in the disappointing new show that Rodgers and Hammerstein have composed for a breezy company, among whose members are Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden. It all happens in San Francisco. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goldilocks—Jean and Walter Kerr's reconstruction of how things were in the early days in movieland. Loud and sometimes funny, with a score by Leroy Anderson. Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley head the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—An unpredictable Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, assisted by Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, Jacques Legras, and several lively girls, explores the fringes of Surrealism with extravagantly comic results. The language, where there is language, is English. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Redhead—Gwen Verdon and Richard Kiley in a musical with a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, Sidney Sheldon, and David Shaw. Albert Hague wrote the music, Miss

Page
THE AIR 74
THE ART GALLERIES 98
BOOKS 117
THE CURRENT CINEMA 113
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 104
MUSICAL EVENTS 115
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
ABOUT THE HOUSE 84
THE RACE TRACK 72
TABLES FOR TWO 90
THE THEATRE 68

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol XXXIV, No. 52, February 14, 1959. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1959, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

PIANO BY BALDWIN

at the request of Leonard Bernstein

TONE is one of the principal standards by which fine pianos are judged. Tone of Baldwin stature can be achieved only through use of the finest materials in the hands of dedicated craftsmen. For example, the patented Baldwin pinblock contains forty layers of select hardwood, so strong that the modern Baldwin Grand stays tuned as no piano ever did before. Admire it at your Baldwin Dealer's today.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fields the lyrics. Presented by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr, and staged by Bob Fosse. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **jamaica:** A West Indian idyll with Harold Arlen songs and Lena Horne to sing them. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.) . . . **the music man:** Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Edward Mulhare and Pamela Charles are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Majority of One—A comedy by Leonard Spigelgass, starring Gertrude Berg and Cedric Hardwicke. Presented by the Theatre Guild and Dore Schary, and directed by Mr. Schary. Opens Monday, Feb. 16. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—A revival of Frank Loesser's "The Most Happy Fella," with Norman Atkins, Art Lund, and Paula Stewart. The first in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Feb. 15: "Il Trovatore." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Feb. 20: "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Jeanne Beauvais and Christina Gillespie are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

A Clearing in the Woods—Nancy Wickwire and Gene Lyons in a revival of Arthur Laurents' play. Opens Thursday, Feb. 12. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Crucible—Arthur Miller's play, with Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan at the head of the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30; Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

An Enemy of the People—A revival of Arthur Miller's flatly vernacular adaptation of Ibsen's play about a scientist who is made to suffer for his adherence to the truth. The cast, which includes Ward Costello, Henderson Forsythe, Lois Holmes, and Al Sperduto, is more vigorous than inspired in its performance. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Fashion—There is a certain amount of fun to be got out of this revival of Anna Cora Mowatt's social comedy of 1845, most frequently when the author's notion of the sublime coincides with the modern sense of the ridiculous. Will Geer and Enid Markey bulk large in the cast. (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Hamlet of Stepney Green—A very promising first play by England's Bernard Kops, which is precariously based on Mr. Shakespeare's well-known drama. Most conspicuous among the talented players are Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Harlequinade and **Electra**—A double bill made up of Terence Rattigan's comedy (as a curtain-raiser) and Sophocles' tragedy, both with Judith Evelyn, Murray Matheson, and Frances Adler. Preview Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Feb. 13. (Rita Allen Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-5450. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

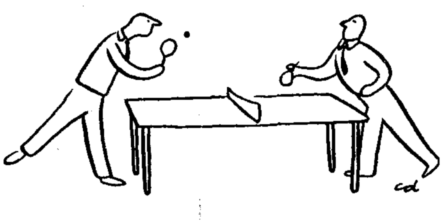
Héloïse—An intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag play the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively acted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the other players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which Gene Rupert, Lynn Wood, and Helen Jean Arthur appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:45. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

The Man Who Never Died—All about how the reactionaries hounded Joe Hill, the celebrated union martyr, through both the lower and the higher courts of Utah, and through the board of pardons as well. For dramatic purposes, any one of these sessions would have been enough to establish the point; all of them together are a great deal more than enough. Barrie Stavis wrote the play, and Mark Gordon acts the part of Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Many Loves—William Carlos Williams has written a trio of playlets, all dealing with some aspect of love, and has wrapped them in a play, which also treats of love. If the result at times seems more akin to revue than to drama, it is revue of the highest level of wit and intelligence. Judith Malina, George Miller, and Ronald Durling are in the cast. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)



On the Town—Harold Lang and Pat Carroll in a revival of the 1944 musical, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. JU 6-7663. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

The Quare Fellow—A grim comedy, by Brendan Behan, about life and death in an Irish prison. The play is occasionally discursive and uncertain in its development, but it offers, by way of handsome compensation, many sharp and mordantly funny sketches of life behind bars. Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers figure in a large and very able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

The Saintliness of Margery Kempe—A knockabout comedy based (very losely, one suspects) on the autobiography of a fourteenth-century English housewife. The witless proceedings are redeemed, in some measure, by the lively and roguish performance of Frances Sternhagen in the title role. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

She Shall Have Music—The plot of William Wycherley's "The Country Wife" has been converted to boy-meets-girl in this musical adaptation, while the dialogue adheres wherever possible to the naughty Restoration comedy, which makes for a certain confusion of purpose. Dede Meyer's score seldom acknowledges the period of the comedy, but is pleasant enough to listen to. Cherry Davis, Skedge Miller, and Betty Oakes are in the cast. Reopens Tuesday, Feb. 17. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

'Tis Pity She's a Whore—A tragedy of incest by the Jacobean playwright John Ford. Despite the author's serious intentions, the drama falls short of tragic significance, and is further compromised by an intricate, tedious, and unnecessary subplot. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the impassioned siblings, and Martin Kosleck the wicked Vasquez, who engineers their downfall. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Les Ballets Africains—Forty-five African dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement starting Monday, Feb. 16, and running through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter nightly, except Monday, Feb. 23, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays; Wednesday, Feb. 18; and Sunday, Feb. 22, all at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

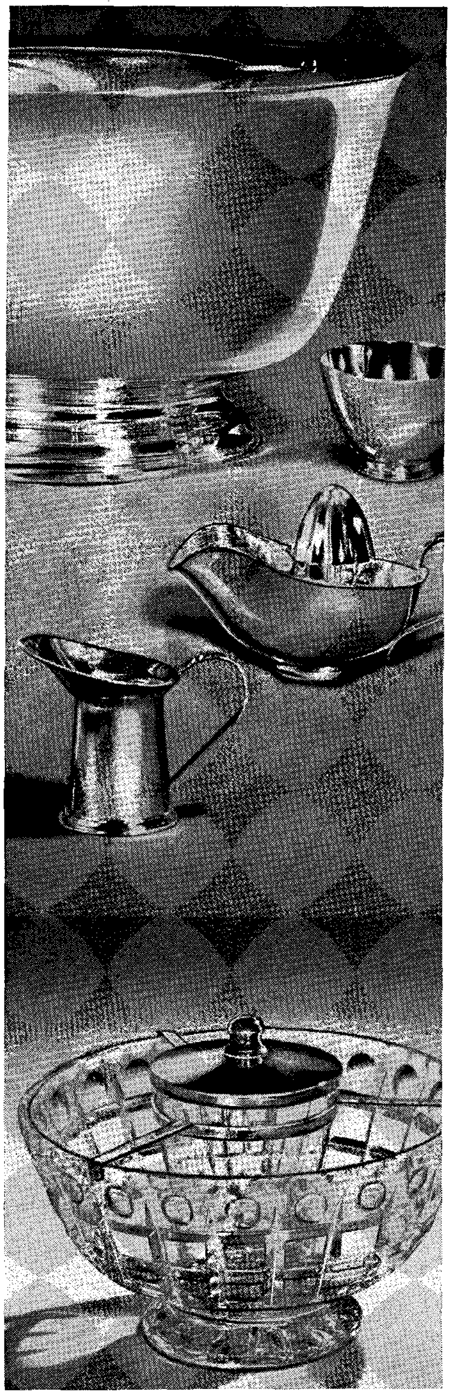
El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award night, which may or may not be the end of

The man who knows his way around is going to go places mighty proudly in his new car of The *Forward* Look. It has the unmistakable, sleek, finned look that set the trend for modern cars. In styling too—you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!

Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more. The quality Cars of The *Forward* Look from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL



Sterling–
for Contemporary
Living

(Top)
14" punch bowl, $305; cup, $27;
juicer, $35; 2 oz. jigger, $11.

(Bottom)
Crystal caviar bowl with silver
cover, 8⅛" diameter, $55.50.
Federal Tax included.

Cartier

INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS FOR OVER A CENTURY

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
PLaza 3-0111

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a perfect day. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never say die.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The autobiography of Cole Porter is being sung in his own words and music at nine-thirty (and also at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays) in the Cotillion Room by the voices of Wilbur Evans, Betty Madigan, and Stan Grover. Music for dancing comes from the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal is the product of a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there's Lilo, a Parisienne chanteuse whose native sod could just as well be on the left bank of the Hudson, the Missouri, or the Monongahela. Showtime is dinner and supper. Ted Straeter's band, just about the best dance instructor we own, is around most of the evening, along with Mark Monte's effervescent minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's light cavalry plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either glen.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his family, which often sounds as if they were just waiting to be tucked into bed, are doing the dance tunes in the mighty Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the pomp-and-circumstance Maisonette, Vicky Autier, as French as blueberry pie, does the singing at dinner and supper. The tiny dance bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari keep up their animated conversation all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—A new face, Tommy Purcell, is at the piano in the old corral called the Café Lounge, where he performs for cocktails and dinner. After nine, his orchestra joins him in dance music. Sundays are their holidays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, as good a winter palace as you'll find anywhere, has Chauncey Gray's orchestra alternating with Quintero's band for dancing after nine, and there is dinner music earlier. Closed Sundays.

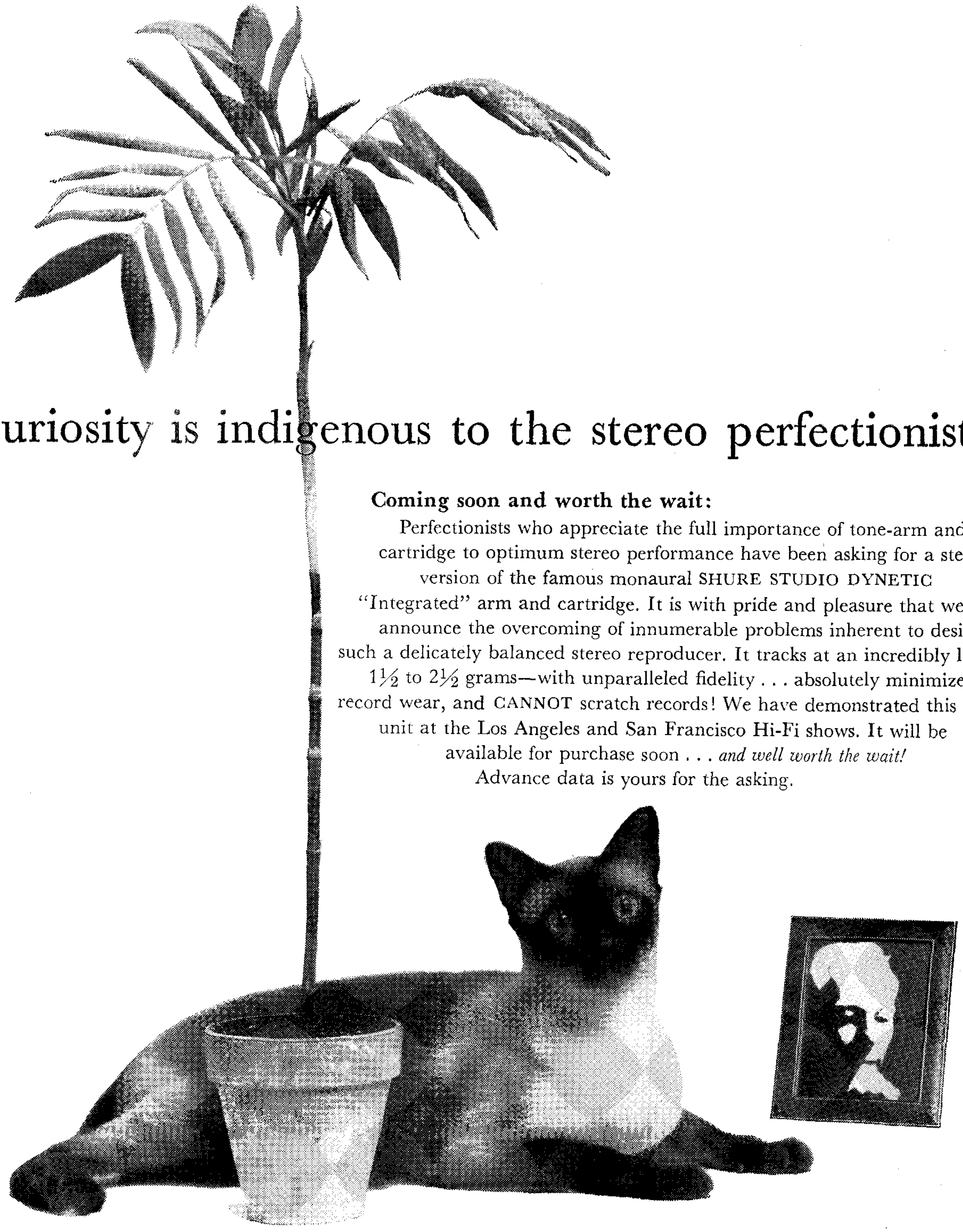
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Death, as it must to all of Edith Piaf's Pierrots and Pierrettes, comes at a leisurely pace in the Empire Room, but it gets there on the dot. The remarkably persuasive French singer appears at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band do dance music full blast the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one segment of Peacock Alley, a many-chambered nautilus, the trios of Jozsi Ribari and Ernie Warren play listening music (Mondays through Thursdays) and dance music (Fridays and Saturdays) from seven until twelve. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band is the dance master.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, the chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, presents canapés, cocktails, and brandy, but no St. Bernards. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, and Joseph Sudy's trio plays drinking songs most of the time. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The inmates, who are judging only by hearsay, will tell you there's nothing west of Jersey City but buffaloes, Indians, and Carry Nation. At the back end of the awning-striped dining room, after nine, the eminent Rack Godwin extracts precocious counterpoint and humor from what looks like a perfectly innocent piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational school for social research, open (naturally) from cocktail time on. Bob Printz plays piano from five to seven-thirty, and Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders alternate after that, sometimes with four-handed galops. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, deaconess of the art of singing for one's supper (eleven is her check-in time), treads many a green pasture and stirs many a verdant memory on her journey through the small hours. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, is also a calm, collected soloist on the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It's even money whether you get a napkin or a violin tucked under your chin in this Roman villa. The employees, who all have violins and will travel, move from table to table under the jurisdiction of Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Bernie Leighton, up to now mainly a dance musician, is testing a piano for sound from five to one in this high-style enterprise. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **PLAYBILL,** Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): Every night but Sunday, Cy Walter, headmaster of the solopianists' guild, is in the upper-level bar from five-thirty to eight-thirty and in the lower-level dining room after ten-thirty, when the dimming of the floodlights makes the prevailing red plush less fidgety. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and ornamental Florentine school of cooking. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there are songs of a sort by Bob English. On Fridays and Saturdays, Enzo Lembo adds his Roman voice to the proceedings. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Sundays are silent nights. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A drawbridge and moat are the most recent additions to this medieval refectory. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in miniature, and some of its indigenous arts—cuisine, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): After ten, in this tongue-in-cheek little art gallery, Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which puts a bit of jump into its most sentimental journeys, and Cecil Young's duo, which is happy-go-lucky all the time, remove their dust covers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): An evening-long seminar on how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On the whole, *haut monde*. At frequent intervals from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's piano by George Feyer, whose music is in the Tinker Toy vein. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven, gives it some reasonably lively touches. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Vincent Limoli plays piano in the room called Casino-on-the-Park from six to



curiosity is indigenous to the stereo perfectionist...

Coming soon and worth the wait:

Perfectionists who appreciate the full importance of tone-arm and cartridge to optimum stereo performance have been asking for a stereo version of the famous monaural SHURE STUDIO DYNETIC "Integrated" arm and cartridge. It is with pride and pleasure that we announce the overcoming of innumerable problems inherent to designing such a delicately balanced stereo reproducer. It tracks at an incredibly light 1½ to 2½ grams—with unparalleled fidelity . . . absolutely minimizes record wear, and CANNOT scratch records! We have demonstrated this stereo unit at the Los Angeles and San Francisco Hi-Fi shows. It will be available for purchase soon . . . *and well worth the wait!* Advance data is yours for the asking.

today's overwhelming first choice

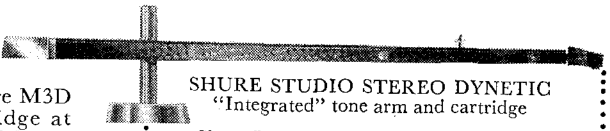
Quite candidly, the magnificent Shure M3D Professional Stereo Dynetic cartridge at $45.00* is undoubtedly the most widely acclaimed separate cartridge for the finest stereo outfits. And now, for only $24.00*, Shure offers another superior cartridge for improving ANY stereo set equipped with a record changer or moderately priced tone arm:

SHURE CUSTOM

Stereo Dynetic

Model M7D only $24^00*

*At responsible Hi-Fi dealers and consultants. With 0.7 mil diamond, audiophile net.



SHURE STUDIO STEREO DYNETIC
"Integrated" tone arm and cartridge

Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Street
Evanston, Illinois, Dept. 35-B

Send advance data on the forthcoming Studio Stereo Dynetic arm and cartridge. Let me know when my dealer has them.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone_____State________

My Hi-Fi dealer is____________________

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Only a Shirtdress

could greet Spring with such well-mannered young lines. Its special joys: a natural affinity for just your way of life and a very effective dash in textured silk. By Max Lawrence in navy or beige. Sizes 10 to 18.

45.00

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

Also at our 17 convenient Branches

nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **COAT OF ARMS,** 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): Enough garden walls to persuade you that you're dining outdoors. Marty Berns is at the piano weekdays, and Joe Moon is in charge of it on Sundays. The music begins at seven and ends at one. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Lothar Perl at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Not only violin but song, delivered at the table while you wait. The deliverers are apt to be European; the landscaping is Louis XXX-boudoir. Dancing from ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIPLOMAT,** 405 E. 52nd St. (PL 5-5992): A handsome new birdcage, offering quite a variety of seed in solid and in liquid form, not to mention (from cocktail time on) the unobtrusive piano of Billy Dennison. At ten, Mr. D. expands into a dance trio. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No room at this inn for tired businessmen, since the pageant, conducted largely in undress uniform, runs a solid two hours. Along the giant boardwalk are the Tuckers, a good old circus aerialist act, and Jean Carroll, a slightly too outspoken analyst of Grand Concourse mores. Dancing. . . . **CASA CUGAT,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): A pleasure dome, dedicated to two projects—(1) Good Neighbor music, from the fox trots of Charles Holden's Manhattan band to the Latin pulsings of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, and (2) Good Neighbor cookery, from the forty-ninth state (Baked Alaska) to the Caribbean (papaya). Pretty, cool, and comfortable, and full of taut dance tunes between nine in the evening and four in the morning on weekdays and between eight-thirty and three on Sundays. There are also Saturday and Sunday matinées, from three to six.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, whose chants are a blend of antic hay and grapes of wrath, leaves no lyric unturned in the course of her glorious rampage. There is also humor from Orson Bean, who enjoys all the fringe benefits of a sound Harvard and Martian background, not to mention the graceful Portuguese folk music of Los Indios Tabajaras, direct from the Brazilian hinterland, and the American balladry of Betty Johnson. Miss J.'s successor, due on Tuesday, Feb. 17, will probably be Isobel Robins, upon whose golden head and literate lyrics a very special sun seems always to shine. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard provide the background. Fridays and Saturdays, the romp begins as early as nine-forty-five. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty conducts his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): As wise and witty a fools' paradise as was ever devised. It offers, at nine-thirty and twelve, the fools to prove it—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who populate a completely Inside New York revue put on by Julius Monk. The pit band is the pianos of Jay Thompson and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Katie Lee, looking like a young matron in town for a matinée but sounding like an analyst with an overdose of truth serum, breezes in to sing after the theatre. The admirable double pianos of Stan Keen and Carl Norman are the other embellishment of this Julius Monk pavilion. The bar opens at five, the piano music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Bobby Short, piano and songs afire, romps in the back room, after ten, in a fashion unknown to this once sleepy hamlet. Ralph Strain, a romantically inclined pianist at the dinner hour, gets into the Short mood when, a bit later, he gets the use of the two Short sidemen. All hands stay until the last cock has crowed. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Mickey Deems, whose discourse tends to indicate that domestic bliss is the most perilous of all occupational hazards, tells his tales of woe in the bar every evening but Sunday, when old movies take place. Betty McNamara, who sings, has Monday to herself, when amateur talent deploys. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, sit down to the twin pianos whenever anyone else pauses for breath. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The mock *chinoiserie* that forms the décor at the rear end of the Midtown Café is as much fun as the balladry of Janice Mars, who never lets her composers down. The piano is run by Baldwin Bergersen, one of the aforesaid composers, and Gene Hunt, a Jack-of-all-trades, including ragtime. They get to work after the theatre Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, the Tarriers, a guitar-and-piano foursome, are the amusement. . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Matt Dennis, from whose pen have flowed such romantic lullabies as "Violets for Your Furs" and "Everything Happens to Me," is proving that his voice and piano are as mighty as his pen. Jack Kelly's trio assists Mr. Dennis, who, by the way, takes Sundays off. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): There are, after all, still moments of unalloyed joy on this Village green, as when Mae Barnes goes to bat against an array of popular songs, when Alice Ghostley pours forth, in ballad form, an analysis of the chaos in the minds of most ladies of Manhattan, and when Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames prance through their music for madmen. Tony and Eddie, wild and woolly wearers of sock and buskin, venture into earsplitting pantomime both pure and impure, and Jimmie Daniels, entrepreneur of this unruly horde, attempts some boulevardier ballads once in a while. The intermission pianist is Murray Grand. Closed Mondays. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The philosopher's stone melts easily in the mouth of Milt Kamen, cosmic commentator, sidewalk humorist, and average puzzled human being. Little, Dane, and Mason, his companions, are a not especially restrained barbershop trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The doorstep is just south of the border, and so is most of the populace, onstage and off. In the back room, there's Panchito's Latin dance band and a show of sorts (mostly Latin, too); in a bustling alcove beside the bar, a Costa Rican guitarist named Ray Tico sings his happy heart out. Things get going around nine; Sundays, the sole operation is a Latin tea dance from three to eight. . . . **CAFÉ SAHBRA,** 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): It's practically an Israeli consulate, replete with indigenous folk and folkways, especially on weekends. The instrumentation of Aviva and Hillel and the dances of Zuika and Talya are imports; the badinage of Leo Fuld is purely local. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Be patient through the early doldrums of the miniature revue ensconced here, and the reward will be a fairly merry climax. Merry all the way through are Ellen Martin (a chip off the Old Nick), Lynne Stuart, and Sheila Smith. Performances at nine-thirty and at twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Every midnight but Monday, Gigi Durston's well-remembered and well-integrated voice is raised in song; Pat Paterno, the other balladier, really just comes along for the ride. Rambling violins before ten-thirty, spurts of dance tunes thereafter.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

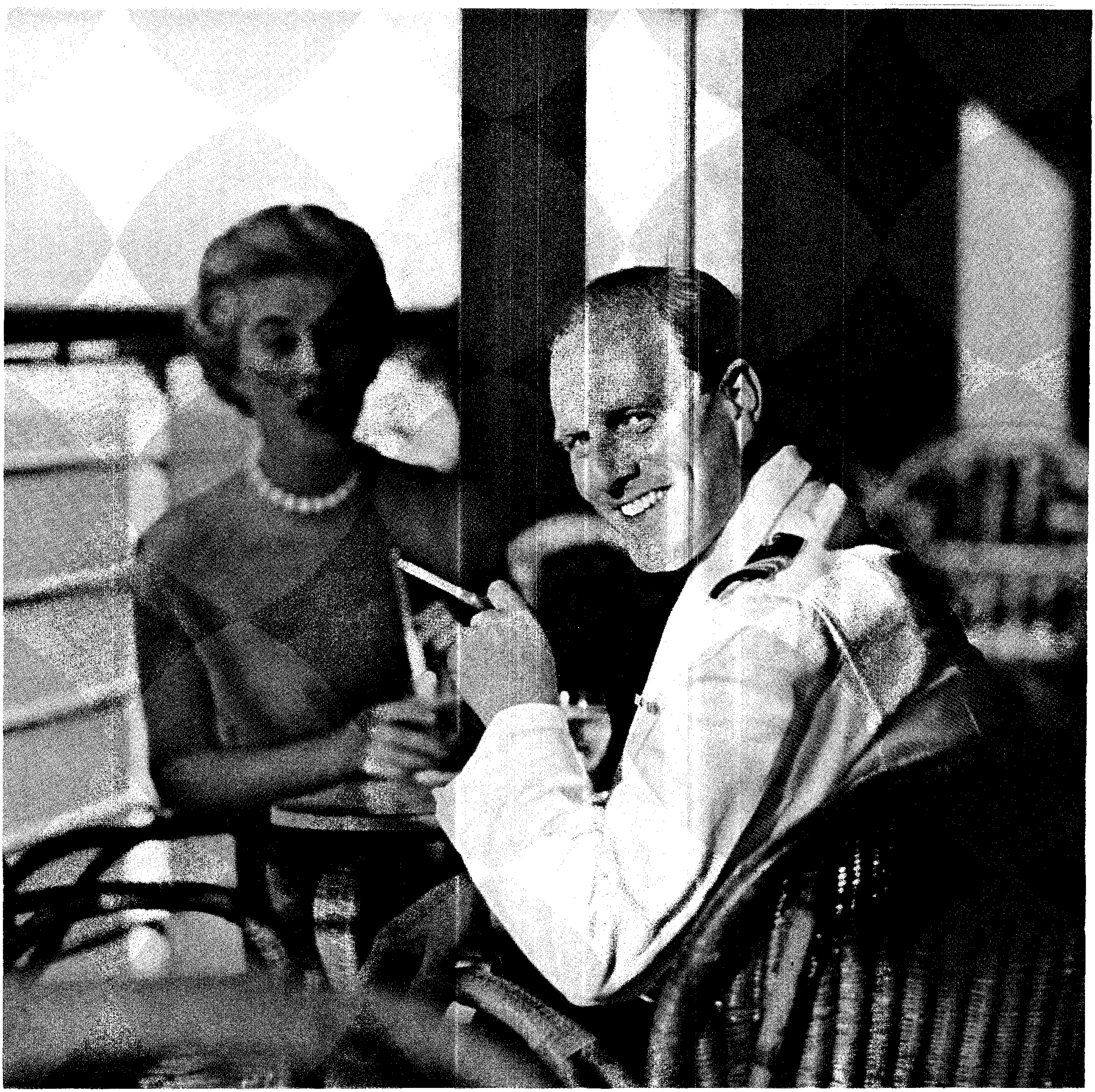
(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The Battle of Jericho is reproduced with such fidelity that you can actually hear the walls come tumbling down. Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are on

to women who don't sleep well
to women who don't sleep well
to women who don't sleep well

Counting sheep is really no job for rank amateurs. Schrank numbers non-sleepers amongst the world's unsung mathematicians. Ever met a sound sleeper who could strike a total by counting sheep's feet and dividing by four? . . . (and while in motion?) This modest little talent has all kinds of uses. We know literally millions who figured out all by themselves that Schrank nighties make mathematical sense . . . $S = \frac{m}{b}$ (Schrank equals money in the bank).

Italian-inspired "Fiori di Roma" print on **drip-dry** "Satin Set" Combed Cotton Batiste. Jumper Coat, $7...Shift gown, $6. S-M-L. Not Shown: Matching Pajama, Baby Doll, Sleep Coat, each $6. Pillow Case, $2. At better stores everywhere. **M. C. Schrank Co.,** 437 Fifth Ave., New York • Montreal, Canada • Brisbane, Australia • Wellington, New Zealand • Capetown, South Africa. Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada.



Mr. Puckle at a sailing party in San Francisco. (You can also sail from Los Angeles or Vancouver.) Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Purser Puckle Pampers Passengers—on Orient & Pacific liners

AFTER YOUR FIRST day at sea on Orient & Pacific you suddenly get the pleasant feeling that you've gone on holiday with your own English butler and chef.

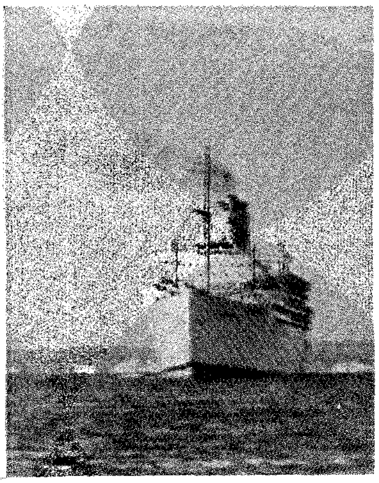
Mr. Puckle, your Purser, sees to it that a steward is always on call for you. And that the service is prompt. (The English believe that stinting on service is a barbarous custom. On Orient & Pacific liners there is at least one crew member to every two passengers.)

If you want Scotch salmon, quail from the Nile, Russian caviar, a birthday cake for your child, almost anything short of nightingales in your cabin, Mr. Puckle will oblige.

Only Orient & Pacific liners offer you this superb British service to Japan, Australia, Hong Kong, Fiji, New Zealand or Manila.

Plan to discover the Pacific this year—and let Mr. Puckle pamper you while you're at it. Round trips to the Far East start at $672, to Australia at $604. See your travel agent.

Orient & Pacific Lines: Suite G, 210 Post St., San Francisco. Cunard Line: General Passenger Agents in the United States and Canada.



the firing line, and Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of anecdotal-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A quintet erected by Max Roach is at the head of the table. It's flanked by Red Garland's trio and Donna Hightower, a chortler of the no-nerves, no-fear school of balladry. Sundays, there are matinées, four-thirty to seven, as well as the nighttime sessions. A new troupe, led by Clyde MacPhatter (what will the numerologists think of next?), arrives on Tuesday, Feb. 17. Mr. MacPhatter sings, and you know it. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Undaunted by the pine panelling of this satire on Camelot, Bob Scobey and his Frisco band, a famous Dixie settlement on the West Coast, strike many a resounding blow for their righteous cause. On Monday, Feb. 16, they'll be succeeded by Ray Bauduc, Nappy Lamare, and their Riverboat Dandies, an armed force that is working its way up the Mississippi under cover of night. Teddy Wilson's exemplary trio stays put. Sundays, other playboys have the use of the hall. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The way Bourbon Street looked back in 1900 to Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Wilbur Kirk, and other ancestor worshippers. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, sometimes paints his piano every color of the rainbow, but underneath it all he is a masterly technician. Ten-fifteen is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a name that tells all, are clanking their hammers and tongs in one of our oldest hollow oaks. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, trying to break the sound barrier into kindling. The disorderly parties are usually Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, J. C. Higginbotham, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, and Buster Bailey. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Sunday afternoons, and Monday and Tuesday nights, another deal—a group headed by Roy Eldridge, J. C. Heard, and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The triple-jointed fingers of Billy Taylor, hugging all eighty-eight keys at once in a fond if furious embrace, are one reason for dropping in on the back room. The other is Mary Lou Williams, who (as the mood moves) is dark blue, sentimental, or abstract. Her instrument, too, is the piano, and both virtuosos have trios in support. The Taylors are off on Sundays, the Williamses on Mondays; on both these days, Bobby Scott, a third pianist, fills in with an electrifying search for nine or ten lost chords. Their music, which is new-school, begins at nine. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A primer of Early Americana, setting forth the facts in broad, sweeping, but readily comprehensible statements. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, the faculty should include Jo Jones, Willie the Lion Smith, Roy Eldridge, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Panama Francis, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, and Dick Wellstood. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A trifle hard of hearing, mostly because some convention or other is always underfoot. The trio of Dorothy Donegan, who makes a lasting impression on any piano, roars like a lion when Eugene Smith's trio takes its ease. Eight-thirty is the usual tee-off time. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A study hall for serious students. The principal speaker is the quintet of Lennie Tristano, a creative artist who works with quiet precision. Lee Konitz is his leading man. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Basket parties of up to four thousand accommodated in Howe Caverns' only rival. Onstage after ten is Larry Adler, whose puissant harmonica is a many-splendored thing. Ellis Larkins, the very model of a modern accompanist, is at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Collectors of entertaining curiosa may wish to know that Blossom Dearie, her childlike voice, and her witty piano are part of the melee here, the rest of which you can take or leave alone. She vacations on Mondays; Anita Sheer, who knows her way around a guitar and flamenco music, vacations Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARGIT BECK—Water colors; through Friday, Feb. 20. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

JAMES BROOKS—Large, cloudily colorful Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

ROBERT BÜCKER—Geometric abstractions, dark and reticent in color; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Riley, 24 E. 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—Four large, slashingly vivid Abstract Expressionist oils of New Orleans, together with smaller oils, some of which were preparatory studies for them; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

REG BUTLER—Sculptures and drawings by this British artist; through Feb. 28. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN CLAD—Paintings; starting Friday, Feb. 13. (Camino, 92 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MORRIS DAVIDSON—Abstract oils; through Feb. 28. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Elaborately ornamental small bronzes, totemic in influence; through Feb. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

ERNEST FIENE—Paintings, chiefly of Manhattan, in his first exhibition in ten years; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

STAN FREBORG—Vigorously colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 12. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

STEPHEN GREENE—The Garden of Eden is the theme of a showing of paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Feb. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Lincoln's Birthday.)

GERRIT HONDIUS—Paintings, Expressionist in style, ranging in subject from the circus to the Chinese theatre; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—Drawings, etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

PETER LANYON—Abstract landscapes and seascapes by a contemporary British artist; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—New compositions, done in a mixture of collage and oil; through Friday, Feb. 20. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN MARIN—Paintings done before 1920, some dating back to 1888; through Feb. 28. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

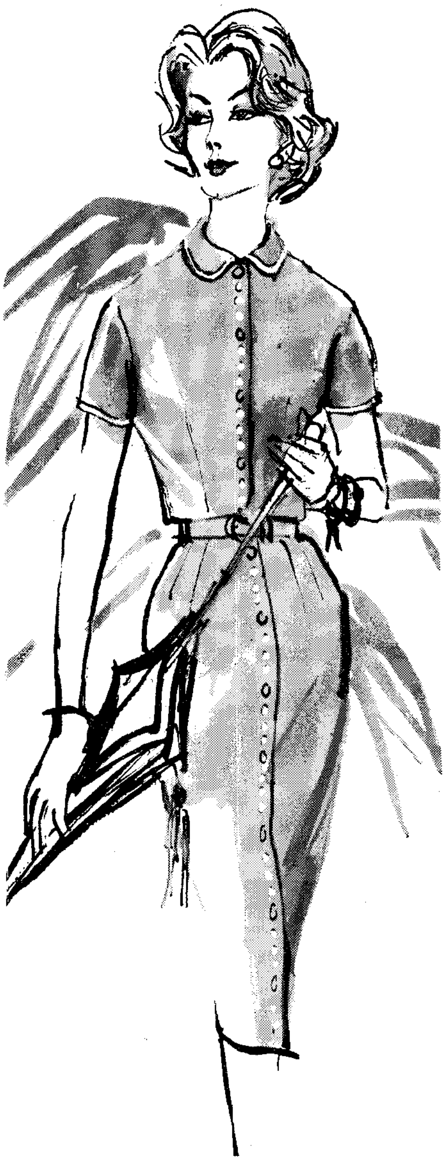
CHARLES OSCAR—Paintings, grave in color and almost Surrealist in mood; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Oils and wash drawings of rocky landscapes and trees; through Feb. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PICASSO—At the **FINE ARTS**, 41 E. 57th St.: His latest sculpture, "Six Bathers," in bronze; through March 7. . . . **LANDRY**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Lithographs, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 21.

BERNARD REDER—Sculptures, mainly in bronze and wildly inventive in form; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

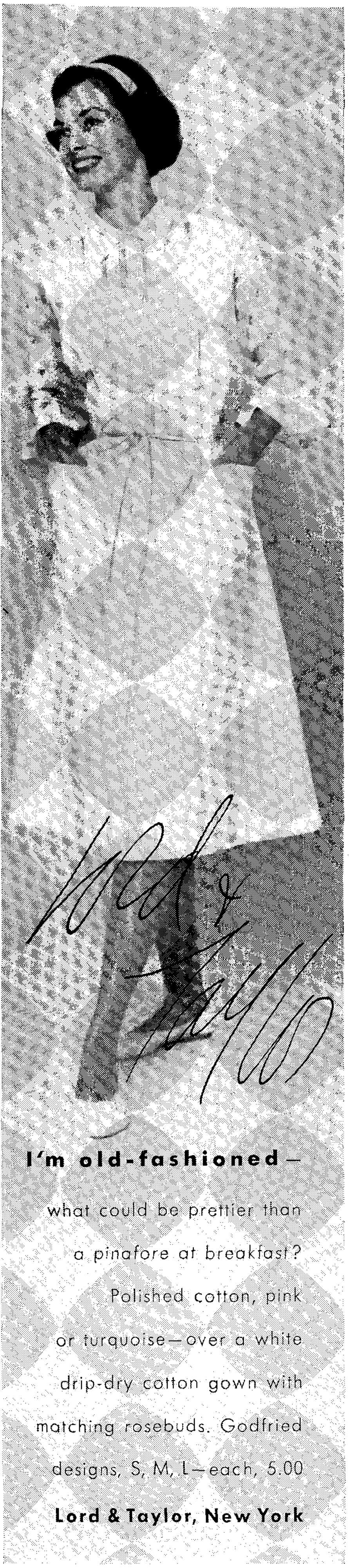
ODILON REDON—A loan exhibition of paintings



we make light
of the tropics

Our cool little coat-sheath has the most beguiling details. We like the ingenuous collar, and the real buttons down the front, interspaced with embroidered mock buttons. In crisp, nubby spun acetate—aqua, beige or navy. In 10 to 20 sizes. 35.00. From our Sportswear Collections. Mail and phone orders.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield, N. J. • Chicago • Detroit
Beverly Hills • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • San Francisco • Miami
Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Palm Beach • Old Orchard at Skokie



I'm old-fashioned—

what could be prettier than a pinafore at breakfast? Polished cotton, pink or turquoise—over a white drip-dry cotton gown with matching rosebuds. Godfried designs, S, M, L—each, 5.00

Lord & Taylor, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and pastels; through March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Ralph Rosenborg—Semiabstract paintings *(1936-58); through Feb. 28.* (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Kurt Schwitters—Collages (1919-47) by one of the earliest practitioners of the form; through March 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—Paintings and sculptures, loosely related to Biblical themes; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Thomas Sills—Intricately organized Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings, many based on landscape themes; through March 7. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through Feb. 28. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Edward John Stevens—His sixteenth annual showing of gouaches; starting Saturday, Feb. 14. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Walter Stuempfig—Landscapes, figures, still-lifes, and portraits; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Victor Vasarely—Abstractions; through Tuesday, Feb. 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wilde—*Paintings, done in a style approaching* the trompe-l'oeil; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Landscapes of Italy and 95th Street, still-lifes, and figures; through Feb. 28. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Gouaches of the Arctic; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Masterpieces of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington—Fifty-five European and American paintings by Rembrandt, Degas, Thomas Eakins, Theodoros Stamos, and others. An exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of, and for the benefit of, the Museum. Through March 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

The Impressionist Mood in American Painting—A loan exhibition of eighty-five works by thirty-three artists, including Theodore Robinson, Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, and George Luks; through Sunday, Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays and Lincoln's Birthday, 2 to 5.)

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman—Paintings, sculptures, etchings, and lithographs by such European artists as Cézanne, Modigliani, Kokoschka, Toulouse-Lautrec, and van Gogh. For the benefit of the Greenwich House Music School. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Four walls covered by four Abstract Expressionist paintings (by Sam Francis, Fritz Bultman, Michael Goldberg, and Alfred Leslie), plus a single sculpture by John Chamberlain; through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The current show consists of fifty oils chosen by Betty Parsons, Sidney Laufman, and Leon Kroll; through Feb. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

French; Group Shows—At the **BRATA**, 89 E. 10th St.: An exchange exhibit of abstract paintings (by Chabrillan, Christian Chenard, and Jean Villeri) from the Galerie Creuze, in Paris; through Thursday, Feb. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **JAMES GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Sixteenth- to nineteenth-century paintings by Grimou, Daubigny, Signac, and others; through Feb. 26. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by such modern masters as Chagall, Miró, and Vlaminck; through March 14. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Drawings by artists from Clouet to the present; through March 7.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Nearly two hundred and fifty works by Winslow Homer, on loan from museums and private collections; through March 8. . . . ¶ Two hundred and twenty French drawings from American collections, with works by Boucher, Clouet, Matisse, and Picasso; through March 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Re*cently acquired paintings and sculptures* by artists from fifteen countries, including Larry Rivers, John Bratby, Richard Stankiewicz, and Bernhard Heiliger; through April 19. . . . ¶ Prints by Matisse, Klee, Kirchner, and seven other European artists; through March 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A memorial showing of drawings (portraits, landscapes, genre scenes) by Carl Erickson, the *Vogue* fashion illustrator known as Eric; through April 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—William Blake's original series of water colors for the Book of Job, done about 1820, plus proof impressions of twenty-one engravings he subsequently did on the same subject; through March 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Prints by contemporary Americans (Minna Citron, Antonio Frasconi, John von Wicht, and others); through Feb. 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Four American Expressionists": Sculptors Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross and painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner; through March 1. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Vanessa," with Brenda Lewis, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 8: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Brenda Lewis, Jan Peerce, Frank Guarrera, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, George London, Cesare Valletti, Ezio Flagello, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Belen Amparan, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. (A benefit for the Vassar Club of New York scholarship fund; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2302.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Laurel Hurley, Regina Resnik, Theodor Uppman, Gabor Carelli, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Cesare Valletti, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Margaret Roggero, Leonard Warren, Barry Morell, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Thelma Votipka, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Antonietta Stella, Nell Rankin, Kurt Baum, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "Macbeth," with Leonie Rysanek, Leonard Warren, Carlo Bergonzi, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 7:45: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Regina Resnik, Sebastian Feiersinger, Otto Edelmann, Giorgio Tozzi, and Karl Doench.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 13, at 2:30; and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30 (all with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano); Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3 (with Gary Graffman, piano); Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Van

Cliburn, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 20, at 2:30; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30 (all with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:45, with Henryk Szeryng, Polish violinist; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2:30, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30, with Eugene Istomin, piano.)

PAUL HINDEMITH—Directing a symphony orchestra and the Collegiate Chorale. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.)

STUTTGART CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Karl Meunchinger conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30, with Gerard Souzay, baritone. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Robert Scholz conducting, with Coleman Blumfield, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

HANDEL PROGRAM—Lorenz Segall conducting the Handel Festival Orchestra, with Jean Pierre Rampal, flute; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord; and Arthur Graham, tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

CONCORDIA CHOIR—Paul J. Christiansen directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

GLENN GOULD—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

HUNGARIAN QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—English music for voices and viols. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30, the last in a series of three programs. . . . ¶ Same program; Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

SUNDAY CONCERT SOCIETY—The sixth in a series of eight concerts, this one by the Duo di Roma, with David Oppenheim, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 5:30. For tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—A program of French music, with Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Leonid Hambro, piano; Yves Chardon, composer-cellist; and Harry Peers, trumpet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

BEATRICE KREBS—Contralto, in the second lieder program (postponed from Jan. 30) in a series of three. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

RAFAEL PUYANA—Harpsichord, in a program of sixteenth- to eighteenth-century music. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

PATRICIA NEWAY—Soprano, presenting a song cycle from the poems of James Joyce. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

PAGANINI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The fifth program in the series, this one by Pierre Fournier, cello. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—Margaret Hillis conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 5:30.)

ARTUR BALSAM AND WILLIAM KROLL—A program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th

ESTABLISHED 1818

FOR A SOUTHERN VACATION
our exclusive new sport jacket
of lightweight Dacron-and-worsted

Here is an unbelievably lightweight and comfortable sport jacket for cruise or Southern resort wear. It is made on our distinctive models in two unusually good-looking patterns—a medium grey with red-and-black overplaid, and an Ancient Tartan in lovat with brown overplaid. Weight of a size 40 jacket—only 18 ounces!

Our Dacron-and-Worsted Sport Jacket,* $70

Our Single-breasted Navy Flannel Blazer, $50

Our 'Wash-and-Wear' Odd Jackets, $37.50

*DuPont's fiber

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y.
BOSTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO

PHOTO/GRAFF

Peck and Peck

This year's news:

the shirtdress

...strategically softened for the feminine figure. Beautiful example: our pure silk broadcloth, cut to a swirl of unpressed pleats. White dots on navy, pottery blue or leaf green. 8-16. 35.00

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Baltimore
Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis • Minneapolis • St. Paul
Indianapolis • Washington, D. C. • Atlanta • Cincinnati
Kansas City • Milwaukee • Hartford • Buffalo • Providence

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rita Streich—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 16, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Tom Lehrer—Satiric songs. A second performance of a program given on Feb. 7. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:40.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be programs by: The City Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Franz Bibo. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3. No tickets necessary.) ... ¶ The United States Army Band and Chorus, directed by Major Hugh Curry and Captain Samuel Loboda, with Walter Abel, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 5:30. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Kurt Weill Concert—Maurice Levine directing an orchestra and a chorus, with Lotte Lenya, Ralph Herbert, and others, in a program including a German concert version of "The Threepenny Opera." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 13: Frankie Ryff vs. Robert (Cisco) Andrade, lightweights, 10 rounds. Friday, Feb. 20: Gene Fullmer vs. Wilfie Greaves, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) ... ¶ Monday, Feb. 16, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. ... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Boston and Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, March 31.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, singles and doubles—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, at 6; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 1; Sunday, Feb. 22 (semifinals), at 2; and Monday, Feb. 23 (finals), at 2. ... ¶ Seniors, Thursday through Monday, Feb. 19-23, at 1. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 14: New York Athletic Club. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Meets begin at 7:30.)

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21-22, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Musical Plays—By the **merri-mimes:** "Sleeping Beauty," Lincoln's Birthday and Saturday, Feb. 14. "Cinderella," Saturday, Feb. 21. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.) ... ¶ "Sinbad the Sailor." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) ... **theatre for children:** "Clown Face." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.) ... **pilgrim productions:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 11.)

Marionettes—"Puss in Boots," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magi-

MY SIN

...a most provocative perfume!

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

cian, a clown, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 3.) . . . ¶ The Berkeley Marionettes presentng "The Wonderful Well." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sky Is the New Frontier," reviews the conquest of space thus far and previews this year's astronomical events; through March 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The thirteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Friday, Feb. 20. In the meantime, there will be sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Thursday, Feb. 19), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees, which the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Some two hundred engravings, lithographs, drawings, water colors, photographs, and models of the interiors and exteriors of New York theatres, dating from the eighteenth century to the present; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty lithographs by Currier & Ives depicting historical events, among them "The Landing of Columbus," "The Assassination of President Lincoln," and "The Great Fire at Chicago." Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Abraham Lincoln Sesquicentennial—An exhibition of portraits, sculptural works, letters, books, cartoons, photographs, and other memorabilia of our sixteenth President; through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and decorative objects, Continental porcelains and silver, paintings, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs; from the estate of Ava, Lady Ribblesdale and from other sources.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years"—Through Feb. 14: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 15: "King Kong" (1933), with Fay Wray. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

I'd better drink it.

all she wants from me

is seamless stockings

by Hanes

give in, man, get her some for pretty's sake.

"Haven't we met?"

"A thousand pardons, but haven't we met before? In London, perhaps? Or Rome? Or was it India? Somewhere abroad, anyway. For my job is telling you, dear friends, about my rather tongue-tied employers. They're fine people, you understand, but a trifle bashful. They run one of the world's better airlines, AIR-INDIA International. But they're modest. For instance, they don't tell you that our network stretches half across the world . . . to 26 major cities in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. They never boast about our fleet of gleaming Super-Constellations. Or the fabulous personal service on board. Somehow they expect you to *know* all this. Please humor them. *Your travel agent will tell you how."*

AIR-INDIA

International

425 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Tel. PLaza 1-4146
In Los Angeles: 543 So. Olive St.
Tel. MAdison 6-6834

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT—In this German film, directed by Robert Siodmak, we learn, with the assistance of a good many effective dramatic flourishes, about the workings of justice in Hitler's Reich toward the end of the Second World War. The case in point is that of a mass killer who earns the protection of the Gestapo because that agency doesn't want it to be known that an Aryan can be a monster or that German police methods are so inefficient as to let him get away with murder for years. Mario Adorf leads a talented cast. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

GIGI—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling performances by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

HE WHO MUST DIE—A fine French film, directed by Jules Dassin and based on a novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, that relates movingly and dramatically the story of some Greek peasants who become so intense about the roles assigned to them in a Passion play that they begin to behave like New Testament characters. Photographed on Crete, the movie is wonderful to look at, and is excellently acted by a cast that includes Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Gregoire Aslan, and Fernand Ledoux. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH—Joyce Cary's novel about a modern artist who can't conform to current conventions has been adapted by Alec Guinness, who also performs as the artist in question. Mr. Guinness does better as actor than he has done as adapter, but nevertheless the film adds up to a stimulating piece of work. With Kay Walsh, Renee Houston, Robert Coote, Veronica Turleigh, Mike Morgan, and Michael Gough. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS—Ingrid Bergman taking a sentimental journey from London to China as an English parlormaid with the fixed idea that she has been ordained by the Lord to take the Word to the heathen. Miss Bergman is delightful as the missionary, and the others in the cast are uniformly admirable. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100.)

PATHER PANCHALI—An on-the-spot depiction of life in a village in India. Extraordinarily affecting, after a slow start. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through the afternoon of Feb. 15.)

SEPARATE TABLES—An intermittently effective adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about some sad and lonely people in residence in a seedy hotel in Bournemouth. The cast is headed by David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster, and Rita Hayworth. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 18.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 13-16.)

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy concerning the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 17.)

THE PRISONER (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 18.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 14.)

THIS STRANGE PASSION (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 12.)

WE ARE ALL MURDERERS (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 17.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
SEPARATE TABLES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Never Steal Anything Small," James Cagney, Shirley Jones.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 16: "A Night to Remember," Kenneth More.
From Feb. 17, at 8:45: "Sleeping Beauty," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Feb. 12: "The Last Blitzkrieg," Van Johnson, Kerwin Mathews.
From Feb. 13: "Wasted Lives," Eticka Choureau.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Feb. 18: "Some Came Running," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Hanging Tree," Gary Cooper, Maria Schell, Karl Malden.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Feb. 17: "Anna Lucasta," Eartha Kitt, Sammy Davis, Jr.
From Feb. 18: "The Last Mile," Mickey Rooney.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Special performance Lincoln's Birthday at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 17 (tentative): "Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "Premier May" (in French), Yves Montand, Nicole Berger.
From Feb. 18 (tentative): "The Most Dangerous Sin" (in French; formerly called "Crime and Punishment"), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady; and "Lucky Jim," Ian Carmichael, Hugh Griffith.

AÇADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Feb. 17: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant; and "High Flight," Ray Milland.
From Feb. 18: "Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "Revolt in the Big House," Gene Evans.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 17 (tentative): "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.
From Feb. 18 (tentative): "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Feb. 17: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald; and "Buchanan Rides Alone," Randolph Scott.
From Feb. 18: "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston; and "The Hot Angel," Jackie Loughery.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 17: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant; and "High Flight," Ray Milland.
From Feb. 18: "Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "Revolt in the Big House," Gene Evans.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Black Orchid," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HE WHO MUST DIE (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 18: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Feb. 17: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald; and "Buchanan Rides Alone," Randolph Scott.
From Feb. 18: "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston; and "The Hot Angel," Jackie Loughery.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT (in German).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 14 (tentative): "Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "Premier May" (in French), Yves Montand, Nicole Berger.
From Feb. 15 (tentative): "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 17: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant; and "High Flight," Ray Milland.
From Feb. 18: "Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "Revolt in the Big House," Gene Evans.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 17: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald; and "Buchanan Rides Alone," Randolph Scott.
From Feb. 18: "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston; and "The Hot Angel," Jackie Loughery.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Feb. 14: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "The Constant Husband," revival, Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall.
Feb. 15-17: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.
From Feb. 18: **ALL ABOUT EVE,** revival; and **THE PRISONER,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 14 (tentative): "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.
From Feb. 15 (tentative): "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 15 (last showing at 5:30): **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali).
From Feb. 15, at 8:30: "Aparajito" (in Bengali), Karuna Bannerji. (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 17: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald; and "Buchanan Rides Alone," Randolph Scott.
From Feb. 18: "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston; and "The Hot Angel," Jackie Loughery.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 14: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
Feb. 15-17: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.
From Feb. 18: "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli; and "Footsteps in the Fog," revival, Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Feb. 17: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant; and "High Flight," Ray Milland.
From Feb. 18: "Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "Revolt in the Big House," Gene Evans.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Mistress" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Miracle of Saint Thérèse," France Descaut.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SEPARATE TABLES.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 17: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald; and "Buchanan Rides Alone," Randolph Scott.
From Feb. 18: "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston; and "The Hot Angel," Jackie Loughery.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 17: **THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE,** revival; and "The Belles of St. Trinian's," revival, Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell.
From Feb. 18: "The Brothers Karamazov," revival, Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens.

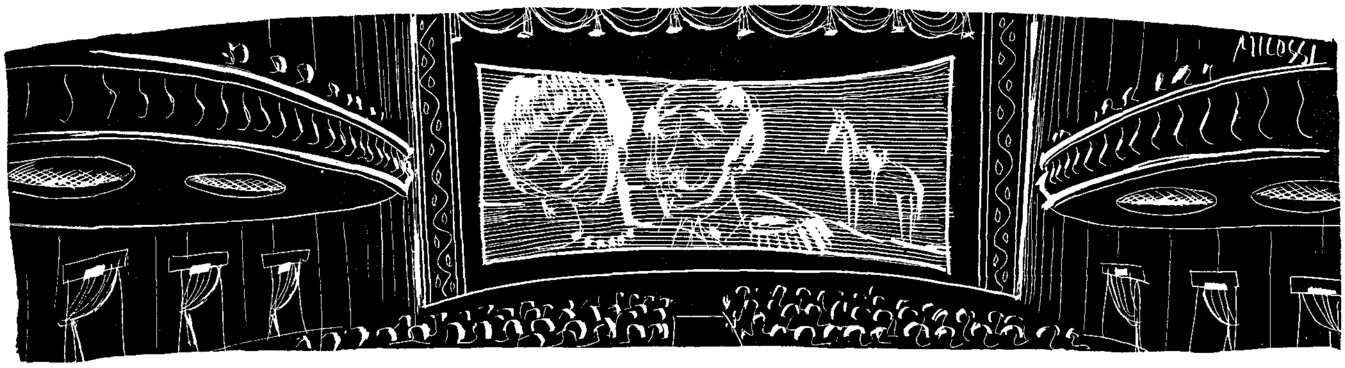
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 12: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.
Feb. 13-16: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "The Quiet Man," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.
From Feb. 17: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Feb. 17: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland; and "Toughest Gun in Tombstone," George Montgomery.
From Feb. 18: "Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "Revolt in the Big House," Gene Evans.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Feb. 17 (tentative): "Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "Premier May" (in French), Yves Montand, Nicole Berger.
From Feb. 18 (tentative): "No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand; and "The Most Dangerous Sin" (in French; formerly called "Crime and Punishment"), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.

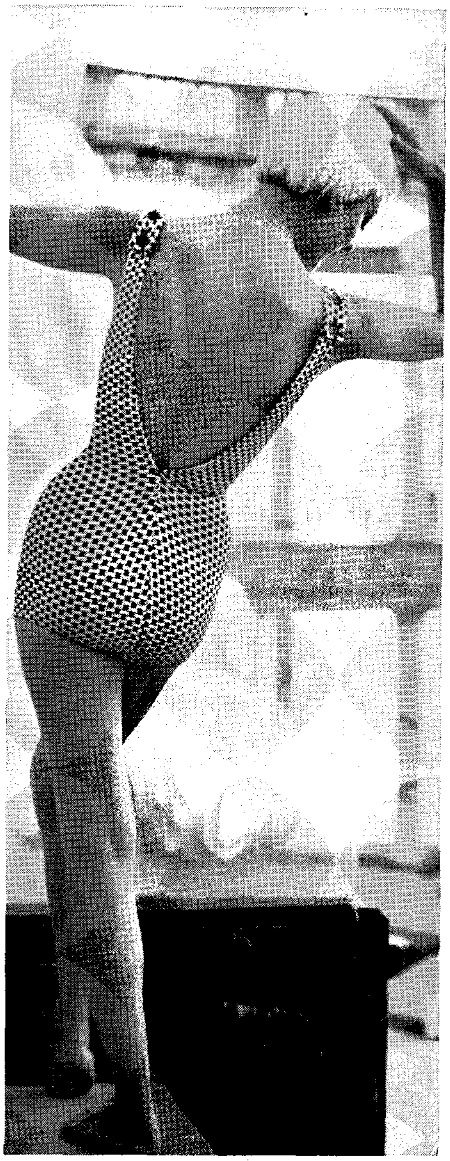
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Feb. 17: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald; and "Buchanan Rides Alone," Randolph Scott.
From Feb. 18: "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston; and "The Hot Angel," Jackie Loughery.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Feb. 17: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant; and "High Flight," Ray Milland.
From Feb. 18: "Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "Revolt in the Big House," Gene Evans.



Enhance your special beauty with a

Sportscast, a magnificent marriage of mercerized cotton and Lastex knit. Slender effect achieved by diagonal drapery. $17.95



Swing Low, formfit mio in a vivacious ribbon stripe of nylon Helanca and Lastex knit. Built-up top, low-plunge back. $19.95

Sea Dress, incomparable elegance in silk nub Lastex. Inverted pleat half-skirt and bodice simplicity minimizes figure. $17.95

Future bright in fabrics.

Fresh, exciting, totally and intensely feminine—this is the look captured in Catalina's brilliant swimwear collection. The heart of its beauty—a fascinating use of fabulous fabrics. Lilting silks, shantungs, voiles, organzas. And a fresh approach to Lastex, cotton, Orlon, knits of nylon Helanca. The total effect is an alluring alliance of vibrant color, fabric and design. Purposely planned to enhance your special charms as only Catalina can.

Opposite in color: **Ribbonaire,** pure femininity in an exquisite pairing of silk and cotton ribbon plaid. Hip flattery is created by the soft pleating of the skirt. $17.95

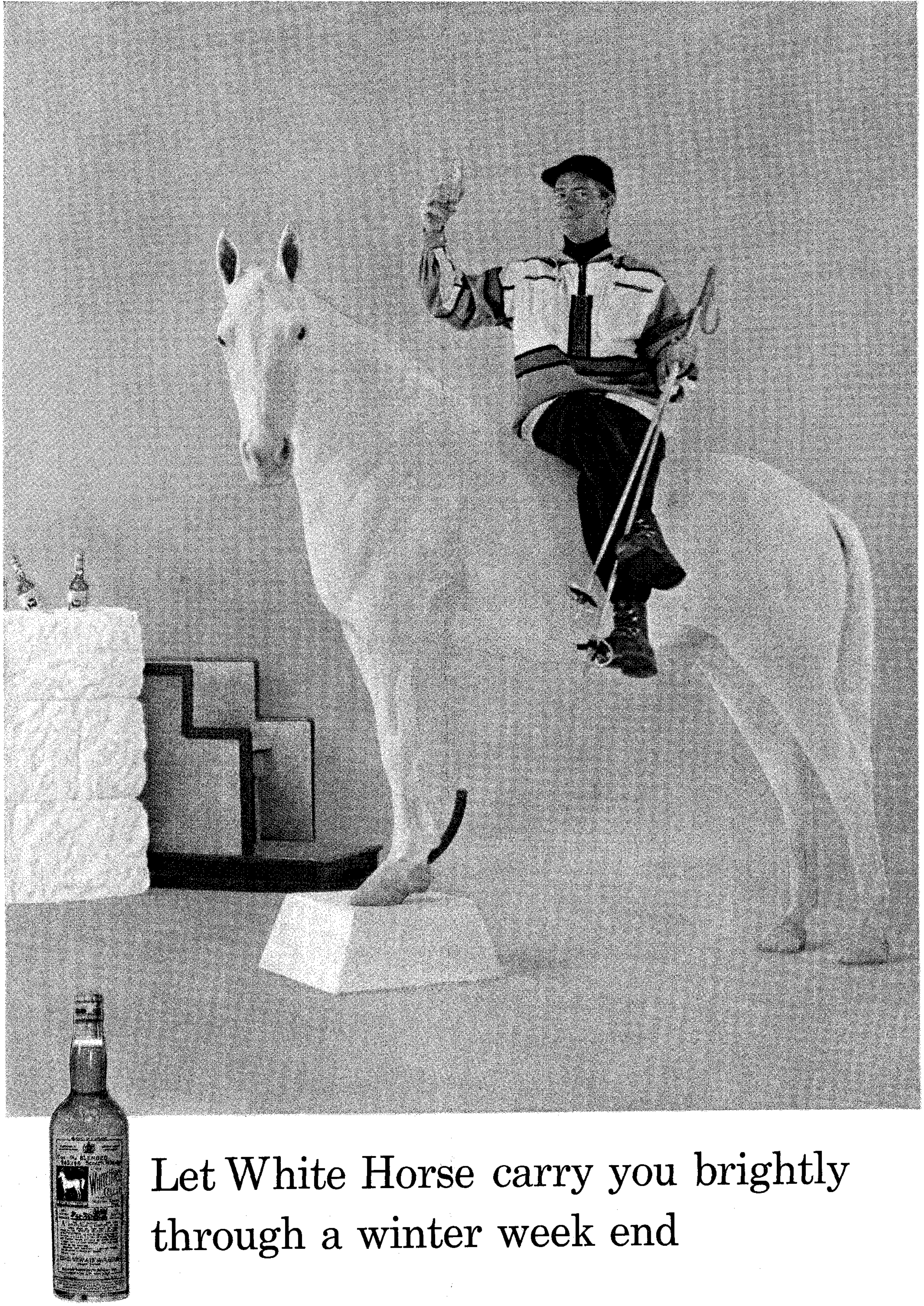
Opposite above: **Soft Touch** radiates an air of gentility in an empire silhouette of pure silk shantung. Soft bodice pleats and flared skirt give full figure flattery. $17.95

CATALINA SWIMWEAR ® LOVELIER BY DESIGN

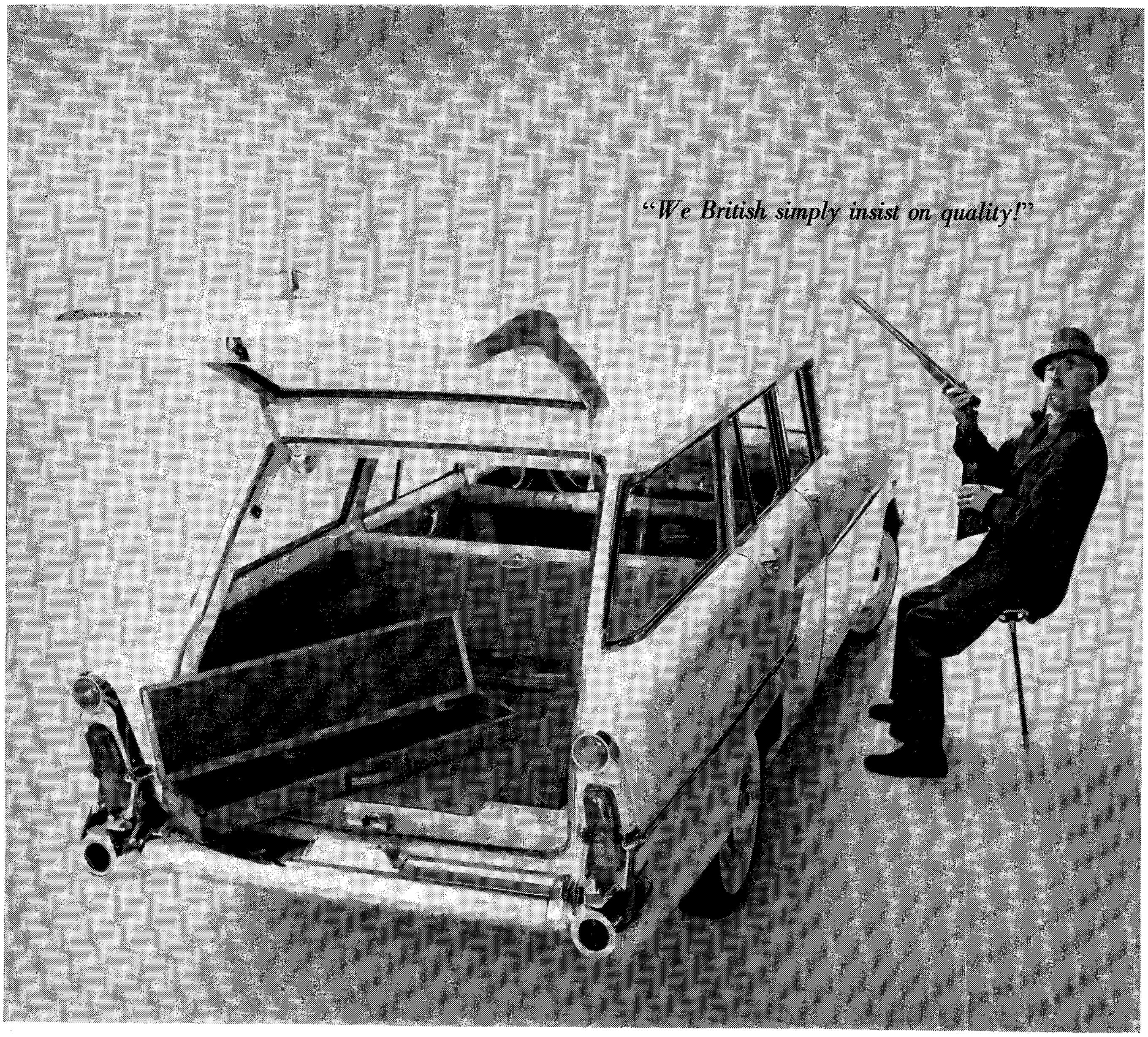
Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles 13 • Creators of Fine Swimwear, Sweaters and Sportswear • Subsidiary of Kayser-Roth Corporation

Catalina®

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C.



Let White Horse carry you brightly through a winter week end

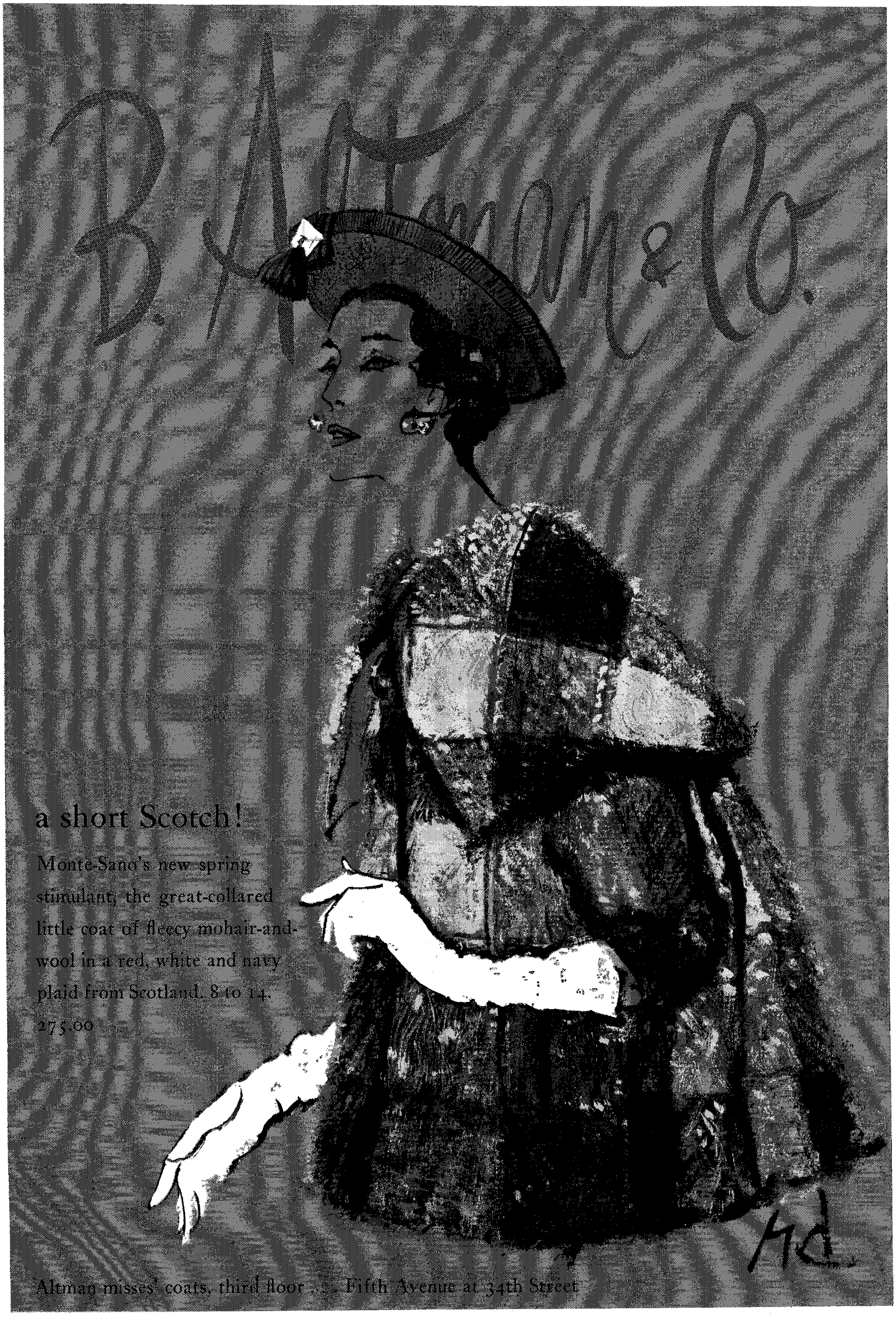


You'll love the Vauxhall for the same reasons the British do!

It's British to the core—this staunch and practical 4-door Vauxhall station wagon. Beneath its trim and compact lines, there's ample room for a husky five—and with the rear seat folded flush with the floor, an amazing 45 cubic feet of carpeted cargo space. Load it to the gunwales and its smooth and spirited power cruises you easily at turnpike speed—with extreme economy. Here, indeed, is typical British craftsmanship, with such American-inspired features as wrap-around windshield and rear window, standard American gearshift and many more. See and drive this meticulously crafted import or its companion, the Vauxhall 4-door sedan.

MADE IN ENGLAND
VAUXHALL

SOLD AND SERVICED IN AMERICA BY YOUR PONTIAC DEALER



a short Scotch!

Monte-Sano's new spring stimulant, the great-collared little coat of fleecy mohair-and-wool in a red, white and navy plaid from Scotland. 8 to 14. 275.00

Altman misses' coats, third floor . . . Fifth Avenue at 34th Street

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RECENTLY, we reported a story in the *Wall Street Journal* in which we thought we detected a note of submission to time's advance. Vegetable items, from a pea to a pomegranate, would soon be retailed in an impenetrable wrapping of chemical membrane "cloudily transparent" to the eye, the *Journal* predicted. Progress was on the march, the writer seemed to say, so lie down and let it kick you in the chin. But it is as unfair to judge a publication as a cabbage by its outer leaves. A couple of days later, we learned that in its honest Cheeryble heart, protected by its rationalist Gradgrind exterior, the *Journal* is a sentimentalist, living in the age of Grover Cleveland, a statesman coeval with the open-barrel soda cracker. On its editorial page, we read what we at first mistook for a trial balloon for a Cleveland candidacy in 1960, by one of the *Journal's* top-of-the-display-case intellects, William Henry Chamberlin. "How was America able to expand its output, as it certainly did on a tremendous scale, in the time when there was no personal income tax and Grover Cleveland could declare that, while the people should support the Government, the Government should not support the people?" Chamberlin asked. The choice surprised us and gave us a moment's uneasiness, because in our own father's talk Cleveland's name always stood for 1893, when there was a panic so bad it scared the old gentleman out of the Democratic Party and into the Republican, but then we recalled that Cleveland had served two terms, 1885-89 and 1893-97, with a one-shot Republican, Benjamin Harrison, sandwiched between them, and that he was therefore ineligible to serve in 1961 even if elected. (The incumbent is in the same fix.) Anyway, we decided, we didn't like Cleveland's saying that support should be a one-way street. It was all right for Cleveland, on the government payroll, but the people deserve a bit of reciprocity. After these reactions had chased each other in circles for a while, we considered Mr. Chamberlin's question: "How?" In propounding the riddle, he had hitched his own solution to its tail: "The answer is obvious: Private capital and enterprise furnished the means of expansion." We have always felt that when you ask a question in print, you should give the reader a chance to think for a minute. Chamberlin's conclusion had a prepackaged look about it, cloudily transparent; a concept, like a cabbage, is easier to push if the consumer is not allowed to look inside the wrapping. For one thing, the Indians were continuing to furnish means of expansion in Cleveland's day. Oklahoma Territory was opened to white settlement in 1889, and the Sioux still held a lot of good real estate. Another detail we thought of that Mr. Chamberlin hadn't mentioned was that in Cleveland's administrations the British Navy patrolled the seas of the world at no cost to us. In Europe, the German and Austrian Armies cancelled out the French and Russian Armies, and the Russians and the French cancelled out the Austrians and the Germans. Japan and China worried nobody; they had a war in 1894 and shaped up as if they had never had a glove on. All this spared us from having to spend much on defense. Today, the government spends fifty-nine cents out of every budget dollar that way; personal income tax produces fifty-three cents. Then, too, a lot of European private capital flowed into this country in the nineteenth century, when we were a debtor nation, but there is nothing to be expected from that source now unless we give the Europeans the money to lend us. Such a suggestion, we felt sure, would turn Mr. Chamberlin the color of an eggplant wrapped in cellophane.

Moreover, in Cleveland's day poor and frugal workers from European countries were pushing in—a great, inexpensive, expansive labor force not included in Mr. Chamberlin's analysis. Immigration was virtually unlimited and solicited; there were five hundred and forty-seven thousand immigrants in 1888, the last year of Cleveland's first term, and five hundred and eighty thousand in 1892, the last year of Harrison's. That added about one per cent to the population each year, and as the immigrants bred, it worked like compound interest. The 1890 census showed the country with a population of sixty-three million, of whom nine and a quarter million were foreign-born—a ratio of slightly less than one in seven. The estimated population today is a hundred and seventy-five million, mostly native Americans with demands to make. There was no need to spend public funds on the immigrant's welfare—he had no vote. The immigrant's education was one of the nicest things about him. If he could read and write when he came here, America was quit of the cost of teaching him. If he couldn't, he was cheap labor. The illiteracy rate for the whole nation was thirteen per cent, whereas today it's two and a half. Of the fifty-odd million native-born, one in every seven was a Negro, and Negroes then

knew their place, as we have recently been hearing. Now they are only one in twelve, and even they expect a lot of wasteful governmental consideration—schools with federal aid, public housing, Social Security—as if they had civil rights.

As for expansion of output, a comparison of the census of 1890 with the Department of Agriculture's 1957 report on egg production in the United States should be an eyeopener for Mr. Chamberlin and his theory that we all scratched harder then. The figures show that two hundred and sixty million private-capital, private-enterprise chickens in the United States in 1890 produced about ten billion eggs—a creditable number of potential omelets. But in 1957 a population of only fifty per cent more chickens produced *five hundred per cent* more eggs—an oval sixty billion. That's what we call laying it on the line for the welfare state.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On the Avenida Ejercito Nacional, in Mexico City, there is a café called Kofi Breik.

Subsurface

AT the invitation of Wilbur H. Peck, physical director of the Y.M.C.A. on East Forty-seventh Street, we looked in at the establishment the other evening to see how a class of skin divers was coming along. As you may know from the writings of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau and the television exploits of Lloyd Bridges in "Sea Hunt," skin divers are subject to everything from cramps to rapture of the deep, but they are rewarded for their pains and delusions by intimate views of small and large denizens of the ocean and by a familiarity with sad old barnacled wrecks, usually rumored to contain Spanish doubloons in enormous quantities. At the Y.M.C.A., we were greeted by Harold Glantz, an assistant of Mr. Peck's, who informed us, without any preliminary chitchat, that he is nuts about skin diving.

"I went down a couple of times off Rockaway," he told us, "and I got so close to a flock of herrings I could have marinated them."

We asked Mr. Glantz if he had ever experienced rapture of the deep.

"Off Rockaway?" he inquired incredulously. "Those herrings run in the spring, and the only rapture you're going to get is thawing out when you're up from under."

Mr. Glantz then led us to a swimming pool in the basement, where a dozen male scholars and one female, all in swimming togs, were being lectured to by a middle-sized, authoritative man in sweatshirt and trunks. "Above all things, avoid any embolism," he said.

After settling us on a bench at one side of the pool, Mr. Glantz announced that he'd have to leave us for a while, so he could participate in a muscle-flexing course upstairs. The skin-diving lecturer continued to talk, and while he did, we leaned over from our bench to nudge a gentleman zippered up in a kind of black space-man costume, complete with goggles, that covered three-quarters of his formidable torso. "Are you a student?" we asked.

"I am a volunteer instructor," the gentleman said. "My name is Arthur Illiano, and I am a policeman, and it is my hope that the Police Department will start a skin-diving division. As it stands now, we have to depend on helmeted divers to recover weapons, bodies, and that kind of stuff, but in many cases skin divers could do it faster and without so much expense. I've been diving for a couple of years off points in Long Island, and I can't get enough of it. Who could?"

"Nobody," we said.

"Exactly," said Mr. Illiano. "Now, the people you're seeing here—doctors, executives, and who knows what all—are being given their first chance to wear an oxygen tank. The man who is talking to them is Charles Dunn, a volunteer instructor, like me, who works as an order-service manager for a publishing company."

"What is an order-service manager?" we asked.

"You've got me there," said Mr. Illiano.

Since some of the students were wearing jerseys above their trunks, we suggested that Mr. Illiano inform us about current fashions in underwater garb.

"What I'm wearing here," he said, "is a real skin diver's outfit that costs about sixty-five dollars. But any kind of clothes you wear in water, except, of course, a great big overcoat, helps to keep you warm. When I'm in this suit, the cold water can't get in, because my body heat is pushing it out, and, furthermore, it fits very tight."

Mr. Dunn, the other volunteer, led his charges to the shallow end of the pool, where they prepared to submerge, some with tanks strapped on their backs, and others equipped, less heavily, with a snorkel, a tube about a foot long.

"What you're looking at," Mr. Illiano informed us, "is the buddy system. One guy puts on the tank, sticks the mouthpiece in place, and heads out under water. His buddy, who has the snorkel, follows along above him, in case anything goes wrong."

A bald-headed buddy came floating by with his snorkel in the air but with no tank-bearing buddy accompanying him. Alarmed, we asked Mr. Illiano about the situation.

"The buddy has knocked off," he said, "but the snorkel man wants to keep going."

We noticed that the lady member of the student body, a well-configured blonde, wearing the same sort of rig as Mr. Illiano, was not participating in the exercises. When we remarked on this, Mr. Illiano told us that she was a neurologist who had gone to the Bahamas and stayed submerged so long that she was quite a cut above the beginners in the class. "I understand she tangled with a barracuda down there," said Mr. Illiano, "which I envy. All I ever saw off Montauk was a lot of mackerel. Actually, I guess we scare the fish more than they scare us. You know what these people are trying to learn to handle?"

We said we didn't know.

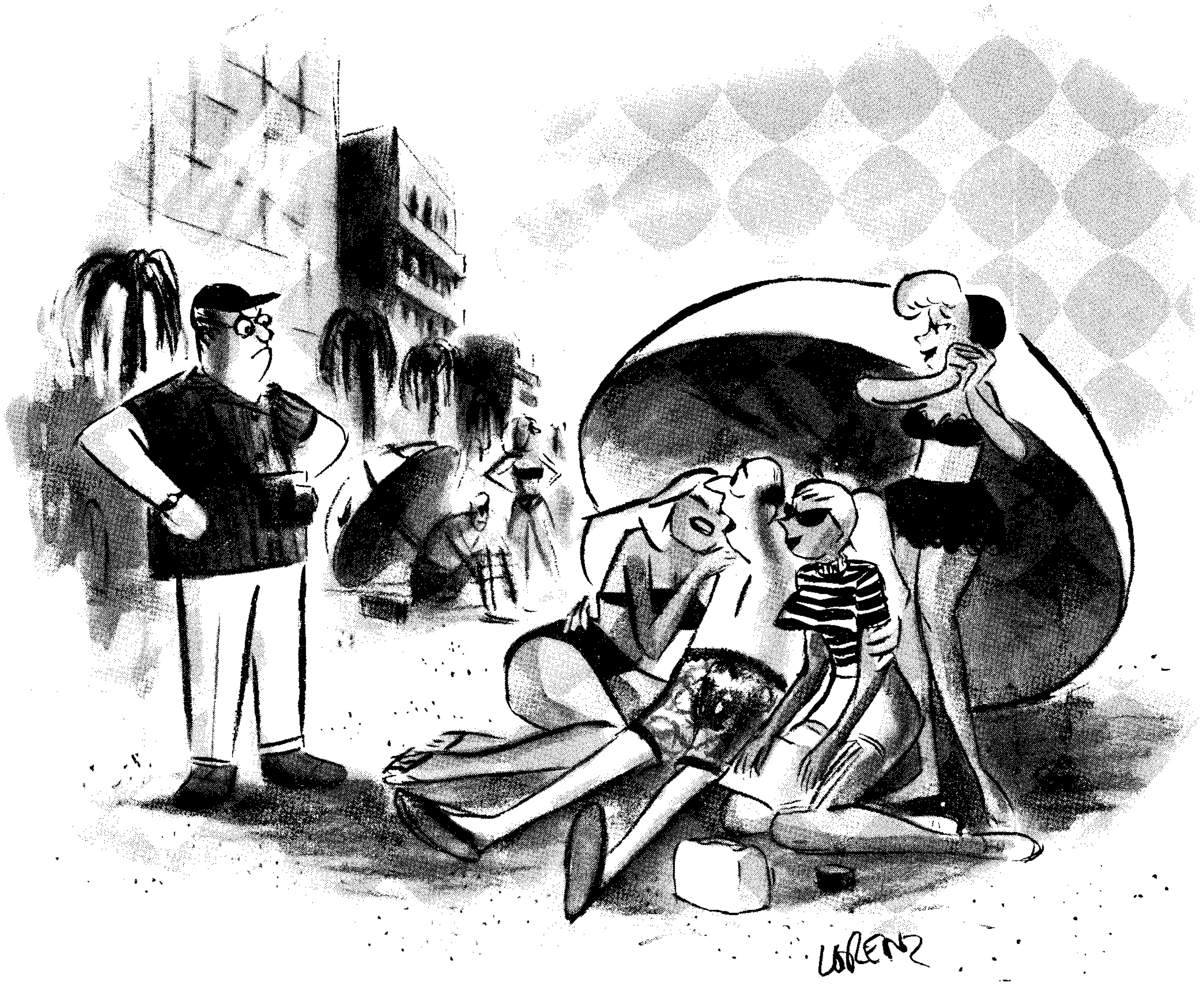
"S.C.U.B.A.," said Mr. Illiano. "What that stands for is 'Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus.'"

Several buddies swam by, and Mr. Illiano suddenly adjusted his goggles and jumped into the pool. The lady neurologist moved into our vicinity, and we asked her what was wrong. "Fouled-up mouthpiece," she said tersely. "Lot of anxiety among these beginners." She leaped into the pool herself, but apparently just for a dip, and the bald-headed snorkel enthusiast drifted by again.

At this point, Mr. Glantz reappeared, slightly winded, and suggested that we become a member of the class. "Do you a world of good," he said. We told him we'd think it over.

Compromise

A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY squire-to-be we've just been told about, son of a Harvard professor, has worked out



"But gosh, Harry, a fellow can't live by bread alone!"

• •

the most adroit synthesis of boyhood and manhood we've ever heard of. Anxious to look slick for the girls he's begun to notice at grammar school, but unwilling to give up his whole way of life for their sake, he carefully spruces up his hair with a pocket comb at intervals, after first wetting it down with a water pistol.

Seeability

THE lamppost situation in this city is, in two words, a mess. We have sixty-four varieties of lamppost, of all sizes, shapes, materials, and degrees of decrepitude, and the majority of them not only are ugly but give nowhere near enough light. Fortunately, the city is well aware of this problem, and has actually gone and done something about it; to wit, it has commissioned the firm of Donald Deskey Associates to design a single all-purpose pole, one combining beauty and utility so cunningly that it will be a pleasure to look at *and* capable of supporting street lights, traffic lights, fire-alarm signal boxes, police telephones, and street signs. Donald Deskey Associates are expected to have the specifications for this dream pole ready for approval by June, and if they're approved, the first poles should be in place by the end of the year. Meanwhile, we've been to see the Deskey people, stealing a precious snippet of their time to ascertain their notion of a perfect lighting pole. (In design circles, a lamppost is called a lighting pole, and for the purposes of this article we'll string along with that lingo, but in our heart a lamppost is a lamppost, and always will be.)

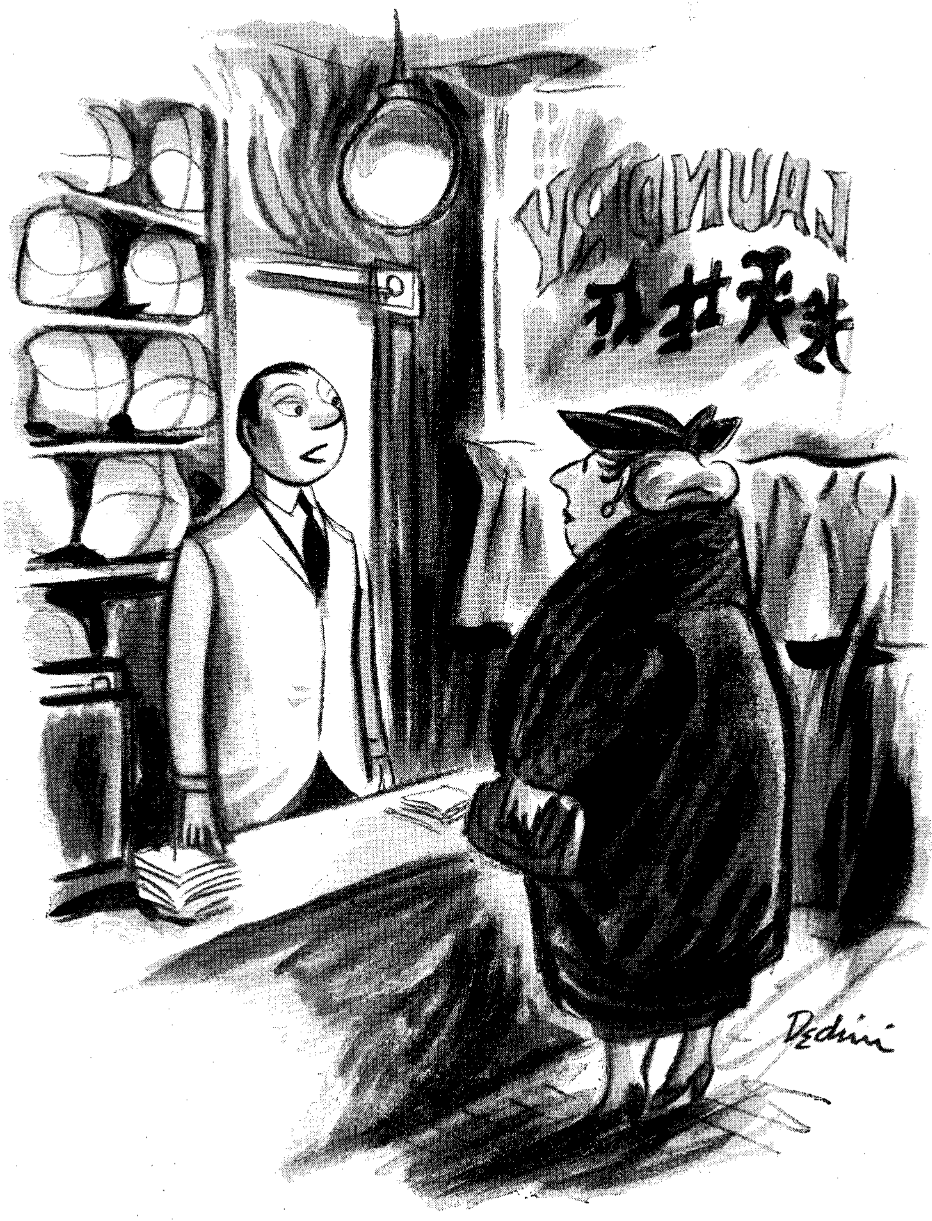
The first Deskey person we spoke to was a ruddy-faced young man who wanted us to understand that Rome wasn't built in a day. "Up to now, we've been in the data-gathering stage of the product-planning stage," he said. "We've contacted engineers in forty American cities and six foreign cities to find out whether there's an existing international pattern of practices and procedures in respect to lighting poles. Turns out there isn't. At the same time, we've been conducting a comparative analysis of light sources and their auxiliary components. Our analysis includes initial cost, operational cost, maintenance cost, size and weight of light source, material of which it's made, color fidelity, and, most important of all, what we here at Deskey like to call 'seeability.' "

We winced, and the young man, mistaking our wince for admiration, proceeded to explain that brand-new noun.

"Good seeability," he said, "means adequate pavement brightness, sufficient object brightness, a low level of discomfort glare, and a minimum of disability-veiling glare."

The young man was plainly eager to be asked about disability-veiling glare, but we had a simpler question in mind: How many lighting poles are there in the city at the present time? “Approximately a hundred and six thousand,” said the young man. “The majority of these are at least forty years old, and some are sixty or seventy years old. The design of those bishop’s-crook lighting poles, so much admired by architectural conservatives, goes back to the eighteen-nineties. They were intended for gas, not electricity, and have practically no seeability. Besides, being made of cast iron, they’re very expensive to replace. Up in Central Park, there are a number of cast-iron poles that are only eleven feet high—terrible disability-veiling glare from them.”

Again we declined the gambit, and at that moment Mr. Donald Deskey came up and turned on a powerful flow of words. “The all-purpose integrated lighting pole is the industrial designer’s greatest opportunity,” he said. “It calls for every ounce of Deskey know-how. Our pole will have to be traditional enough to satisfy the defenders of Washington Square, modern enough to satisfy the architects of Lincoln Square. Whatever design we end up with will have to be approved by the Fire Department, the Police Department, the Traffic Department, the Art Commission, and, of course, the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, which started the whole thing. We here at Deskey always say there’s no such thing as invention; there’s just the stating of the problem and the engineering of a solution. I’ve been interested in solving the lighting-pole problem for sixteen years. I once designed a pole that would combine all sorts of odds and ends of street furniture—hydrants, trash baskets, mailboxes, everything—in a single unit, but I admit the design wasn’t quite as practical as it might have been. We here at Deskey consider this assignment a public service. I’ve no doubt it’ll cost us three times as much as we’re paid for it. Still, a pole that is both decorative and utilitarian should serve as an ideal showcase for Deskey know-how.”



“I’m very sorry, Madam, but we have a firm policy, from which we never deviate: ‘No tickee, no washee.’ ”

Right Number

STROLLING along West Eighth Street one recent evening, we and other strollers heard the sound of a telephone ringing, and traced it, without much difficulty, to a red Thunderbird convertible parked at the curb. As the lot of us formed a mildly curious ring around the vehicle, the occupant, a young man, yawned and picked up the receiver. “Hello?” he said, and, after a pause, “No, she’s not here,” and then he hung up without even saying goodbye.

Far from the Liffey

ON the occasion of the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of James Joyce, the society that bears his name gathered at the Gotham Book Mart, on West Forty-seventh Street, to honor his memory. About a hundred Joyceans and we showed up, and prominent among the guests were Denis Johnston, the playwright; William Troy, the critic; Helen Joyce, the author’s daughter-in-law; and Zero Mostel, the famous Bloom of “Ulysses in Nighttown.” We encountered the last, blue-shirted, blue-suited, black-tied, and dishevelled, on our way to a room in the rear of the Mart that had been set aside for the Society’s doings.

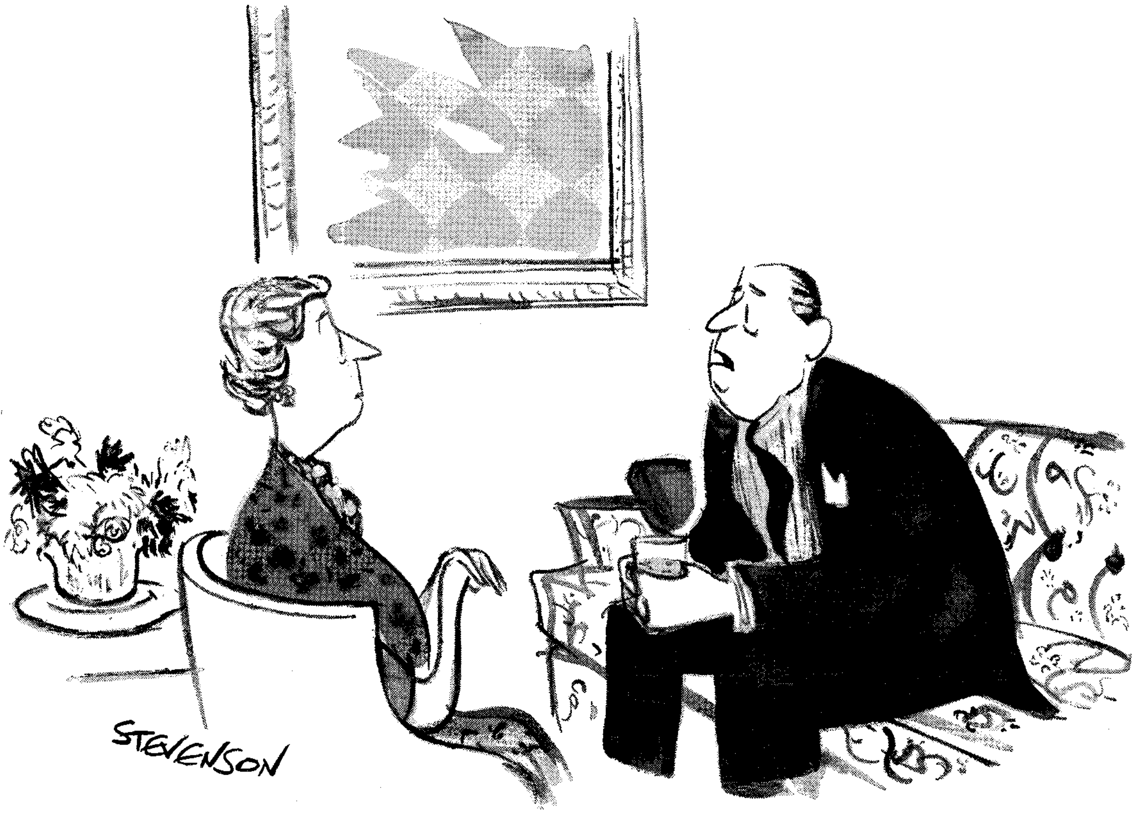
“Have you ever been to Dublin?” we inquired of Mr. Mostel.

“Canarsie is my Ultima Thule,” he said.

We moved on to the rear, where presently Leon Edel, the distinguished critic, who is vice-president of the Society, rose and announced that he was going to substitute for Padraic Colum, the president. After some other introductory remarks, Mr. Edel observed soulfully, “Yesterday, Joyce would have been seventy-six.”

“Seventy-seven!” cried several anguished members of his audience.

Mr. Edel observed that chronology is not his forte, and went on to say, after a considerable time, that in the Joyce Society “we don’t make long speeches.” This sent the audience into spasms of laughter, whereupon



"It turns out, Estelle, that I'm not being kicked upstairs, after all. I'm being kicked downstairs."

• •

Mr. Edel brought on Mr. Johnston.

Mr. Johnston commented that it was generally believed that all speeches by an Irishman were a bloody lie.

"Louder!" cried a voice from the rear.

Mr. Johnston, a tall, broad, gray-haired man with a formidable chin, peered ominously about the premises, and proceeded, by ratiocination, to prove that "Finnegans Wake" had Dublin as its locale, and, to clinch the matter, pinpointed several houses along the Liffey that are mentioned in the book.

When Mr. Johnston had completed his geographical exegesis of "Finnegans Wake," Mr. Edel rose up again to back him to the limit, and added that Joyce liked to do a book once a decade, and that therefore "Finnegans Wake" had been completed in 1929. The audience started to whoop it up once more, and Mr. Edel admitted that he must have meant 1939. He then introduced Mrs. Helen Joyce, wife of James' son Giorgio—a New York girl by birth, who was wearing glasses, a scarlet bandanna around her head, a scarlet kerchief around her neck, and a black dress, striped with white above the waist. While she adjusted her spectacles, Mr. Edel said, "Our Penelope." Smiling broadly, he continued, "Of course, I mean Molly Bloom."

Mrs. Joyce followed with Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy, much of which was inaudible.

When Penelope had finished, she was succeeded by Mr. Troy, who recited an elegy on Joyce in French, written by Ivan Goll. Mr. Troy apologized for repeating the elegy, since he had rendered it for the Society three or four times before. Having finished the French version, he did an English translation, and then went into "Ecce Puer." When he had completed this, we slipped out into the main section of the Mart to have a smoke, and bumped into a man poring over a book entitled "The Case of Your Cat." We begged his pardon, and he remarked, "That damn wife of mine has never read a line of Joyce—couldn't if she wanted to—and she gets me into this! Makes me think of the Browning Society—she had that bug years ago—where everybody was trying to dope out what Old Whiskers was trying to say, which always seemed clear enough to me. You know why I'm reading this book? I'm going to get her a cat. Maybe then she'll stay home."

As the man spoke, Mr. Troy began to sing an excerpt from Joyce.

"What next?" said the oppressed husband.

Mr. Troy continued to sing. When he finally fell silent, Mr. Mostel took the platform, and we resumed our seat in the meeting room to listen to him.

"When I tried to be Bloom," said Mr. Mostel, "I was told I'm six feet tall and Bloom is five nine and a half. So I said I'd stoop. One thing I had in my favor was Yiddish. Joyce knew so much about Yiddish and Hebrew I think maybe he had a Jewish boy in the cellar making up some of his lines. To look at me, you wouldn't think I was an English major in college."

Mr. Mostel got somewhat nostalgic about his college days, and we slipped away. Our chum in the main body of the Mart was still poring over his cat book. As we passed, he raised his eyes. "You know how often I have to do this?" he asked. "Four, five times a week, that's what. The whole damn public library to read, and everybody wants to yack about Browning or Joyce or whoever. Why don't they just read and keep quiet?"

Taste

WELL, here's a highly civilized little story. A couple we know who have a flat in a handsome brownstone just off Gramercy Park arrived home from the theatre the other night to find a decently dressed but pitifully mussed-up young man spread-eagled on their stoop. He had, it was obvious, been felled by drink, but a closer look informed them that he was more than merely drunk; there was an ugly gash in his forehead (apparently caused by his fall), and his face was smeared with blood. It was, they decided, their duty to get him into the house and see if he needed medical attention. So they lifted him, lurching, to his feet and wrangled him up the steps, through the door, and into the flat and a chair. For a moment, he lay there, limp and mute. Then he raised his head, opened his glassy eyes, and stared around the room. And spoke. "What a lovely pine desk!" he said.

THE AMERICAN DOG IN CRISIS

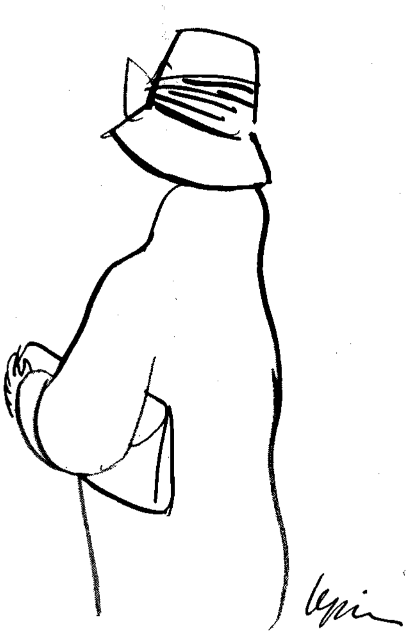
NOT so long ago, the great majority of American dogs were reasonably secure. Dog and man both knew where they stood—with each other and with their own kind. This was, to be sure, before the advent of dog psychiatrists, and it is possible that some dogs were going around even then with anxieties they simply didn't know they had. But it can no longer be denied that today, after the cataclysms and upheavals of the last two decades, the dog's basic concept of himself has been seriously undermined, his fundamental ethos threatened. Let us face facts: The American dog has clearly lost his way.

Evidence of the breakdown is all around us. Since 1940, mental illness in dogs has increased thirty-one per cent across the country (forty-seven per cent in California). Young dogs and puppies, victims of an overly permissive environment, are flunking out of obedience schools in fantastic numbers. Among mature dogs, there is a marked tendency to revert to such infantile symptoms as slipper-chewing, tail-biting, and the persistent door-scratching that typifies the indoor-outdoor syndrome. Confused and uncertain, seeking firm standards in a world of collapsing social values, the American dog looks for guidance to the natural leaders of his race, but usually he looks in vain. Popular entertainment often provides a key to socio-economic changes, and we have only to turn on television to see the dog's problem in miniature.

Consider, for example, the dilemma recently faced by Lassie, the great dog star, in her television series.[1] The death, a year or two ago, of a supporting player (human) and the growing up of the actor playing Lassie's young master, Jeff, made production changes in the show imperative. The producers' solution was to have Jeff go away to school, after first giving Lassie to a new family. Followers of traditional dog dramaturgy knew what searing scenes they could expect from this farewell. Everything pointed to two harrowing half-hour episodes in which Lassie, spurning the comfort and affection of her new home, would chew the rope that held her, and strike out into the night. Pelted by sleet and snow, reviled by farmers, pursued by yelling street gangs and dogcatchers, she would pause only to capture an escaped convict and save a child from drowning before she arrived, bedraggled but happy, in time to dissuade Jeff from accepting a gambler's bribe to throw the hockey game with Groton. Jeff would then return to the farm, but would share Lassie with the new little boy (who would, of course, be on crutches).

Those who watch the program know this is not what happened at all. Jeff and his mother went away, Lassie waved goodbye, and that was that. The only hint of the emotional cost involved has been a tendency, probably unnoticed by younger viewers, for Lassie to scratch herself behind the ear when she thinks the camera is pointed elsewhere. (A nervous tic?) We may well ask what has happened to the ancient code of canine loyalty when Lassie can change masters without a whimper of protest. Dr. Ernst Engelbrecht, of Léopoldville, whose "Dogs in Transition: 1900-1950" is the classic study in this field (unhappily, out of print at the moment), has recently devoted a series of lectures to this very problem. "Lassie's decision," writes Dr. Engelbrecht, "must either be rejected or assimilated by every dog over three years of age. It cannot be ignored."

Fears of incipient disloyalty, however rationalized, are probably at the root of most canine neuroses. As the old individualistic standards of conduct disappear and the ancient virtues of speed, agility, and resourcefulness give way to the modern suburban dog's obsession with security and "acceptance," a vicious circle of tensions is built up. The dog who doubts his own dogness pretends not to see his master throw the tennis ball—and then suffers unimaginable pangs when the master withholds love in return. One watchdog in Lake Forest developed such anxieties about his supposed inability to bark at intruders that he took to barking at his own master and succeeded, finally, in driving him away from the house for good. Evidence exists that these tragic confusions are not confined to American dogs. What, for example, are we to make of Laika, the Soviet rocket dog, who was so clearly willing to sacrifice her own life *for the wrong side*?



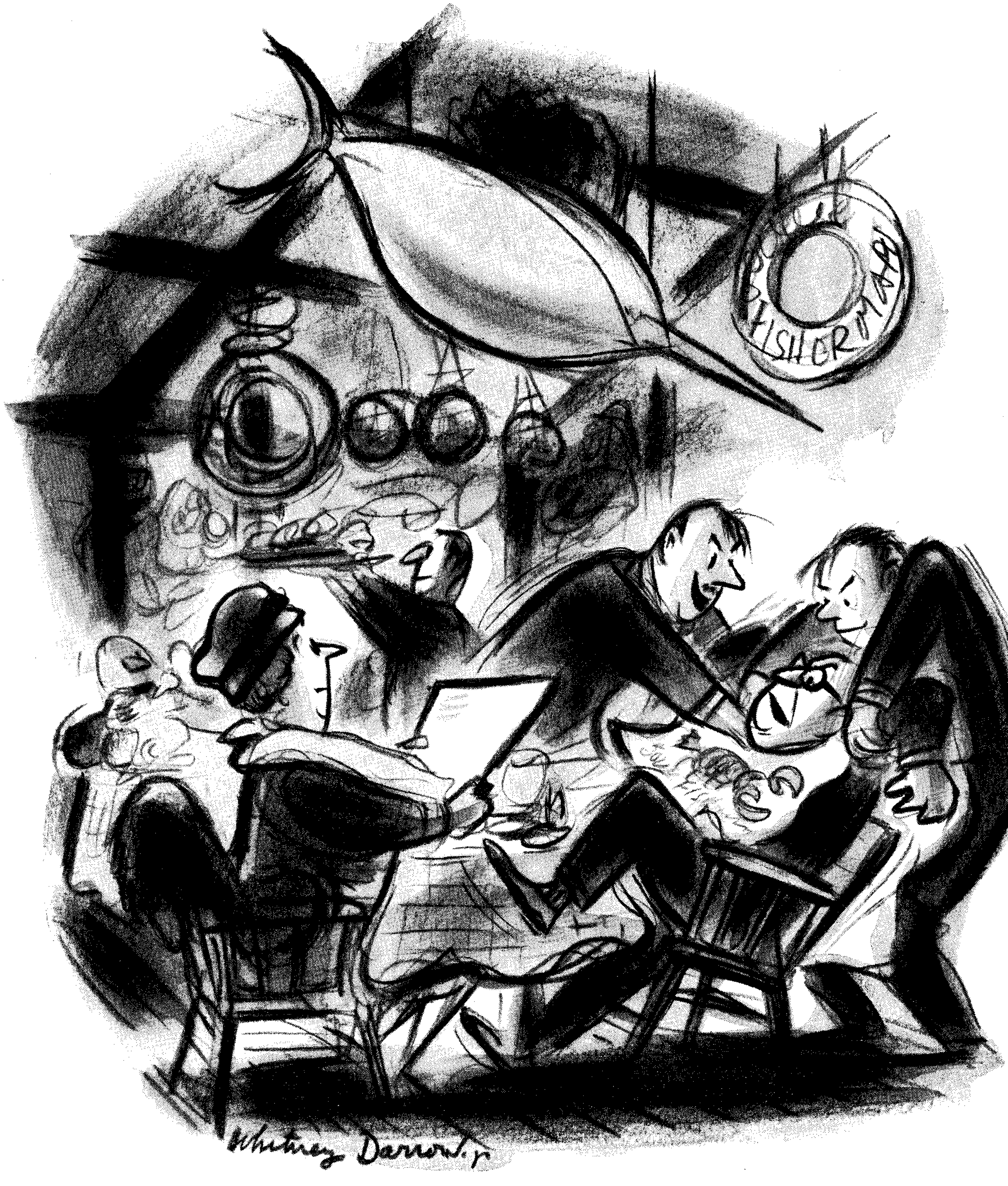
ADDING to the dog's basic insecurity is the gnawing question of status. Where do dogs stand in our society today? If we must ask the question ourselves, we may be sure the dogs have been asking it for some time. And it is difficult to escape the conclusion that in several important respects the American dog has been slipping badly.

Modern dogs seem to shrink from the demands of high public office. Consider, for example, President Eisenhower's Weimaraner. Passing over the fact that a non-American dog must almost certainly suffer tensions in such a very American milieu, it remains to be said that the dog has left no imprint whatever on the White House. He does not travel with the President, nor does he sit at Ike's feet during telecasts. His personal habits, his food preferences, even his name and age, are unknown. In the past, the electorate could watch Fala taking an active part in the day-to-day life of President Roosevelt, but today we are in some doubt as to whether Mr. Eisenhower's Weimaraner is even admitted to meetings of the National Security Council. Similarly, one wonders about Checkers. The Vice-President's cocker sprang to fame in a dramatic broadcast some years ago, but since then he has sunk into limbo. Mr. Nixon himself took a commanding role in last autumn's election campaign, when his name appeared almost daily on the front pages of all the newspapers, but if Checkers gave him any assistance, or even stood loyally by in case of need, we are unaware of it. Surely this indicates a serious failure of leadership on the part of our top dogs, at a time when this can least be afforded.

It is in the home, though, that we find the most alarming symptoms of canine withdrawal. Few can deny that the dog's home life is fraught with new anxieties. The trend to multi-dog families, far from encouraging individual initiative, as some sociologists had hoped,

---

[1] Lassie is, of course, a female *impersonator*, whom we refer to as "she" merely to avoid confusion. This kind of transvestitism has long been fairly common in the theatre, dating back to pre-Elizabethan times, and we must not give it undue stress.

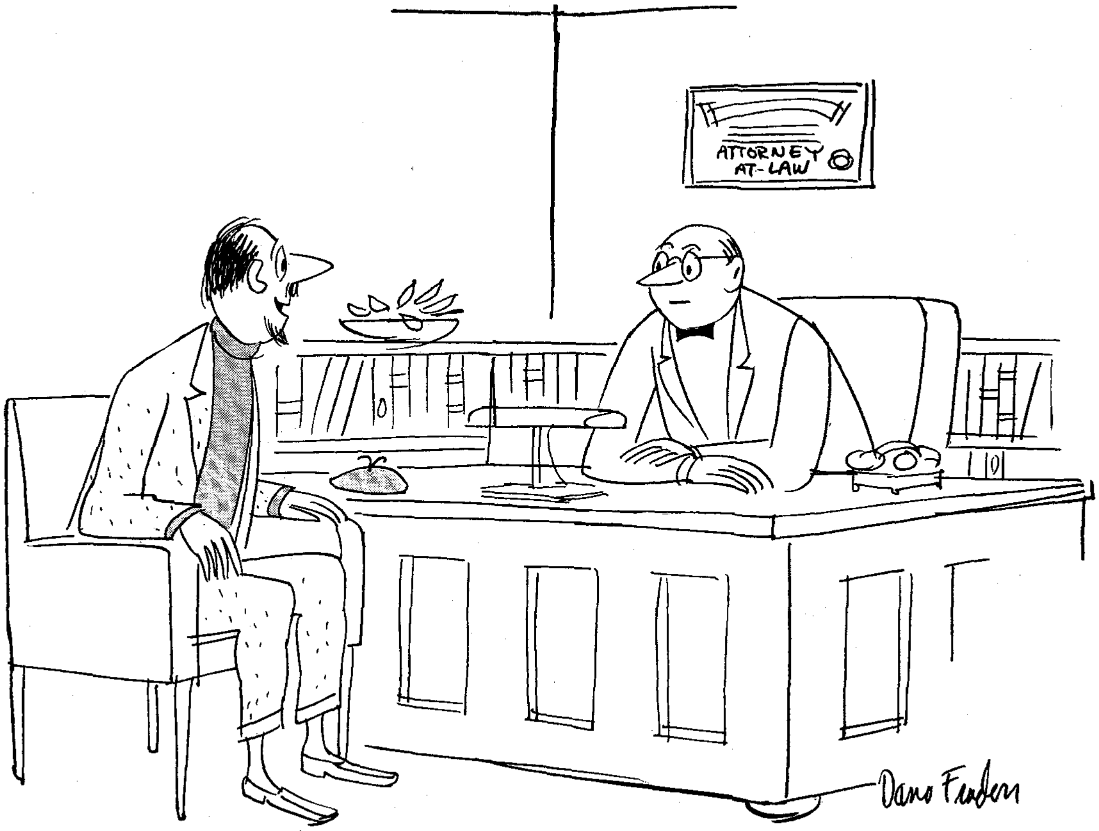


"You might as well relax, Mister. You ordered lobster, and when you order lobster, you wear a bib."

• •

has had precisely the opposite effect. Conformity on the surface, fierce competition when the family is out—this seems to be the pattern. "The family hearth," writes Engelbrecht, "has supplanted the dog pound as a source of canine traumatization."

In determining a dog's status at home, the question of breed has now assumed overwhelming (and highly destructive) importance. It used to be that the more popular breeds stayed in vogue for years at a time, and this led to the establishment of a relatively stable hierarchy, in which each dog could formulate his self-respect within certain agreed limits. During the reign of the Airedale, for example, there was some intermittent friction between Scotties (No. 4) and wire-haired fox terriers (No. 5), but none at all between collies (No. 2) and Lhasa Apsos (No. 47). Now, however, the wild and chaotic fluctuations in popular taste have caused great anguish up and down the line. As the No. 1 position passed from cocker to boxer to beagle, all semblance of class



"How do I go about changing my name to Rembrandt van Rijn?"

• •

distinction crumbled. Matters have now reached a point where dachshunds and bulldogs scarcely know from one week to the next where they stand in relation to each other. The sporting breeds dread taking the field, for fear they will lose out in the frenzied behind-the-scenes maneuvering in the big kennel clubs. Their fears are not groundless. Last year, a well-connected English setter, a fine hunting dog who was also considered a leading candidate for Best in Show at the next Westminster Kennel Club show, returned from field trials in Maryland to find that all his papers had somehow been "lost." This breed has since declined in the over-all standings. Today, rumors spread unchecked, and as more owners adopt the deplorable practice of changing breeds each year, the climate of insecurity grows steadily worse. The upshot of all this is clearly predictable: American dogs, in despair over their personal status, are beginning to lose all sense of *self*. Pomeranians try to jump like Dobermans, and have heart attacks. Whippets refuse to run, in the forlorn hope that they will be mistaken for basset hounds. And surely there is no sadder sound in nature than the sound of a once proud cocker baying the moon in a cracked, tone-deaf, but unmistakable imitation of a beagle.

In some extreme cases, the deranged animal, dimly aware that being a dog is no longer *enough*, goes over the brink and impersonates human reactions. How else are we to account for the fate of Rex, the Coast Guard's celebrated lifesaving Labrador, who is said to have gone down in calm water off Newport while trying to swim the breast stroke? Poodles, of course, have always looked upon themselves as a "bridge species," somewhere between men and dogs, and it is no coincidence that this is the breed most frequently in need of analysis. But perhaps the most disturbing example of this sort of tragic confusion was the case of Lalique, the lovely Afghan bitch who shot and killed Mendelsen Beatty III last winter. Controversy still rages over the circumstances of this disagreeable incident. Beatty, the millionaire sportsman, had taken Lalique everywhere for six years. She shared his stateroom on countless Atlantic crossings, welcomed the guests to his famous little dinner parties, and made her exquisite manners a byword from Montevideo to Biarritz. When Beatty announced his engagement to a tin-plate heiress in Buenos Aires, Lalique was prostrated. The gossip columns of three continents reported the details of the poor creature's struggles to displace her rival—from her abject delivery of small gifts at the feet of her heartless master to a pathetic and patently insincere attempt at a relationship with Beatty's best friend. It was all considered funny, but, alas, it was not. The night before the wedding, Beatty was cleaning his Mannlicher .30-06. The houseboy heard a shot, rushed upstairs, and found Beatty already dead, and Lalique, whimpering piteously, trying to extricate her slender paw from the trigger guard. Significantly, no action has ever been taken against the dog.

It must be clear to all that there is cause for concern in the modern dog's rudderless, uprooted circumstances. But the prospects are by no means wholly discouraging. For the first time, American dogs are beginning to understand their problems and to face them squarely—a most encouraging sign. Any thinking dog knows there can be no return to the simple certainties of the past. But if the dog is to reach out for a new way of life and a new concept of himself *qua* dog, it is apparent that he cannot do it alone. Nor does he pretend he can. These days, when a dog jumps up on the couch, the chances are he isn't looking for affection at all. He is trying to tell us that he needs help.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

• •

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A LEFT-HANDED NEUTRON

This is the era of the positive negative.
Bodies are by antibodies brought to submission.
The anti-proton converts matter into anti-matter.
Position is nowhere; there is no position.
Time has turned backward; sometimes it goes sidewise.
Timelessness shines with a negative resplendence.
An anti-Columbus will undiscover America,
A non-Jefferson unwrite the Declaration of Independence.

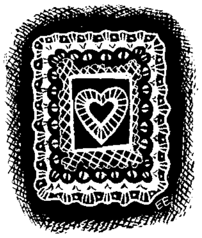
—MORRIS BISHOP

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

WHEN I was six or seven, there were three women living in the immediate vicinity of my house—one on our left, one in the house on our right, and a third on the terrace opposite—who still continue to haunt me. I can see and hear them as though I had seen them yesterday, but I can only guess at the reason. Maybe it is because each of them was, in her own way, unique; maybe because they set one another off so well that when I think of one the image of a second begins to rise before my eyes; maybe it is that they all knew exactly what they wanted from life—a much rarer quality than people imagine.

The woman who lived in the house on our left was a little Cockney called Gertie Twomey. The Twomey part of it came from a nice, gentle, sarcastic Cork sailor, who had picked her up on one of his voyages and brought her home in the spirit in which he might have brought some flaming, chattering parakeet home from the Congo to hang with his dispirited goldfinches and canaries. Gertie was a parakeet, all right—a tiny little woman with a face shaped like a box and colored a brilliant red, as though she never drank anything but gin. In the middle of the box was a gleaming snub nose, like a holy medal, and, above that, two small crafty eyes that somehow gave you the impression that they had been sunk in with a gouge, like jewels. She haunted our house, perhaps because Father, being a travelled man, could talk about London to her, or perhaps because Mother, being a superior woman and a good housekeeper, might be expected to understand Gertie's scorn of the natives. Usually she came accompanied by her two pretty little daughters, one attached to either hand and trailing backward in the wind of her approach like afterthoughts—"pore little ingils," as she called them with a hideous leer that was supposed to indicate mother love—and the beady little eyes started to flash all round the kitchen in quest of anything that might come in useful to her. She missed nothing, had no shyness about asking for anything she wanted, and upset Mother, who was accustomed only to the gentler manners of the "natives." "A great maker-out," Mother sometimes called her with real indignation.

Gertie thought Irish Catholics impractical, and no wonder, because behind the English sentimentality and gab was a mind like a razor. She had had to become a Catholic to marry Mick Twomey, but the Catholicism had not taken. As a girl she had heard all about that fellow in the Holy Land who started religion, and knew that his idea was to give things away to people who needed them, not to take away what little they had, which was the way the Irish priests seemed to interpret it. They couldn't kid her. No priest in search of dues ever got a penny out of Gertie. He didn't have two children to keep, the way she had. If money ever changed hands, it did so in the other direction. "Why," she said one day, grabbing a gold chain on the belly of Father Mackesy, "that beautiful gold chain you're wearing would keep me and my two poor helpless little angels for months." "And wasn't I right, Mr. Delaney?" she concluded challengingly as she reported the incident to Father and Mother, who didn't know where to look. At the same time I must say that along with English practicality she had English tolerance and grit. She not only didn't hold it against Father Mackesy that he wouldn't give her his gold watch and chain, she rather enjoyed the tussle over it. Alms she had to put up a fight for became a real victory. When she dragged the two little angels off to the Protestant rector to explain that though she had to bring them up as Catholics, she didn't herself hold with that sort of religion, and he gave her five bob without a protest, she felt she had been cheated of a battle of wits, apart from the appalling hullabaloo that Mick made about what he called "disgracing herself in the eyes of the neighbors." From her point of view it was the neighbors who were disgraced. They had children like she had, but did they go off and put the bite on the sky pilot for five bob? They hadn't the courage or the intelligence. . . . Oh, give the woman her due, she had spirit.



But her great entries were reserved for stormy nights when Father was sitting under the lamp reading the evening paper. Mick worked on an old tub called the Hannibal, which must have been almost one age with Carthage, and when a big wind was blowing down the river, Gertie, with her vivid imagination, immediately began to see the Hannibal subsiding into the Irish Channel, herself a widow, and her two little angels orphans. On nights like that, how could she remain alone? We could hear her bang the front door of her house, muttering frantically to herself and the children, and then there came the hasty shuffle of her little feet as she dragged the children down the lane and in at our gate. "It's that woman again!" Mother would say in disgust, and a moment later Gertie would be framed in the door of the kitchen, the lamplight reflected on her shiny face, which seemed to be haunted.

"AArk to that!" she would mutter dramatically as the wind howled in the yard outside. "The sea must be mountains-high. Nothing could live through that."

"Oh, now, now, Mrs. Twomey, I wouldn't let myself get upset by a bit of wind," Father would say gravely in the ingenuous belief that he was consoling her. Father was an intensely conventional man, and he knew that the way she felt was how a woman should feel with her husband at sea, and that this was the sort of thing you should say to her.

"A bit of wind?" she muttered wonderingly. "How can you, Mr. Delaney. You know that ship should have been scrapped years ago. I warned him. Now he has only himself to blame."

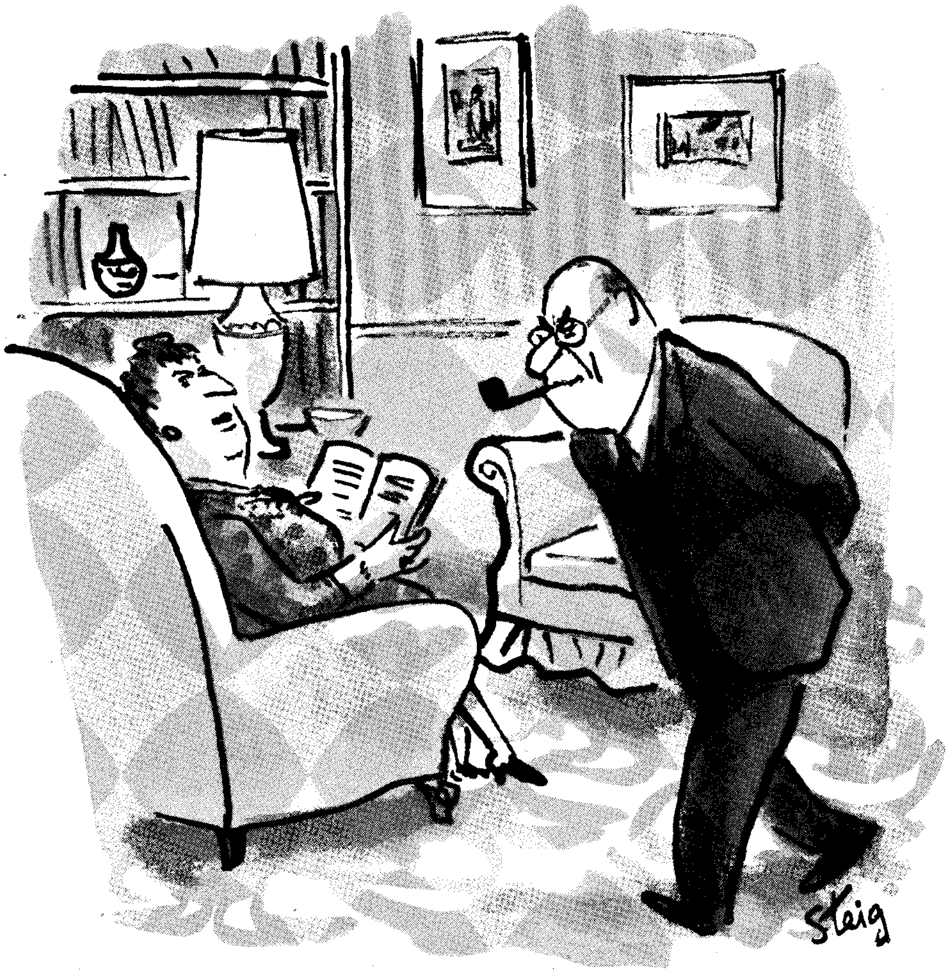
"Well," Father would say in his role as wise man, "a lot would depend on which way the ship was going—whether 'twas a head wind or a following wind."

"And more would depend on the will of God," Mother would say distractedly. "You should be praying for him, Mrs. Twomey."

Now, this was the sort of talk that Gertie didn't like at all. Praying was what the natives did when there was no food in the house, instead of going out and braving the sky pilots.

"God helps those who help themselves," she snapped. "I told him years ago to get off that boat. I have my children to think of, don't I? This time tomorrow they may have no father. . . ." Then her eyes settled unseeingly on the two children and she asked menacingly, "What'll you do when you don't have a father?" At this they would burst into loud harmonious wails, which for some reason seemed to satisfy her, for she patted them and told them fondly that Mummy would look after them.

I never saw a woman who got so much value from her troubles, but, of course, they were too intense to last. Having gone meticulously through all the phases of her tragedy, the terrors of the deep, the temptations of widowhood, and the sad fate of orphaned children, she hadn't much left to grieve for and



"Would you mind doing your thinking somewhere else?"

• •

began to brighten up. Or rather, she became practical, and you saw what was really behind all that English gab. She sat bolt upright in her chair, her eyes flashing from Father to Mother, to see how they were taking it. (Mother wasn't taking it at all well. Having been brought up in an orphanage herself, she didn't like to have it made an excuse for drama.) Compensation was now her theme—purely for the children's sake, of course. There were several sailors' widows living in the city, but they had been impractical, as Irish people generally were. What they had got for the loss of husbands or sons was only a trifle, and even that they had not handled wisely. They weren't accustomed to handling lump sums like English people. And, of course, bad as wages were and uncertain as were jobs, they did bring in the regular dibs, didn't they? while no one could say what might happen to a lump sum unless it was invested wisely. You had to make your money earn for you, hadn't you? She'd have a lawyer to see that the shipping company treated her fairly, and after that she should have enough to buy a house in London, which she would run as a superior lodging house, furnished in style and limited to lodgers of the best class, not workingmen, who would only be coming in in the evenings with dirty clothes and lowering the tone of her house. There her children would have a real education, not the sort of thing that passed for education among the natives. The first thing she would do would be to buy a piano, so that they could grow up like real little ladies. There was something about being able to play the piano that raised a girl in a man's opinion, wasn't there?

And subtly, almost imperceptibly, as she talked, her tone changed, and she was no longer practical but giddy and gay. That was when Father's reminiscences of London became important, because he reassured her about the existence of the parks and the bands and the music halls, and all at once, her red face beaming, she would run her hands over the keys of an imaginary piano and sing, in a cracked voice:

"Oh, won't we have a merry time,
Drinking whiskey, beer and wine,
On Coronation Day?"

By this time, she would be in the highest of spirits, cracking jokes and making the children laugh. But, as though she found it difficult to sustain any mood for long, that, too, would pass, and she would remember her bad neighbors and her many wrongs, and snap at the children to be quiet. In those days, I didn't understand it, and I doubt if my parents understood it, either, so we watched it in fascination. Now I suppose that Gertie was thinking all the time that even if the wind was still howling about the house, the old ship had weathered worse nights, and she would never return to dear old London Town but end her days among Irish Catholics who didn't even know what the bloke in the Holy Land had said about giving people things. Then she would accuse the children of having no hearts, and when they cried would lift them one by one and spank them unmercifully, until Mother angrily protested, and finally she would shuffle off as she had come, into the storm, trailing the two yelling kids behind her by the hand and muttering to herself.

ON the other side of us lived an even stranger character, called Nora Farrell, who was one of the handsomest old women I have ever seen. In the summer and autumn evenings she stood at the gate of her little house, resting her right arm on the broken-down gatepost, and occasionally pushing back the thin white hair from her long, bloodless, toothless face. When she went out, she moved almost without raising her feet, and this gave her what seemed a firm and stately demeanor. As she grew older and walking became harder, she would grasp a railing and hang on there for as long as it took her to get back her breath, but she always held her head high, and looked angrily up the road, as though she had paused only to survey the scene. Being from Tipperary, she despised and hated Cork.

A few doors down from her lived her husband and daughter, who were almost as odd as herself. Farrell was an old peddler with a hump, and he possessed a bit of the miraculous Knock stone, with which he sometimes cured diseases, while his daughter, a washerwoman, limped because of some disease of the hip, and never went to bed. Once, years before, she had seen someone die like that, and never after it had any use for beds. In twenty-five-odd years Nora Farrell had not spoken a word to either of them except when she shuffled past their gate in a wicked mood and snarled a curse at them.

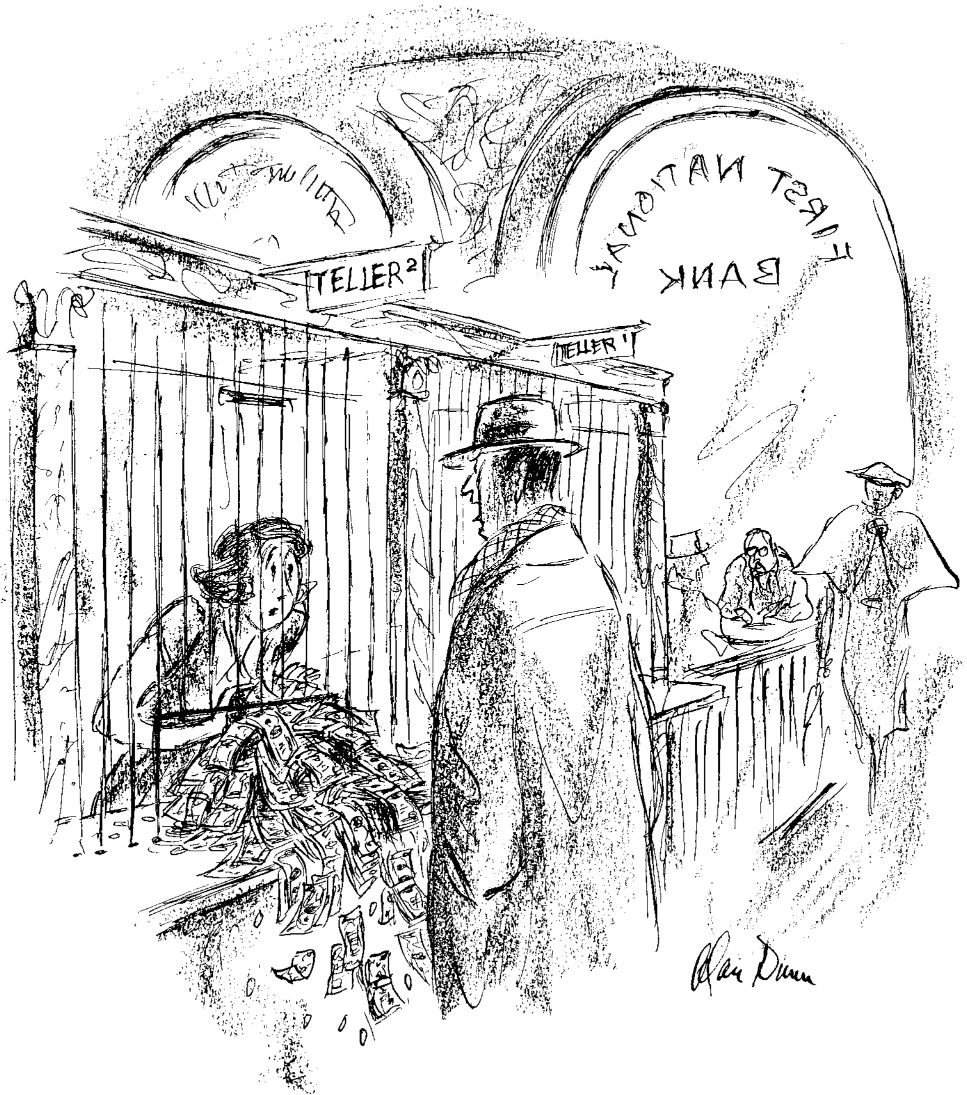
Yet there was a queer romance about the Farrells. They had been great supporters of Charles Stewart Parnell in the seventies and eighties, and when he married a divorced woman and the priests went from door to door threatening hell-fire on anyone who voted for him, they refused to be intimidated, and Nora even hung his portrait on the wall above her front door. When the priest came to remove it, she chased him with a stick, and she took an oath never again to enter a Catholic church while he lived. She never did, nor did her old husband, even though by this time he and she had ceased to talk. Friction in the home there might be, but disunion over Parnell, never. But she continued to regard herself as a good Catholic and pay her dues regularly. Once, when she had to have an official document witnessed by a clergyman, she went to Father Mackesy, who affected never to have seen her before. "Oh, yes, you have, Father," she said with her sardonic humor. "You've seen me twice a year for a great many years—at Christmas and Easter." Then she, too, went off to the Protestant minister, with her document.

For six months or so after we came to live in the locality, Mother looked after her, brought her breakfast in the morning and tea in the evening, collected her old-age pension from the post office, and did whatever shopping the old woman needed done. Mother was full of sympathy for her, as she was for anyone who was old or helpless or sick. But Teresa Downey, Mother's great friend, who lived opposite us, was doubtful of the wisdom of all this. Years before, she had tried to do the same for Mrs. Farrell and been badly requited. And sure enough, one day when I followed my ball into the old woman's front garden, she came out at me with a stick, screaming and cursing. The honeymoon was over. She had tolerated Mother rather longer than she had tolerated other specimens of the human race, but her patience could not be expected to last forever. She even accused Mother of stealing her old-age pension, and Teresa said with a shrug, "What did I tell you, Ma'am? She's bad, Mrs. Delaney, bad!"

But that was not the worst feature of her character. Usually there was a notice in the front window of Nora Farrell's little house that read "Apartments to Let," and the people she rented to were not old women of her own age but young married couples. You see, this was in the days before public housing in Cork, and the real bait was not so much the advertisement as the old woman herself, leaning on her gatepost, thin and bloodless and looking as though the first autumn wind would blow her away. The young couples, coming up the lane hand in hand, knew that whoever was in that house when the old woman died could not be dispossessed, and it was such a nice little cottage, with a tiny garden where you could grow flowers, a sitting room from which to watch the neighbors go by, and a bedroom all to yourself. Lust and hunger have no more grip on people than the need of a home.

Now, there was something in the old woman which enabled her to be satisfied with giving them a home, but there was also a fierce jealousy that could interpret even an unspoken thought of theirs, and no sooner would they be settled in than the jealousy would swallow up every other feeling, and she would set herself frantically to getting rid of them. First she would lock the front door on them at night, then throw out the bit of food they left in her kitchen, then scare the children from going into the back yard. If that didn't shift them, she took them to court and accused them of keeping a "bad" house or of stealing her money. Like all power maniacs, she was obsessed by the law. The young couples could rarely afford a lawyer, or else they knew that even if they won she would still continue to harass them. So, after dark one night, you would see a donkey cart outside her door, with the butt of a candle on it for lighting, and, taking their little handful of possessions, the couple would slink back to whatever slum they had emerged from. By the time the Hennesseys came, we knew the pattern so well that it made us sick.

BUT the most extraordinary of the three women was Teresa Downey. She had once been maid to an old Quaker family, and while the elder generation of the family lived they were "good to me," as she described it herself,



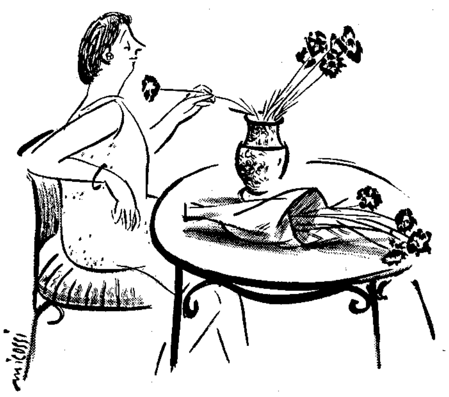
"For heaven's sakes, if you'll only read that note I handed you, you'll find it's a simple request for a statement of account!"

sending her occasional gifts of a half crown or five shillings, which, with whatever she earned from laundry, just kept her this side of starvation. As I knew myself, the line was often indeterminate. I used to sit for hours with her in the little attic bedroom where she did her laundry, and turn over the pages of her religious books, of which she had a small library. One that I remember with particular vividness was a manuscript prayer book that must once have been well bound, for the binding had been stripped off by some vandal, under the impression that the binding was the more valuable part. It was written in the most exquisite hand; some Catholic of a hundred-odd years before, who had not been able to afford a printed book or had despised the prayer books he knew, had written it for his own pleasure.

Apart from religion, her taste ran to cheap novelettes, though she studied and discussed them rather as though they were reports of police-court cases. "Ah, woman!" she would say impatiently to Mother. "Sure he was a *fool* to have anything to do with her. Couldn't he see himself the sort she was?" All the same, I think she had a great interest in the passions, for she was very friendly with a girl on her own terrace who had had an illegitimate child and many admirers among the English soldiers in the barrack. Great as was the disgust caused in the neighborhood by these goings on, no one—not even the priests—could interfere with the girl while Teresa stood by, but she took her payment in gossip. "Wisha, wait till I tell you," she would say humbly, coming in and throwing off her coat, and then for an hour or more we got it all, as if it were a novelette. "But if he felt that way, Mrs. Delaney," she would say, putting her hand flat on Mother's knee, "why did he use those words to her?"

Teresa had an extraordinarily striking face, with high cheekbones and sunken eyes, thick lips like a poet, and a toothless mouth. I remember with extraordinary vividness the hasty, recollected shuffle of her feet in some footgear that never seemed to fit, the ragged old coat that she clutched together across her breast, and the bowed gray head that would suddenly be raised to reveal the most enchanting smile in the world. Before God, I am not exaggerating! Sometimes it comes before me in the early hours of the morning, and it seems as if all the suffering and delight of humanity were in that one strange smile. Teresa had been for some time in the Big House, as she euphemistically called the Lunatic Asylum, and someone once told me that while she was there she wept almost without ceasing. The doctors called it acute melancholia, but what do doctors know of what may be revealed to people like Teresa? Whatever it was, it had left no trace on her character except when she saw suffering inflicted on an animal, and then she went stark, staring mad; screamed in the middle of the street, and stamped off to complain to the police or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They all knew she was only an old maid who had spent a lot of her time in the Lunatic Asylum, and so they paid little heed to her.

Yet that woman who had been in the asylum was the sanest woman I have ever met—and the finest. Sometimes when I think of her, I see her holding a poisoned cat or a starving dog, talking to it, her face all lit up, and think how thin and vulgar that window was in the church that was supposed to show the Good Shepherd. Wherever sickness or death was, there would come the knock, and Teresa would be standing outside with her ragged old coat clutched about her, asking humbly, "Is there anything I can do for you, Ma'am?"—ready to scrub or cook or nurse or pray, to hold the hand of some dying man in hers or wash his poor dirty body when the life was gone. If, when everything was over, they gave her a shilling, she would be too humble to refuse it, unless she knew they were as poor as herself, and then she pushed it away with a gentle smile and said dryly, "You'll be wanting that yourself, Ma'am." Yet what she was so gently rejecting might be her own dinner for the same day. When I grew up and realized that the woman I had been dealing with was a saint, I understood both her terrible pride and her terrible abnegation. She cannot have been an easy woman to get on with, because, though she and Mother adored one another, and up to the day of Teresa's death shared their last confidences and their last pennies, there were long spells



SNOWFLAKES

New come, complete, with no precursive bud,
stemless as stars, a migrant multitude,
like the white bloom of orchards blown abroad,
snowflakes in floating millions slowly crowd,
each adding the small medallion of its face
to the tall mosaic flowering on space.

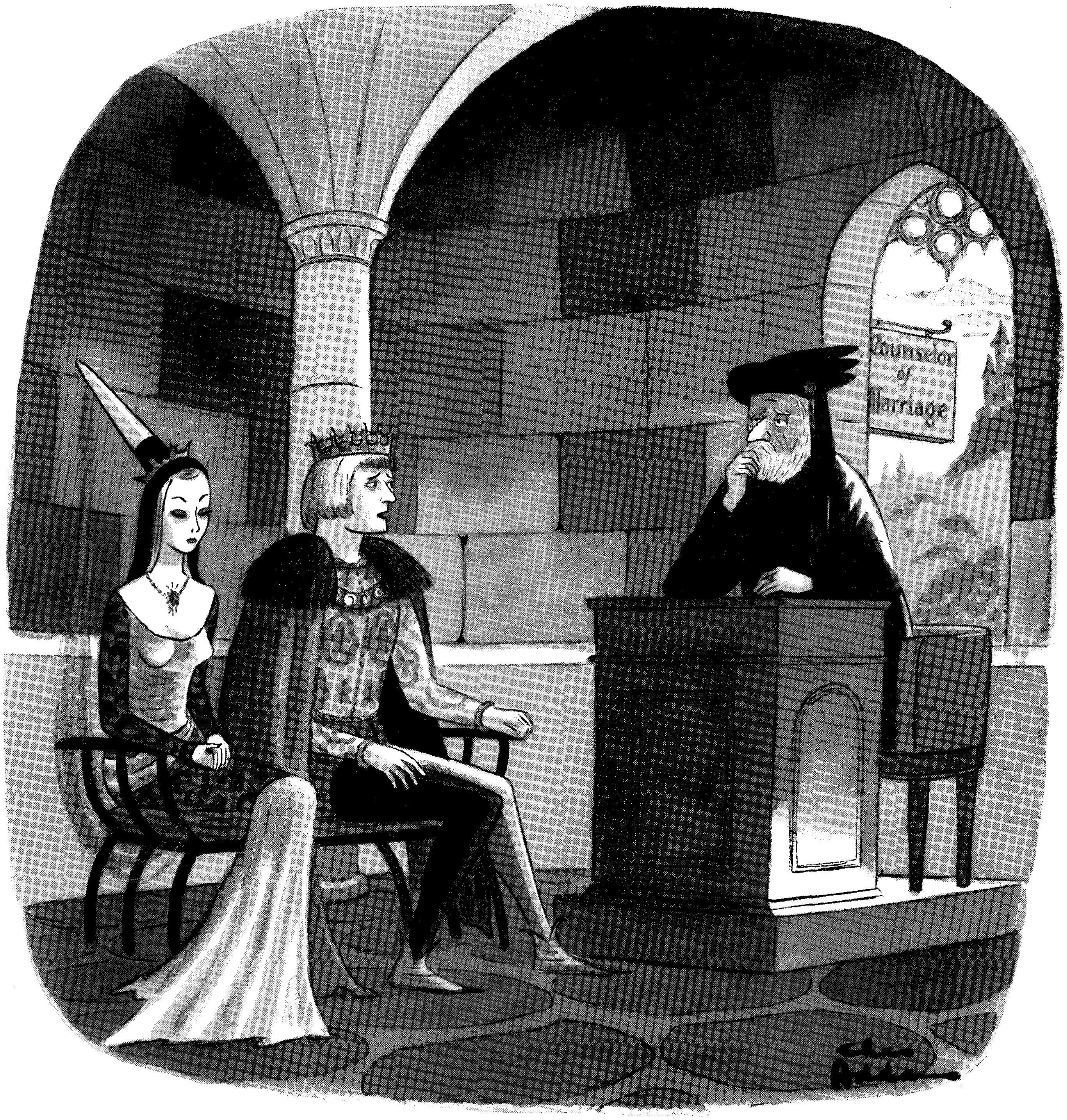
Sprouted from water, in winter, and spurred by the cold,
these spangled figures come and go; though they glow
from manifold facets, like carbons, their sparkling flesh,
shaped on an adamant law, will break at a breath;
crystals too tender, conditioned to air, to be held
between finger and thumb, they melt from sight when felt.

Not by arduous art, as marble makes roses of walls
in the Taj Mahal, but by nature this mineral falls
always in intricate flakes, whose isinglass grounds,
spiked and eyeleted, angled and rayed all round,
unfailingly form to fairness on a root of six,
like the comb's hexagonal honey-urns of wax.

Arrayed on glittering ribs, star within star
within star within star, extending their fabric as far
as these crystals can, held to the scope of a scheme,
they reach by finished means their finest extreme,
distilled to a filigrain of snow as ornate
as a floret on a silvered surface of Persian brocade.

—Dorothy Donnelly

• •



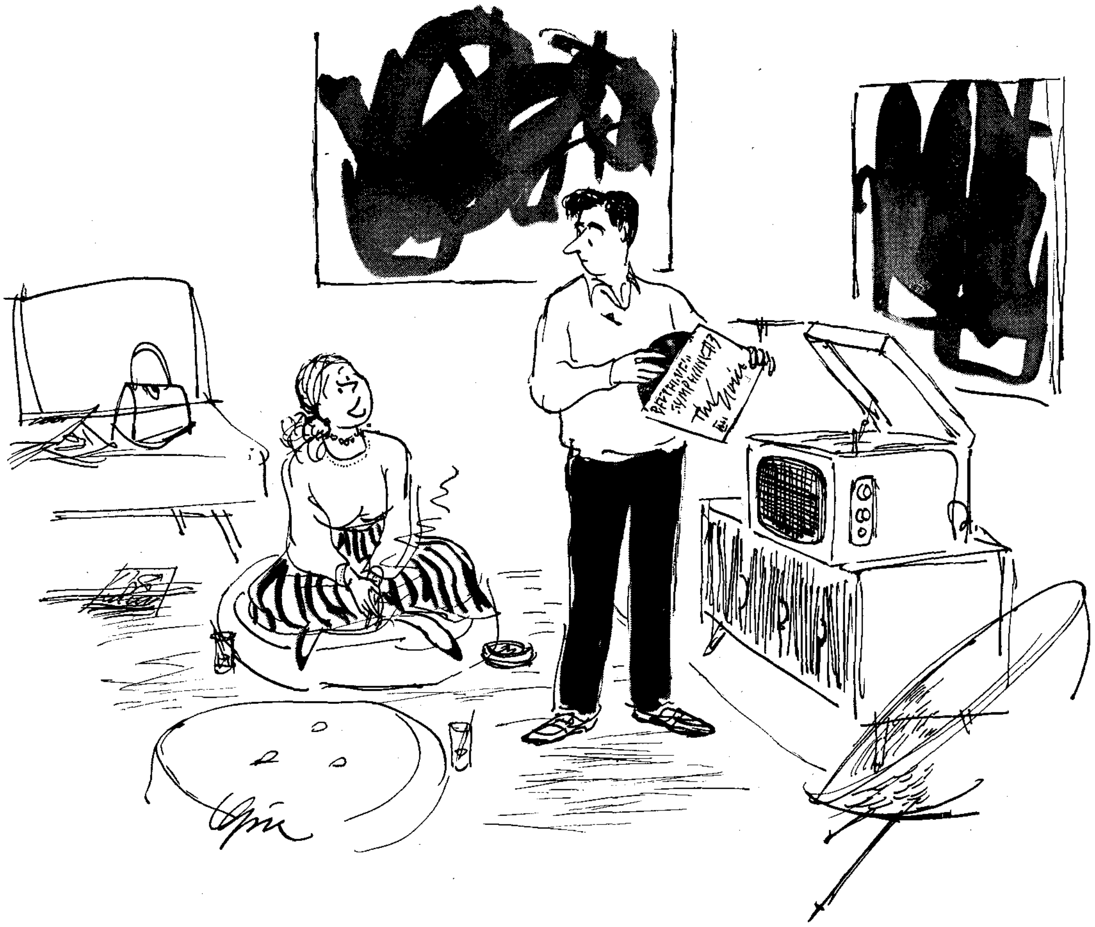
"We're not living happily ever after."

• •

of not-speaking, when both of them were as hurt as schoolgirls.

Teresa, as I say, had a passion for novelettes, which she fed to poor Mother, who, though she could never resist a love story, no matter how bad, or deny a tear to suffering virtue, had a natural distinction of taste. When as a child in the orphanage she suffered from somnambulism, the nuns found her one night wandering the corridors in her nightdress, reciting "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness." I doubt if Teresa knew a single poem, but she had a fierce, combative, masculine intellect, even if it didn't always function in an orthodox way, and would have had no hesitation in putting down the Pope himself in the matter of doctrines she disapproved of. She told Mother that the Church was going to hell, with all the vulgarians who were being raised to the altars, and commented so bitterly on the difference between her two namesakes—Theresa of Avila, a woman of intellect, whom she venerated, and Thérèse of Lisieux, who from Teresa's point of view was only a stage-struck child. The great Theresa would have had no difficulty about where to place Teresa Downey.

HOW different the fate of those three women was! So far as Gertie was concerned, it all happened as in a storybook. One winter night when the sea was quite calm, the Hannibal disappeared with all hands. Gertie got the lump sum, exactly as she had always known she would, and left Cork next day to open a lodging house in



"Oh dear! I wish I'd *known* *it was the 'Eroica.' That's my favorite!"*

• •

London. I suspect I could even tell you some of the tunes her pretty daughters learned to play on the piano.

Nora Farrell's was different but equally characteristic. One day there arrived at her house a newly married couple named Hennessey, of which the young husband would strike pity into anyone's heart, he was so guileless and gentle. He was still unsure of himself in the part of a husband and potential father, and called all the other married men "sir"—an example of deference that made Father his slave. But he couldn't resist standing at the door in his shirtsleeves, or talking to the other men, or digging in the little garden. Within a few weeks Nora Farrell locked the door on him. He got in through the window. She did it again and he started to break down the door. By this time Father was beginning to say Hennessey was "no balk," which from Father meant that he was more of a man than he had seemed. When the spring flowers started to shoot in the little front garden, Nora poured buckets of red-hot cinders on them. Hennessey affected to believe that the plants merely needed water, and dragged buckets of it from the back yard, spilling them all in the kitchen, till he flooded the old woman out. She took him to court, but he defended himself manfully, and the magistrate, beginning to get suspicious of the gallant, bonneted, deaf old lady who was always in trouble, gave the decision in his favor. Defiantly Nora shouted as she left the court, "The Corkies has me bet at last!" To the end she remained a loyal Tipperary-woman.

She might as well have given in then, but it is not in her sort to surrender. She would stay for weeks in sullen silence, and then remember that when she was dead the Hennesseys would be growing flowers in her front garden, telling stories of her over the fire in her kitchen, and then she would start to curse them, leaning on the gatepost, her gray hair blowing in the wind. Young Hennessey had the cruelty of the father protecting his young, which is infinitely more cruel than the cruelty of any woman, and he would intercept the occasional letters that came for her and readdress them to "The Beautiful Mrs. Nora Farrell" or "Nora the Tipperary Tinker, Cork."

Everyone knew when she was dying, because Teresa Downey came across the lane in her slippers and her old coat. The figure of this woman she had not spoken to in more than twenty years must have warned the old woman what was in store for her, but she kept a contemptuous silence. Teresa washed and cleaned the room and then sent for the priest. The old hunchbacked husband and the crippled daughter came up from their own house and sat for hours in the kitchen, waiting for her to speak the word of forgiveness, but when Teresa in her calm way suggested it, the old woman only spat. She was so deaf that her confession could be heard all over the little terrace. She agreed to forgive all her enemies, but made an exception of Parnell's successor, John Redmond, who, according to her peculiar notions, had betrayed Ireland. The Catholic Church, bless it, is wonderfully tolerant, and the exception was allowed to pass. Perhaps Father Healy didn't think much of John Redmond himself.

TERESA DOWNEY is probably astonished if she knows that the pompous little boy who read prayer books in her attic bedroom remembers her as one remembers a myth, a point in history at which the whole significance of human life seems to be concentrated. She would be still more astonished if she knew the company she keeps, yet like Nora Farrell and Gertie Twomey, she knew exactly where she was going. Nora was going to Hell, or wherever it is people go who think only of themselves. Teresa was going to Heaven, if that is the right name for the place where people go who think only of poisoned cats or starving dogs or dying people. Gertie, of course, was merely going to London.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

•

THE FRATERNAL LIFE

[*From a Lions Club directive*]

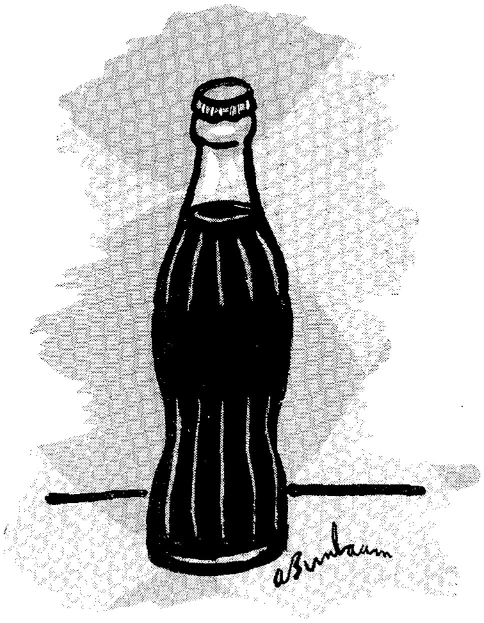
A novel way to end your evening's meeting is with a good hearty version of "Roar Lions, Roar." Before starting to yell, distribute balloons to each Lion present and instruct them to inflate the balloon to a diameter of about six or eight inches. Just as the yell ends have all the Lions bang their free hands against the balloons so that they will break. If the balloons can be kept from the eyes of any visitors the noise will come as a surprise and no doubt will impress them.

PROFILES

THE UNIVERSAL DRINK

I— త్రాగండి కోకా-కోలా

LONG before the United States put its first space vehicle into orbit, foreign cartoonists, from Argentina to the Transvaal, had assumed that the American satellite would be built along the familiar lines of a Coca-Cola bottle. In their eyes, as in the eyes of many people abroad, Coca-Cola is a fluid that, like gasoline, is indispensable to, and symbolic of, the American way of life. The two liquids, indeed, are often thought of as compatible, even though gasoline is one of the few solutions around that have not yet been mixed with Coke. (Gas in a Coke bottle, however, makes a first-rate Molotov cocktail.) An English cartoonist has depicted a United States Air Force plane being fuelled in flight by a pair of aerial tankers, one furnishing gas to the engines, the other Coca-Cola to the crew. A German variation on the theme shows a filling station with two pumps offering similar nourishment—the hose of one attached to an American car, that of the other to its driver's mouth. (More transactions at service stations in the United States involve Coca-Cola than motor oil.) On its own, without gas, Coke is so widely regarded as a symbol of America that an Italian cartoonist once portrayed Uncle Sam himself as a top-hatted, star-spangled bottle of it. Among the other exponents of the theory that Coca-Cola is uniquely representative of the United States are the officials of the Coca-Cola Company, one of whom is known to have described the drink, which is ninety-nine per cent sugar and water, as "the most American thing in America."



The acceptability of Coca-Cola in any region is apt to depend on the region's political orientation toward the United States. For the last ten years or so, our foreign critics have taken to identifying the policies of our State Department with those of the Coca-Cola Company, and have conjured up a new type of imperialism, which they call Coca-Colonization, or Coca-Colonialism. Hitler drank Coke, but while Germany was at war with the United States, the official Nazi line was that the beverage was a menace to European civilization. In due course, this became the official Communist line, while West Germany became practically a Coca-Cola Reich. Currently, it is lapping the stuff up at the rate of over a billion bottles a year, to the joy of the hundred and eleven West German bottling plants that turn it out. In the Lebanese revolt last spring, two of the first buildings in Beirut to be assaulted by the rebels were the library of the United States Information Agency and the Coca-Cola bottling plant. The latter, to be sure, is thought to have come under fire more or less accidentally, but the flow of what the late William Allen White once called "the sublimated essence of all that America stands for" was temporarily dammed—though not long enough to prevent our Marines from being refuelled with Coca-Cola when they landed a few weeks later. While the Coca-Cola Company naturally deplores violence, and especially violence that impairs anybody's chance of buying a Coke, its executives do not object to the tendency to confuse their product with the nation that spawned it. "Apparently some of our friends overseas have difficulty distinguishing between the United States and Coca-Cola," a vice-president of the company recently observed in a memo to an associate, considerately listing fatherland ahead of firm. "Perhaps we should not complain too much about this."

AROUND the globe, Coca-Cola is consumed, as its advertisements have lately been trumpeting, about sixty million times a day. On the desks of some of the executives at the company's offices in Atlanta, Georgia, where Coke originated, are three-minute glasses imprinted with the reminder that every time the sand runs through, another hundred and twenty thousand drinks of the beverage have been polished off—perhaps by, among others, an Okinawan geisha, a Siamese prince, and a pygmy girl in Africa. Coca-Cola has been gulped by Florence Chadwick while she was swimming the Strait of Gibraltar, and by Sir Edmund Hillary while he was mushing toward the South Pole. (An American naval airman named Edward G. Vrable claims to be the first man to drink a Coke at, or over, the North Pole—an achievement he scored during a weather flight, at 0716, Greenwich Mean Time, on March 29, 1947. The Nautilus was the first vehicle to carry Coke beneath the North Pole.) A parched wine connoisseur who recently made a pilgrimage to St. Catherine's Monastery, at the foot of Mount Sinai, hoping for a taste of a rare cordial called *moustique* that the monks there have been making since the sixth century, was served Coke instead. Once Italian prisoners interned in South Carolina during the war had been introduced to the drink, they refused to do their chores until they were promised a daily ration of it. Some shipwrecked sailors who were rescued off Cuba a few years ago, after clinging to the rigging of a capsized vessel for three and a half days, attributed their survival to the happy circumstance that a case of Coke was wedged in the rigging, too. A dramatic high spot in the plot of a play in the Loretta Young television series last winter—not sponsored by Coke—occurred when a native houseboy employed by an American couple in Korea turned his back on a full bottle of Coca-Cola. This denoted severe emotional distress. In another scene, as the mistress of the household threw her arms about her husband, she was clutching a bottle of Coke. This denoted passion.

Even the Coca-Cola Company regards as out of the ordinary—though it is rather fond of the old girl—a wrinkled Indian woman in a remote Mexi-

"*You're barking up the wrong tree.*"

• •

can province who told an inquiring explorer in 1954 that she had never heard of the United States but had heard of Coke. (There are fifty-one plants in Mexico that bottle it.) Two years after that, a Coca-Cola man pushed a hundred and fifty miles into the jungles outside Lima, Peru, in search of a really primitive Indian to whom, for publicity purposes, he could introduce Coca-Cola. Deep in the bush, he flushed a likely-looking woman, and, through an interpreter, explained his errand, whereupon the woman reached into a sack she was carrying, plucked forth a bottle of Coke, and offered him a swig.

There can be exceedingly few North Americans who are unacquainted with Coca-Cola, which a Swedish sociologist has said bears the same nourishing relationship to the body of *Homo americanus* that television does to his soul. One such ignoramus came to light ten years ago, when the Army quizzed six hundred and fifty recruits stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Two hundred and twenty-nine of them had never heard of Louisville, twenty miles away; eighty-five had never been to the dentist; and twenty-one had never tasted cow's milk. A single soldier had never drunk a Coke. All in all, it was a set of findings far more encouraging to the Coca-Cola Company than to the Department of Defense.

In contrast to that innocent rookie, some of his fellow-citizens drink Coca-Cola at a staggering clip. "You can drink Coke every day all day long and you don't get tired of it," a member of the company's indefatigable market-research staff has said. "Fifteen minutes after you've finished a Coke, you're a new customer again, and that's where we've got you." One of the most faithful customers on record is an Alabama woman who on her ninety-seventh birthday attributed her durability to her habit of consuming a Coca-Cola at exactly ten o'clock every morning since the stuff first came on the market, in 1886. Possibly the outstanding Coke drinker of all time is a used-car salesman in Memphis who revealed in 1954, when he was sixty-five, that for fifty years he had been averaging twenty-five bottles daily, and that on some days he had hit fifty. He added, inevitably, that he had attended the funerals of half a dozen doctors who had called his pace killing. Morton Downey, who for the last sixteen years has been using his voice exclusively to sing the praises of Coca-Cola at conventions, luncheons, and the like, heard about the Memphis prodigy in the course of a trip to Tennessee, and looked him up. "He stood six three and weighed two twenty and was a fine specimen of a man," Downey subsequently reported.

Downey, whose own thirst for Coca-Cola has been acclaimed in a company house organ as unquenchable, is not only a caroller for Coke but one of nearly eleven hundred domestic bottlers of the drink. Coca-Cola in bottles is on sale at a million six hundred thousand retail outlets in the United States, and a hundred and thirty thousand soda fountains have it on tap. The Coca-Cola Company itself owns only forty-two of the bottling plants, and the income from them is no more than a tithe of its gross sales, which in 1957 came to nearly three hundred million dollars. The bulk of this take was derived from the sale of Coca-Cola syrup—or a more potent concoction known as concentrate—to other bottling plants and to soda-fountain jobbers. Peddling syrup is the company's driving, dedicated raison d'être, regardless of who controls Lebanon, the Transvaal, or, for that matter, the United States. There is only one ounce of syrup in a six-and-a-half-ounce bottle of Coke. Nonetheless, in 1958 the company sold around two hundred million gallons of the stuff. That's enough for twenty-five billion portions of Coca-Cola.

Two-thirds of this ocean of Coke is swallowed in the United States. (In a novel published last year, it was predicted that after the earth is levelled by nuclear warfare, archeologists may find no trace of civilization in the Western Hemisphere other than a fused blanket of metal made up of the discarded caps from Coke bottles.) Since the war, however, Coca-Cola has become increasingly conspicuous in the whole free world's way of life. The drink is now bottled in a hundred and seven foreign regions, including the Isle of Man and Mozambique, and in many areas abroad it enjoys a social standing markedly higher than any it has ever attained at home, as if it were a Foreign Service career man who, after hanging around Washington obscurely for years, is suddenly appointed ambassador to a small nation and gets invited to all its best parties. Coca-Cola is served at wedding receptions in Saudi Arabia, at garden parties in India and Italy, and, cheek by jowl with champagne, at formal dinners in Venezuela. The four daughters of the Queen of the Netherlands have been seen at royal picnics with four bottles of Coke, and the wife of the French Ambassador to Great Britain had special pockets fitted into the stole she wore to Queen Elizabeth's coronation, and tucked a bottle of Coke in each, to see her through the ceremony. In happier days, the late King Feisal of Iraq drank Coke *à deux* with his cousin King Hussein of Jordan. When Farouk reigned in Egypt, all the Cairo night clubs reserved a table for him every evening, just in case he should turn up. Alongside every regal oasis was a silver ice bucket cradling a supply of Coca-Cola.

The Coca-Cola people have tried to make a social splash at home. A year ago, for example, they ran an ad showing some members of the horsy set, in full hunt-meet panoply, daintily sipping Coca-Cola. The text was peppered with high-class words like "discriminating," "chic," and "superb," and the conventional slangy phrase "Have a Coke!" was supplanted by "Have a Coca-Cola!" But nobody in Newport or Bar Harbor has responded with enthusiasm comparable to that of, say, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, who until this year, when a bottling plant opened up in Addis Ababa, used to dispatch the imperial plane regularly to Cairo for the sole purpose of fetching Coke for his palace. In South Africa and in Mexico, a young man may drink anything that comes to hand during the week, but when he takes his best girl out on a Saturday night, he treats her to a Coca-Cola. There is plenty of evidence that to Coca-Cola men the course of true love runs smoothest when it runs delicious and refreshing. In the company's advertisements, which try manfully to equate the beverage with "the heart-thumping happiness of boy getting acquainted with girl," it is made explicit that boy who first gets Coke to girl gets girl, too.

No more fervent tributes have ever been paid to Coca-Cola than those that came from Allied service men who either got the opportunity to drink it or missed it unbearably during the Second World War. Take what General Carlos Romulo said in his memoirs, "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines." Describing the events of April 4, 1942, four days before he escaped from Bataan on the last plane out, he wrote:

> This day that was to mark the turning point in the Battle of the Philippines began for me with an incident that seemed of the greatest importance. In fact, so vital did it seem at the time that that night, upon my return to the tunnel on Corregidor after one of the most terrible days a man could ever experience, I wrote a detailed account of that day on my typewriter with a ribbon that could hardly make itself legible, and with trembling hands I added the important notation: "I had a Coca-Cola."

The Coke he had was one of eleven salt-incrusted bottles that some American soldiers had salvaged from a sunken supply ship. In "Winged Victory," Moss Hart had a gang of fliers about to take off for combat toast each other in Coca-Cola. One of them said, "Listen, brother, where *we're* all going we'll look back on a Coke as something out of Heaven." The Coca-Cola Company's vaults in Atlanta bulge with letters from service men attesting to the accuracy of this prediction. A young lady who lived in the Bronx passed along an excerpt from a love letter that her one and only, an Army corporal, had written in Europe: "Well, I guess you want to know now what it is I want so much, outside of you. Well, darling, it is a bottle of Coca-Cola." A private first class in Burma wrote his aunt, "To my mind, I am in this damn mess as much to help keep the custom of drinking Cokes as I am to help preserve the million other benefits our country blesses its citizens with. . . . May we all toast victory soon with a Coke—if flavored with a little rum, I am sure no one will object." The Japanese radio tortured our Marines in the Southwest Pacific by dwelling interminably on the forsaken pleasure of drinking a Coke. ("Can't you just hear the ice tinkling in the glasses?") It was fiendish.

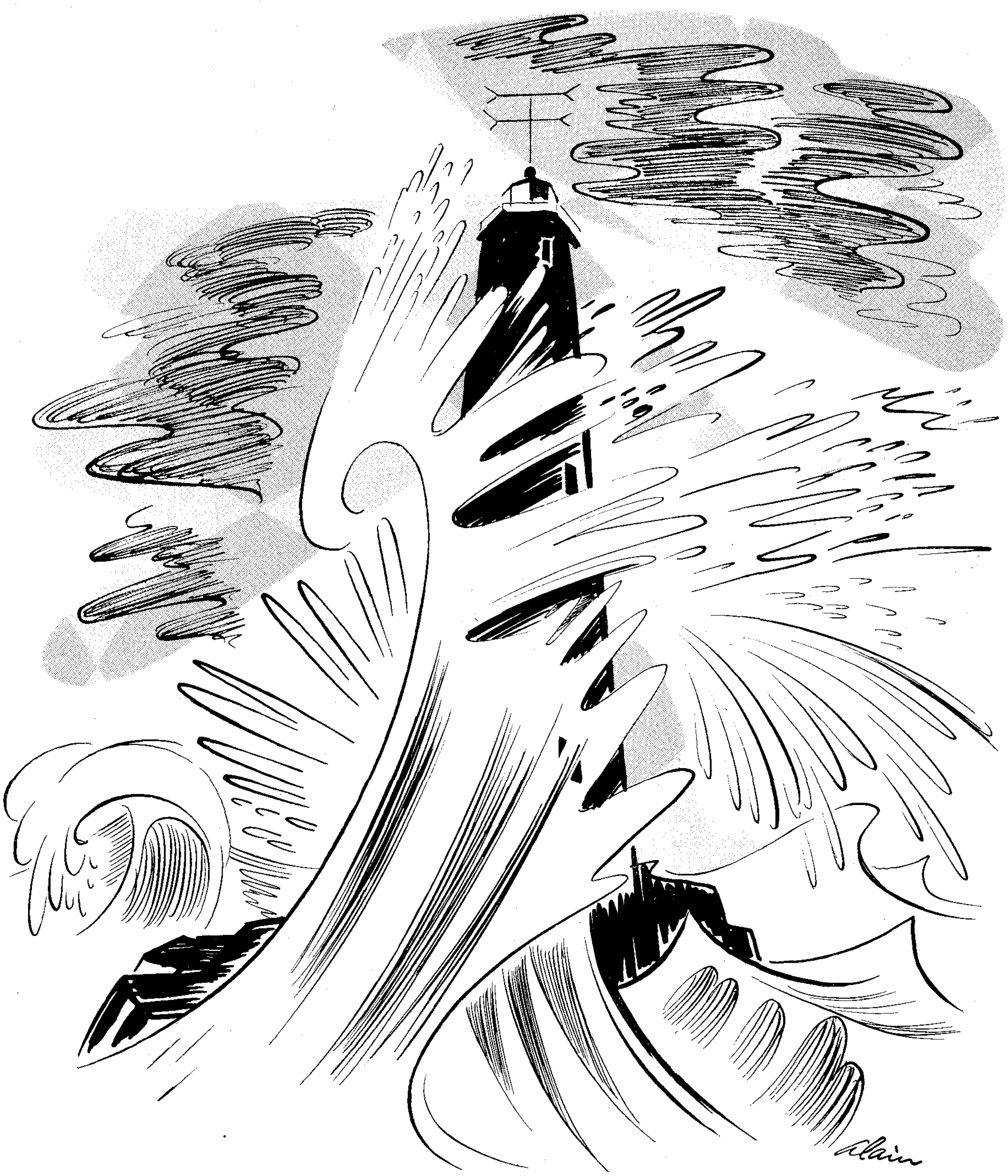
The Coca-Cola Company itself boasted in wartime advertisements that "next to wives, sweethearts, and letters from home, among the things our fighting men overseas mention most [in their letters] is Coca-Cola." The fact that the company seemed eager to have wives and sweethearts furnish it with fighting men's letters mentioning the drink may have made a few of the citations it received something less than spontaneous, but there can be little doubt that the bulk of them were heartfelt. Without prodding, a naval lieu-

WE GIVE
TRADING STAMPS

tenant in the Pacific called Coca-Cola "nectar of the Gods." A soldier in Egypt rated it better than nectar, and an airman in the Solomons, whose vocabulary was large but imprecise, likened it to ambrosia. An Australian soldier thought it ripping. A sailor in the Mediterranean asked his sweetheart to scent her next letter with a drop of Coke and, after she had complied, wrote that it smelled to him "like heady wine, more powerful than Chanel No. 5, more tempting than the odor from a thousand roses."

Even today, Coca-Cola receives an occasional missive about its role in the war. A recent one included an account of an air crash that the writer had witnessed in the South Pacific. The only identifiable objects found in the wreckage, he wrote, in graphic detail, were the pilot's left hand and liver, and two blood-spattered but unbroken bottles of Coke. "Please write and tell me what you think of my story," he concluded. The Coca-Cola Company answers all its mail conscientiously, but in this instance it evaded a direct response, saying only, "We can readily see how this experience has made an indelible impression upon your mind." Another former G.I., who had been a German prisoner for more than a year, reported to the company a decade later that the mere image of Coke had given him the will to live. Half starved while on a six-week forced march, he'd been about to throw in his chips. Then, as he staggered through a German town, a peeling advertising poster caught his eye. "I looked at the sign a couple of minutes as we passed by, and memories started coming back to me, of home, of the drugstore where my girl friend (later my wife) and I used to sit and plan our lives together," he wrote. "Well, sir, I kept thinking of that Coke sign and what it stood for, of home, of the darling wife and child that were waiting for me, of all the good times and wonderful things that were ahead of me, if only I could get out of this mess alive. Right then and there I said to myself 'I will get out alive!' and a new feeling of hope and strength seemed to come over me. As I sit here with my darling wife and child, I often think back to that little Coke sign in Germany and say thanks, thanks a lot for helping to get me home." The Coca-Cola Company, touched, sent him a leather billfold.

WHEN the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, they shot up four Coca-Cola coolers at Hickam Field. Coca-Cola quickly struck back. The company was run then, as it is now—although he is officially retired—by Robert Winship Woodruff, an urbane, astute, enormously wealthy Georgian, who had resolved as early as the nineteen-twenties that there was no place on earth too remote, geographically or culturally, to enjoy the benefits of Coca-Cola. Scarcely had the United States declared war when Woodruff announced his determination to make Coke available, at a nickel a drink, to every member of our armed forces, no matter where



"*. . . with the barometer at two-nine point eight-one and falling. And that's it. This is Carol Reed, your weather girl, saying good night, and have a happy.*"

Now landlubbers can eat like old salts

Fresh, fragrant oyster stew—a seacoast specialty from colonial times, now frozen by Campbell's so anyone can enjoy it anywhere.

Campbell's freezing brings you a savory oyster stew that would cost you $1 or more in a fine Boston restaurant

People who live near the sea will tell you that freshness makes the difference in oyster stew. To hear some of them tell it, decent oyster stew can seldom, if ever, be found more than a few miles inland.

But now, thanks to Campbell's freezing, you can enjoy oyster stew as fresh as ever was served in Boston, no matter where you live. And it's made in a way that wins grudging approval from the best New England chefs.

Plump, Pampered Oysters

Campbell's uses young tender oysters—fresh from their beds in cool coastal waters. The oysters are simmered with all their good juices until the edges begin to ruffle. Then they're plunged into a rich broth of scalded milk, cream, butter and special seasonings, where all ingredients intermingle perfectly.

Then, without a moment's delay, the stew is rushed to the freezer to lock in all the good flavors.

Fancy Eating—Plain Price

If you ordered it off the menu at a fine Boston Oyster House, you'd pay a pretty penny for a stew like this. Now you can have as much as you like from your grocer's freezer for only about 20¢ a bowl. Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew—why not pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer?

Oyster Fondue. Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. Beat together 2 eggs, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, ¼ tsp. paprika; stir in Oyster Stew. Quarter 4 slices toast. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers toast, soup, 1 cup shredded cheese. Bake 30 min. at 350°F. Serves 4.

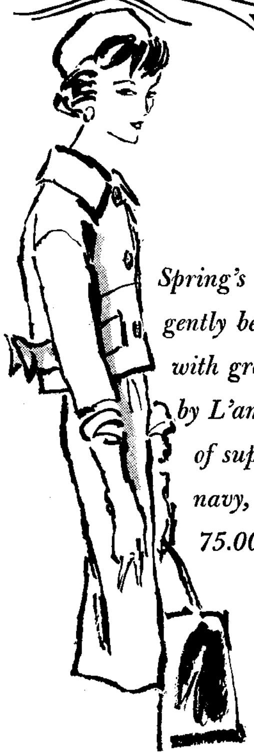
Scalloped Oysters and Corn. Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers 1½ cups slightly crumbled saltines, 1 cup drained whole kernel corn, Oyster Stew. Dot top with butter. Bake 20 min. at 400°F. Serves 3 to 4.

FROZEN
Campbell's
CONDENSED
OYSTER
STEW
SOUP
FROZEN

Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Cream of Potato • Cream of Shrimp • Green Pea with Ham • Clam Chowder (New England Style)

OYSTER STEW

FROZEN by Campbell's



Spring's soft tailleur...
gently belted and bowed
with grosgrain ribbon...
by L'amerique Couture
of supple worsted wool,
navy, black, 10-16.
75.00

Order from nearest
MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N. C. • Richmond, Va. • St. Louis
Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Hot Springs, Ark. • Columbus, Ohio
or in East Orange, N. J. from **Doop's**

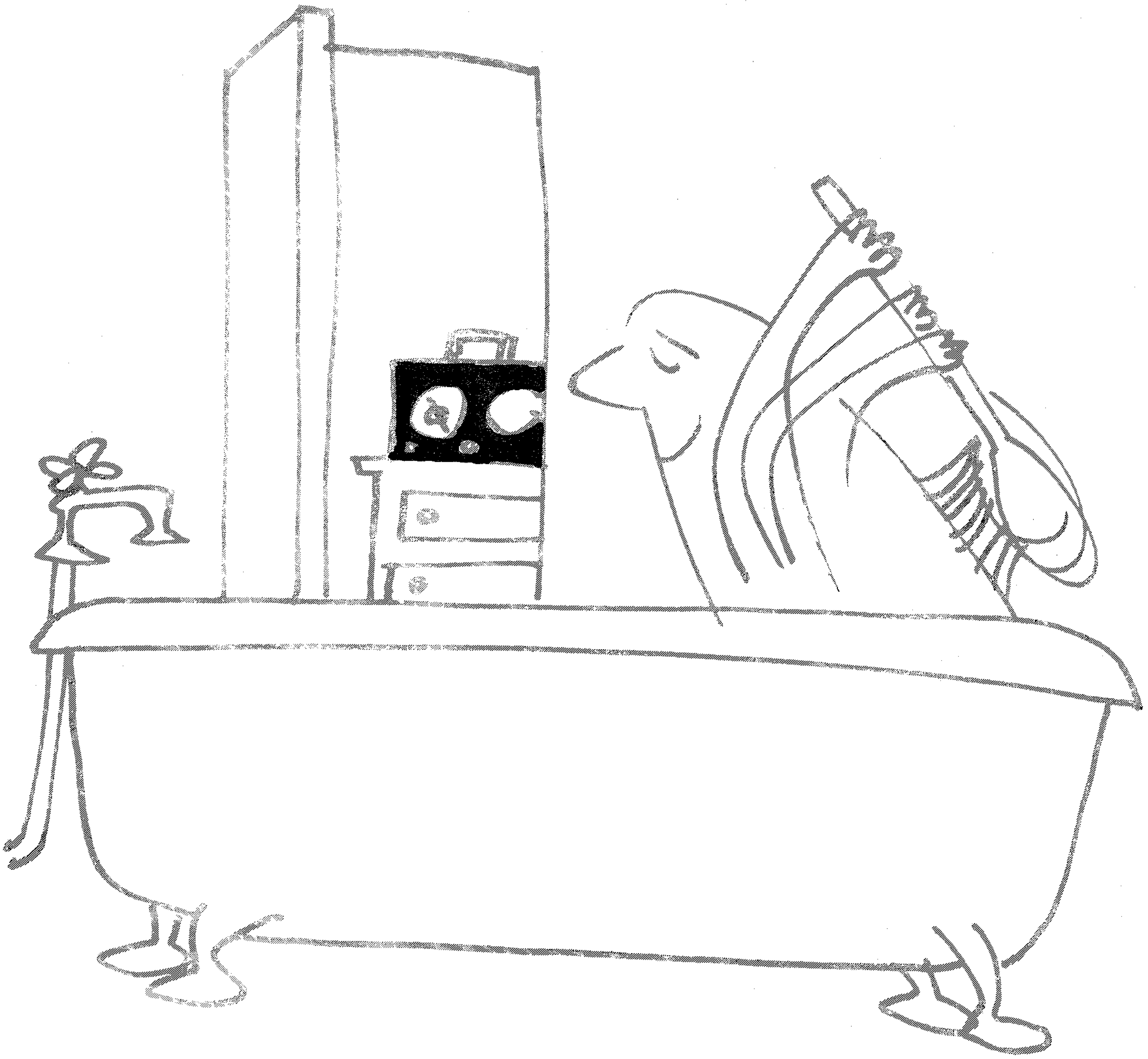
Newton Elkin's perfect polish—
the patent leather pump, to wear with spring's
importantly checked suits. Also in bright blue
or navy calfskin—high or middling heels. 28.95
Fourth Floor designer collections, **Lord & Taylor**

Lord & Taylor

he might be. Woodruff's gesture was not only patriotic but practical. The Coca-Cola Company is the largest single user of pure granulated sugar on earth, and when sugar rationing went into effect, the company got nowhere near the amount it wanted for the ordinary production of syrup. (It tried hard, though. Early in 1942, it issued a propagandistic booklet, "Importance of the Rest-Pause in Maximum War Effort," which reproduced a batch of letters from civilian war workers hinting that they could hardly survive without Coke.) Even under rationing, however, the company was able to acquire virtually unlimited supplies of sugar for Coke for the armed forces.

The armed forces, for their part, were quick to enlist under the banner of Coca-Cola. Theatre commanders were authorized to order bottling plants, much as they ordered ammunition. The upshot of this agreeable collaboration—agreeable to everybody except the company's anguished competitors—was that ninety-five per cent of the soft drinks dispensed through overseas post exchanges during the war were drinks of Coca-Cola. ("What do they think this war is—the cause that refreshes?" grumbled a testy columnist in *PM*, a paper that subsequently folded.) Between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day, G.I.s gulped ten billion drinks of Coca-Cola, three billion of them bottled overseas, in five plants already established and fifty-nine additional plants that the company had resourcefully assembled. General Eisenhower, whose affection for Coca-Cola matches that of any alien head of state, had barely landed in North Africa when he requested eight plants. A plant needed in China was dismantled in India, flown piece by piece across the Himalayas, and put together again. When the Australian government, which had a less feverish view of the importance of Coke-drinking, told a bottler out there that he couldn't have all the cork he wanted for lining bottle caps, he notified the American Army tersely, "No cork, no Coke." He got his cork. At war's end, six dismantled bottling plants were bobbing gently off the coast of Japan, waiting to follow our troops ashore.

To supervise this mass migration of nectar, a hundred and sixty-three Coca-Cola men donned uniforms and shuttled back and forth across the world as technical observers—or, as they were more commonly known to the service men they ministered to, Coca-Cola colonels. (One enisled technical observer risked getting busted to Coca-Cola corporal



OFF LIMITS FOR SALES?

Taking a bath, baiting a hook, ironing shirts or driving a car—WJR reaches adult listeners no matter where they are or what they are doing.

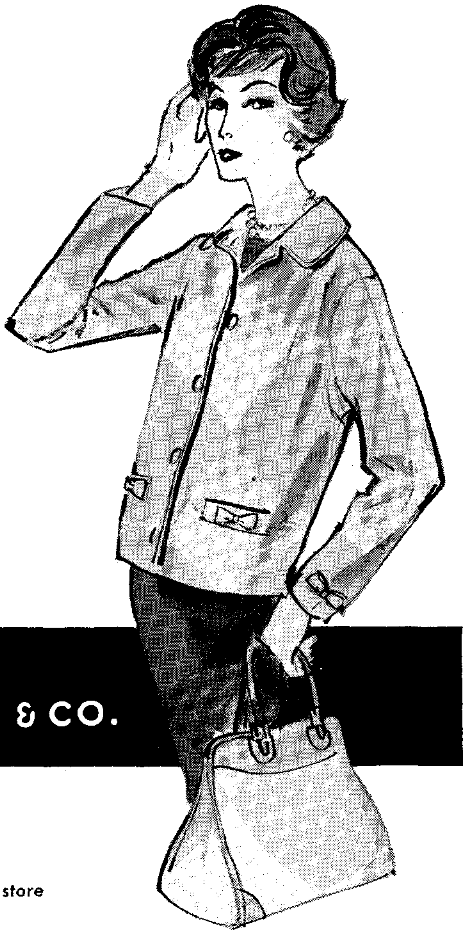
The reason that WJR is so popular with adults is because our programming is a consistently fine blend of entertainment, information and education.

So what's with this *adult appeal* routine on WJR? Just this—adults are the people with the purchasing power—the people who buy your products and services.

Sound interesting? Check with your advertising manager, agency or Henry I. Christal representative for the facts on WJR, the "buying power" station in the Detroit-Great Lakes area. Learn how your advertising can get through to the right people.

WJR DETROIT
760 KC 50,000 WATTS
RADIO WITH ADULT APPEAL

IT'S LEATHER WEATHER...
THE PERFECT TIME FOR THIS
SOFT CAPESKIN JACKET
BY SAMUEL ROBERT. WHITE,
SAND OR LIGHT BLUE (EASILY
CLEANED WITH A DAMP
CLOTH) 10 TO 16 SIZES 55.95



I. MAGNIN & co.

mail orders (add 55¢ for shipping)
to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles
or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS
PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

ABE SCHRADER: AUTHORITY ON WINE AND WOMEN

The Taste Jury's selection for its gracious, aristocratic effect. Expertly pleated dress with a fresh young suitmaker jacket. A wool and orlon blend. About $70. Designed by Belle & Will Saunders. *** Abe Schrader, 530 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y. • Jay Thorpe, New York, New York • I. Magnin & Company, all stores • Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Illinois • Dayton's, Minneapolis, Minnesota

by writing, in a communiqué to the home office, "Boy, what I wouldn't give for a good drink of Stateside Scotch!") Technical observers attached to General MacArthur's staff rigged up a portable Coke dispenser for use in jungle areas, and observers attached to the Navy devised a slender vending machine that could be lowered through the hatches of submarines. (It was perfected too late to be installed before hostilities ceased, but it is now standard equipment.) Coca-Cola resembled certain other forms of matériel in that some theatres of operations got more of it than others, and got it more quickly. For instance, the reputation of the Society Islands as a paradise was splendidly maintained; after the war native divers at Borabora recovered thirty thousand empty Coke bottles that had been tossed into a single placid lagoon there. In less serene regions, the scarcity of Coca-Cola was sometimes so acute that upon receiving a trickling shipment a military unit would have the chaplain dole it out, in the hope of avoiding mayhem. Individuals in arid areas who were lucky enough to latch on to a bottle—occasionally one would be shipped from home in a cotton-wrapped gift package—guarded it ferociously. A Navy lieutenant off Sicily opened his ship's safe, and, with pistol drawn, permitted an ensign to touch a bottle of Coke that nestled inside. Then the lieutenant locked the safe again. A soldier in Holland drank half a bottle his wife sent him and let a dozen of his buddies shoot craps for the other half. The first bottle to reach the Anzio beachhead was shared by nineteen admirably disciplined G.I.s.

In the Solomons, a single bottle of Coca-Cola was sold for five dollars; in Casablanca, for ten; in an Alaskan outpost, for forty. A field-artillery sergeant in Italy who got two bottles in 1944 drank one and raffled off the other among the men in his battalion, the proceeds going to swell a fund for children of members of the unit who died in action. Four thousand dollars was collected from soldiers vying for the bottle, and the man who won it was too overcome with emotion to drink it. Ernie Pyle, writing of this unusual fund-raising drive, said that the participants in the raffle hoped that the Coca-Cola Company would also contribute to the kitty. "I have no doubt they will," Pyle added. The company immediately sent two thousand dollars to the artillerymen, but in so discreet and roundabout a fashion—out of a natural desire not to be deluged with

London's heart beats faster as the Life Guards clatter by

SUDDENLY, sharp against the humdrum roar of traffic, comes the clean clip of hoofbeats. Your eye is caught by the bobbing scarlet of the Life Guards, or by sunlight blinking on the Horse Guards' silver breastplates.

All heads turn as the cavalry troop sweeps by with a brave jingle. London's heart beats faster. Yours will, too.

This is a daily scene from London's passing show. It's part of the ageless pageantry of Britain.

In spring, summer, fall and winter, special red-and-gold days of pomp and circumstance await you. Whether you're here for Trooping the Colour in June—or in November for the Lord Mayor's Show—you will be struck by the British genius for showmanship in the grand manner and great tradition.

It costs so little, nowadays, to visit this friendly country. You can fly round trip from New York to London for only $453.60 (to Scotland for $27 *less*); or go both ways by ship for $400—with an *extra* saving of $50 between September and April. Call your travel agent today.

For free color booklet "Royal Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 135, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South LaSalle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Carter's
KNIT BOXERS
Fashion under Fashion
• Soft, fine selected cotton
• Flexible knit fabric
• Seamless crotch
• No ironing needed
• Carter-Set—
so won't shrink out of fit
"Toot your horn for
Carter's Knit Briefs, if you wish,
I'm tooting mine for Carter's Knit Boxers!
They're a smart new idea in man-comfort
...no ironing needed!"
Carter's
BRIEFS
Fashion under Fashion
• Fine combed cotton knit
• Neva-Vex front
and seamless seat
• Long-life elastic
• No ironing needed
• Carter-Set—
so won't shrink out of fit
The William Carter Co., Needham, Mass.

Tattersall Knit Boxers $1.65 . . . Tattersall Briefs $1.35 . . . at these and other fine stores: ATLANTA, Rich's • BALTIMORE, Hutzler Bros. BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Co. • CHICAGO, Baskin — All stores • DENVER, May — D. & F. • HARTFORD, G. Fox & Co. • LOS ANGELES, Bullock's Downtown, Westwood • MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's • NEW HAVEN, Edward Malley Co. • NEW YORK, Franklin Simon; Wallachs • PROVIDENCE, The Shepard Co. • ROCHESTER, Sibley Lindsay & Curr • ST. LOUIS, Wolff's ST. PAUL, Schuneman's • SALT LAKE CITY, Z.C.M.I. • SAN FRANCISCO, The White House • SCHENECTADY, Dan A. Donahue, Inc. • SEATTLE, TACOMA, Klopfenstein's similar appeals from every battalion under arms—that many of its top officials do not know of the generous gesture to this day.

Soon after the war ended, the American Legion polled five thousand veterans on their preferences in the matter of soft drinks, and found that nearly two-thirds of them favored Coca-Cola. A complementary survey made by the Coca-Cola Company revealed that among veterans with overseas service the percentage was even higher. "What we did during the war cost us a lot of dough," one company vice-president has since said, "but it sure made these guys love us." And when the fighting stopped, not only did Coca-Cola have millions of young Americans much in its debt but it also had the sixty-four overseas bottling plants—fifty-nine of them ferried abroad, as the company's competitors have ruefully pointed out, at government expense—ready to be converted to production for civilians.

IN the postwar years, as Coca-Cola strove mightily to consolidate its territorial gains, its efforts were received with mixed feelings. When limited production for civilians got under way in the Philippines, armed guards had to be assigned to the trucks carting Coke from bottlers to dealers, to frustrate thirsty outlaws bent on hijacking it. In the Fiji Islands, on the other hand, Coca-Cola itself was outlawed, at the instigation of soft-drink purveyors whose business had been ruined by the Coke imported for the solace of G.I.s during the war. Most of the opposition to the beverage's tidal sweep, however, was centered in Europe, being provoked by the beer and wine interests, or by anti-American political interests, or by a powerful blend of oenology and ideology. Today, brewers in England, Spain, and Sweden are themselves bottling Coke, on the if-you-can't-lick-'em-join-'em principle. Several years ago, though, the odds against such cozy intimacy would have been roughly the same as those against the White Rock girl's being crowned Miss Rheingold. In Western Europe, Coca-Cola has had to fight a whole series of battles, varying according to the terrain, not all of which have yet been won, though victory seems to be in sight. Before Coca-Cola got rolling in West Germany, for instance, it had to go to court to halt the nagging operations of something called the Coördination Office for German Beverages, which was churning out defamatory pamphlets with titles like "Coca-Cola, Karl Marx,

HANDLE WITH CARE
WANTED ON VOYAGE
MORGAN DENNIS

Perfect Companionship!

Wherever you go you will always find Black & White provides perfect companionship! It's the Scotch Whisky with quality and character that never change.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Scotch Whisky
BLACK & WHITE
James Buchanan
Glasgow, Scotland
By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen
BLACK & WHITE
Buchanan's
Blended Scotch Whisky
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.
Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
New York, N.Y.

European Holiday
Pacific Holidays
Bermuda Holiday
Hawaiian Holidays
Nassau Holiday
african HOLIDAY

'ROUND THE WORLD...OR ANYWHERE
Haley is a manner of traveling
For travel to secluded islands or teeming continents — or a grand world tour, look to Haley for well-integrated HOLIDAY plans. All-inclusive, specially prepared itineraries to fit your individual requirements.
When you GO—see a PRO—See your travel agent. Folders on request "Dept. G"
THE HALEY CORPORATION
11 EAST 44TH STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
MURRAY HILL 2-9050

Williamsburg REVISITED
Williamsburg, Virginia is a place you can visit often. Each year's progress in restoration brings it nearer to the way it looked to George Washington and Patrick Henry. Plan now to re-visit historic Williamsburg—you'll be intrigued with the added activities, buildings, gardens, shops, carriages and people in 18th century costume.
Williamsburg Inn & Cottages, Lodge & Taverns, The Motor House • Double rooms with bath from $8.00
For information, reservations, color folder: Write Box 718, Williamsburg, Va., or contact Res. Offices—New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Telephone CIrcle 6-6800. Washington: 1145 19th St., N.W., Telephone REpublic 7-8114.

and the Imbecility of the Masses" and the more succinct "Coca-Cola? No!" In Denmark, lobbyists for the brewers chivied the Parliament into taxing cola-containing beverages so heavily that it would have been economically absurd to try to market Coke there. (The Danish beer industry has singular leverage. The Tuborg company is noted for its philanthropies, and the Carlsberg company is a wholly nonprofit outfit, all its proceeds going into a foundation for the advancement of the arts and sciences.) At last word, the Danes were about to relent, though. But in Belgium the caps on bottles of Coke, including bottles sold at the Brussels Fair, have had to carry, in letters bigger than those used for "Coca-Cola," the forbidding legend "*Contient de la caféine.*"

Some of the political larruping that Coca-Cola endured in Europe was aimed from the Right (a neo-Fascist paper in Italy told its readers that it had sampled the drink, as a service to them, and had found it "halfway between the sweetish taste of coconut and the taste of a damp rag for cleaning floors") and some from the Left (a Milan paper reported, "Only a few people succeed, when first drinking Coca-Cola, in getting rid of that unpleasant impression of sucking the leg of a recently massaged athlete"), but it was the Communists who far outdid everybody else in the frenzied wildness of their antagonism to a soft drink that Woodruff has called "the essence of capitalism." The Belgian Communists, for instance, intimated that Coca-Cola was a forerunner of Fascism. The drink was a laxative, they claimed, and they suggested that if it was allowed to flourish unhindered it would probably be superseded by an even more potent laxative—castor oil. And this, they concluded solemnly, was a notorious Fascist beverage. (The fact that the Fascists did not drink castor oil themselves but forced it upon their victims was not stressed.) The Austrian Communists, for their part, put forward the notion that a new Coca-Cola plant at Lambach could be transformed at a moment's notice into an atomic-bomb plant. "Tremble!" thundered *Der Abend*, then the principal Communist paper in Vienna. "Coca-Cola is on the march!" The main Communist paper in Italy, *L'Unità*, warned parents that Coke could turn their children's hair white overnight. Moreover, said *L'Unità*, a thirty-year-old male had drunk one bottle and dropped dead. (The non-Communist press said he

Look at her and you know...

She trades in Christiana Securities*...and attracts the kind of man who always looks for this shield 🛡 because Warner Bros. STEREO records offer a wise investment in music. Dollar for dollar, Warner Bros. STEREO records guarantee the best long term capital gain in both economy and performance.

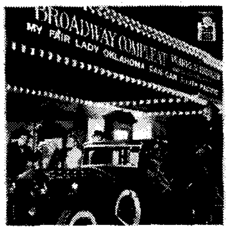
**Presently offered at $14,450 per share.*

She does her best skiing at Aspen...and she is attracted to the kind of man who always looks for this shield 🛡 because only Warner Bros. STEREO records give new directions and new dimensions to sound, a feat made possible by diligent hours of patient engineering skill. There are two hours of devoted craftsmanship for each minute of recorded music.

She occupies Suite 39-41 aboard the RMS Caronia...and she is attracted to the kind of man who always looks for this shield 🛡 because only Warner Bros. STEREO records are produced with no deviation in pitch, no exaggerated table-tennis effect to mirage the listener. You hear the sounds, *all* sounds, and no matter where you sit, you are always within the total sonic range.

Her lingerie is by Juel Park, Beverly Hills...and she is attracted to the kind of man who always looks for this shield 🛡 because Warner Bros. STEREO records offer unparalleled tone, purity in the body of recording, and a meticulous sensitivity and feel for fine repertoire.

Indicative of the fine Vitaphonic STEREO albums now available from Warner Bros. Records is the newly recorded "Broadway Compleat," the omnibus STEREO recording of the all-important songs from "My Fair Lady," "Oklahoma," "Can Can" and "South Pacific." No finer collection of repertoire from the Broadway stage exists in one package. No discerning theater lover should be without a copy.



Adding to the World's Largest Catalog of new Popular Stereo Records:

Broadway Compleat	Warren Barker & Orch.	BS 1253
The Garbage Collector in Beverly Hills		BS 1254
Around the Samovar	Leonid Bolotine & Orch.	WS 1255
The Original Jazz Performance of Rodgers and Hammerstein's Flower Drum Song	Morris Nanton Trio	BS 1256
Two Beers and Everybody Sings	The Strugglers	WS 1257
Informally Yours	The Smart Set	WS 1258
Orchestral Moods of a Western Sunset	Robert Prince & Orch.	WS 1259
Porgy and Bess Revisited	Stewart-Williams & Co.	WS 1260
Be Gentle, Please	Ernie Coleman Trio	WS 1261
And They Called It Dixieland	Matty Matlock	BS 1262

Also Available in monaural long play
Complete Stereo Catalog At Your Dealer or Upon Request

WARNER BROS. RECORDS
BURBANK, CALIF.

the first name in sound

NEVER CARRY MORE CASH THAN YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE

"I never carry more than $50 in cash"

SAYS:
RICHARD WIDMARK
Starring in the 20th Century Fox movie "Warlock."

"When I travel, I always carry my money in American Express Travelers Cheques. Then I *know* it's safe." Spendable anywhere, good until used, prompt refund if lost or stolen. Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges, only a penny a dollar.

This mark identifies the world's most honored cheque

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
MONEY ORDERS • CREDIT CARDS • TRAVEL SERVICE
FIELD WAREHOUSING • OVERSEAS COMMERCIAL BANKING • FOREIGN REMITTANCES • FOREIGN FREIGHT FORWARDING

LOFTLEIDIR

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE

LOWER than Any Other Scheduled Airline from New York to
BRITAIN • NORWAY • SWEDEN • DENMARK • GERMANY

FULL TOURIST SERVICE 2 complimentary full-course meals, Cognac, midnight snack. More space, fewer passengers.

SHORTEST OVER-OCEAN FLIGHTS never more than 400 miles from an airport.

ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT

ICELANDIC IAL AIRLINES
15 West 47th St., New York 36
PL 7-8585
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

had had a heart attack.) The Soviet writer Alexander Fadeev, addressing an Italian audience, asked, rhetorically, "Is the Soviet Union flooding this country, renowned for its refreshing drinks, with Coca-Cola?" He spoke in Russian, and the only word most of his auditors grasped was "Coca-Cola." On hearing it, they burst into applause. Not long afterward, the Italian Communists disclosed that the Russians had invented Coca-Cola.

Coca-Cola had been in Italy in a modest way since 1927, but it was only in 1949, when the drink's impact on the country seemed likely to change from dew to downpour, that the Communists and their cohorts, the latter including many vintners, counterattacked on a broad front. One Left Wing journal invited its readers to guess which of three dosages could kill a mother-in-law more quickly—a few drops of belladonna, a bit of Strophanthus, or half a bottle of Coke. Warnings against a new disease, "Coca-Colitis," were briskly circulated, and a whole glossary of compound neologisms evolved, among them "Coca-Colazione" (defined as "the last meal of the condemned") and "Coca-Colonia" ("a cologne useful for disinfecting quarters where there have been cases of Coca-Cholera"). In Rome, a Left Wing paper printed the results of what purported to be a survey of Coca-Cola imbibers in that city. A typical example was an unnamed businessman who said he regarded drinking Coke as his patriotic duty. "You see, Americans are sending us dollars," he said, "and besides, I have relatives in the United States who write me, 'Drink Coca-Cola! Otherwise it will be too bad!' "

In view of the steadfast anti-Catholicism of the Italian Communists, it was only natural that they should have detected a wicked rapport between Coca-Cola and the Vatican. The evidence was skimpy. True enough, a truckload of Coke had been spotted in St. Peter's Square in the summer of 1950, but, as defenders of the faith quickly pointed out, it was Holy Year, and the city abounded with American pilgrims. It was also true that Coca-Cola plants the world over have been blessed by clerical eminences when they open for business—in Aguascalientes, Mexico, by the Bishop of Teziutlán; in Tacna, Peru, by the Archbishop of Lima; in Naples by Cardinal Ascalesi. But there was an answer to that one, too—the Roman Catholics enjoy no theological monopoly on such ceremonies. At the opening of a Bangkok plant in 1949, for

HAPPY
VALENTINE'S
DAY TO
LIFE AND LOOK

...because it wouldn't be nearly as much fun without you!

The Saturday Evening
POST
Sell the POST-INFLUENTIALS
-they tell the others!

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

Skiing as you like it in Old Québec!

It's only overnight to Québec's famous Château Frontenac, the Lac Beauport Ski Bowl and a thrilling Alpine lift. There are both novice and expert slopes, and you have a grand opportunity to learn Fritz Loosli's French Parallel Technique. Tobogganing and skating right at the Château.

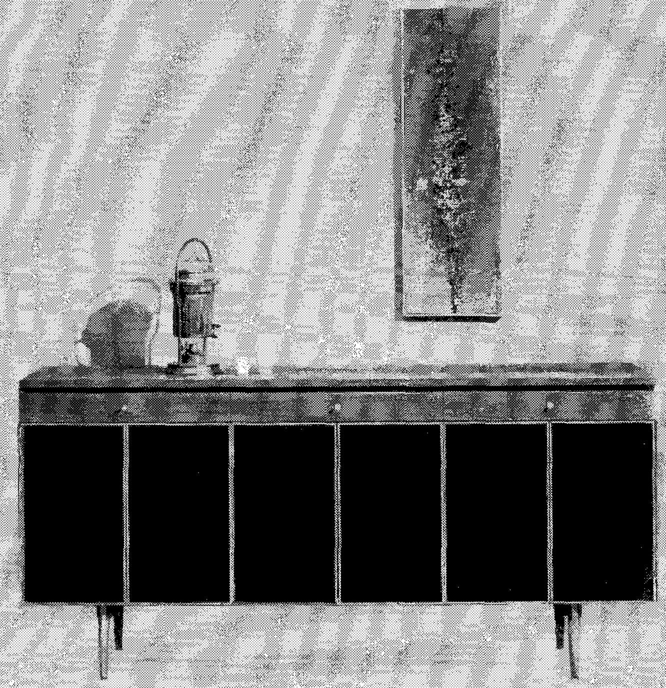
You'll also enjoy superb cuisine, and traditionally gracious Canadian Pacific hospitality.

Special all-expense holiday rates: 3, 7, 10 days, $54.75 to $172.00 per person, double room. Includes meals, ski lessons, skating, tobogganing.

Château Frontenac

A Canadian Pacific Hotel in Friendly Old Québec

Canadian Pacific, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. PLaza 9-4433



NEW DIRECTIONS IN AMERICAN DESIGN

TEAK CHEST WITH BLACK LEATHER
DESIGNED BY PAUL McCOBB
also available in walnut or mahogany in 8 custom finishes

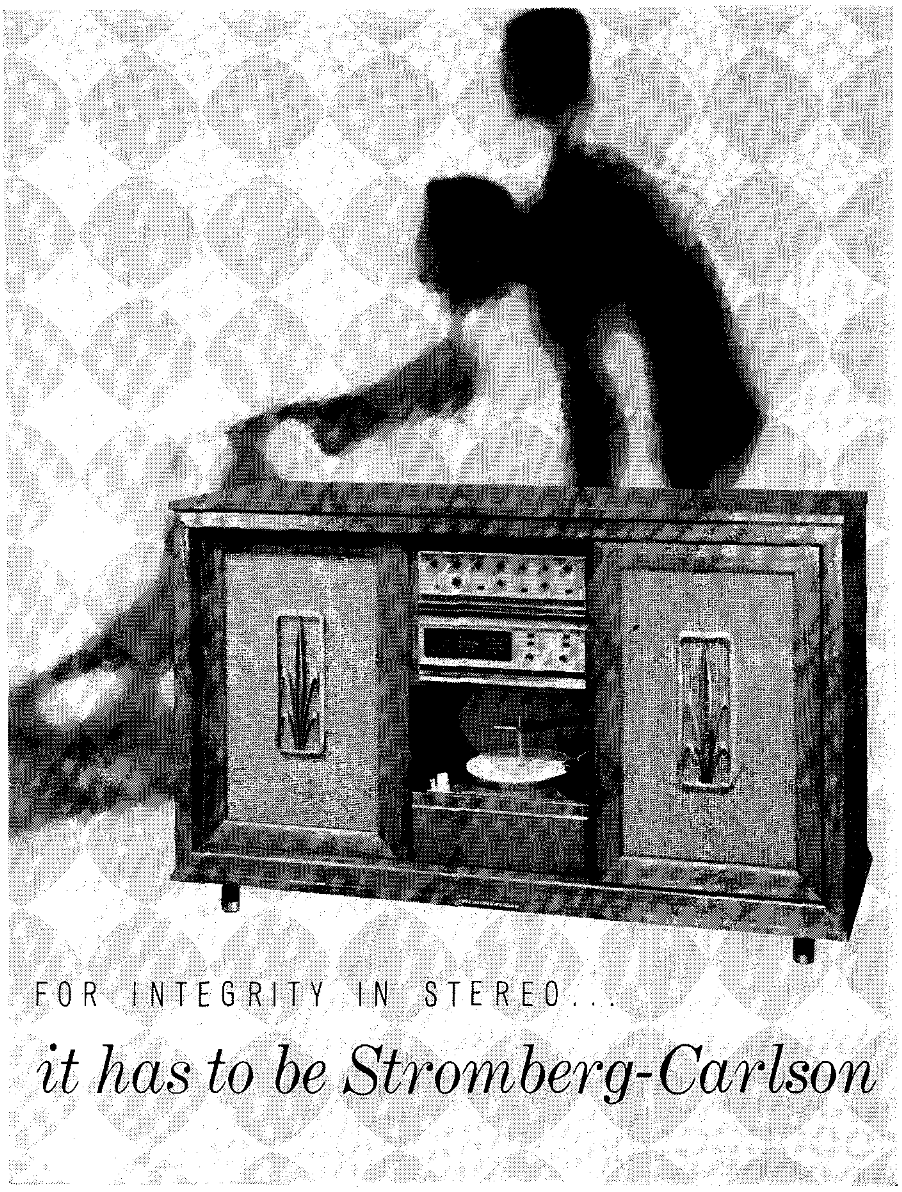
Directional
FURNITURE SHOWROOMS 41 EAST 57TH STREET
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE THROUGH DEALERS. DECORATORS ONLY

instance, the inauguration rites were conducted by nine Buddhist priests, who went through the premises dabbing gold paint on the bottle-washing machines and on the bottlers' foreheads. What riled the Coca-Cola Company most of all was some antipapist sniping at James A. Farley, the chairman of the board of the Coca-Cola Export Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary. Farley has worked for Coca-Cola since the 1940 Democratic National Convention, when he split with President Roosevelt over the third-term issue and resigned as Postmaster General. Farley, of course, is an influential lay Catholic, and this circumstance has been no end of help to the company in its attempts to iron out delicate situations in Catholic countries. The Communists, however, have charged Farley with making Roman Catholicism subservient to Coca-Colaism. A typical fabrication had it that in 1946, when Cardinal Spellman received his red hat from Pope Pius XII, he flew to Rome in a Coca-Cola Company plane. This was probably inspired by the fact that Farley did accompany Spellman to Rome for the ceremony; they travelled, though, by commercial aircraft. While it is true, moreover, that Farley once took four Coca-Cola men along with him for a private audience with Pope Pius, he never, despite a good deal of wishful Left Wing thinking and asserting to the contrary, urged His Holiness either to substitute Coke for sacramental wine or to substitute "Drink Coca-Cola" for "*Dominus vobiscum.*" And the Italian Communists, unflaggingly inventive in their invective, did not stop there; they forecast the eventual substitution of "Coke" for "Amen." All this has availed them very little. The largest Coca-Cola bottling plant in Europe today, with a capacity of three hundred bottles a minute, is one that was unveiled by Farley last year in Milan.

What happened in Italy was nothing compared to what happened in France. Coca-Cola had been there longer—since 1919—and it got belabored harder. The French Communists may have been especially worked up because Paris was, and is, the headquarters of a suave, dapper White Russian, Alexander Makinsky, who is a sort of roving plenipotentiary for Coca-Cola in Europe. Makinsky, whom *Paris-Soir* has called "*l'ambassadeur de la Coca-Cola*" (though most Frenchmen accord the drink masculine gender), and whom Jim Farley affectionately calls "Prince Makinsky, the Duke of Maku," is a French-educated naturalized American who, starting in the late twenties, spent seventeen years abroad for the Rockefeller Foundation. He was hired by Coca-Cola in 1946, when the company felt that a glib, knowledgeable trouble shooter with a Continental air might make some of its European growing pains less agonizing. To some Coca-Cola executives, most of whom are natives of Georgia, he seemed the more ideally cast for this role because he was born in the Russian state of Georgia. Makinsky decided to take the job after democratically inviting the guests at a dinner party he was giving to vote for or against the proposition. On learning that he himself had cast the only negative ballot, he chivalrously accepted the offer, and he has been a contented Coke man ever since.

Some Frenchmen still think of the years 1949 and 1950 as those of two great national scandals—Indo-China and Coca-Cola. The agitation against Coke began in the fall of 1949, when Dienbienphu was under siege. That December, the Communists in the Chamber of Deputies, arguing that they were altruistically trying to keep their French brothers from being poisoned, introduced a bill to "prohibit the import, manufacture, and sale of Coca-Cola in France, Algeria, and the French colonial empire." This uniquely discriminatory piece of legislation failed of acceptance, but its sponsors were undeterred. They came back in March with a bill that would have empowered the Ministry of Health, several of whose high-placed functionaries were Communists, to regulate the distribution of all soft drinks containing vegetable matter—a category that, as the French did not by then have to be told, included Coca-Cola. It was by no means just the Communists who crusaded for the passage of this bill. Many winegrowers supported it wholeheartedly, and the middle-of-the-road *Le Monde* endorsed it, fervently declaring, "The moral landscape of France is at stake!"

Proponents of the bill let it be known that if the Coca-Cola Company had its way in France, it planned to plaster advertisements across the façade of Notre Dame. In trying to put this canard firmly to rest, a Coca-Cola man misguidedly said that his company would no more think of doing such a sacrilegious thing than it would think of similarly desecrating the Eiffel Tower—a pledge that did little to reassure a city that still shivered at the memory of the Citroën ads that had disfigured the tower a decade earlier. Makinsky's friends cautioned him that his home might be



FOR INTEGRITY IN STEREO...

it has to be Stromberg-Carlson

Stromberg-Carlson FR-804 "Symphony Hall" stereo console, styled by Federico.

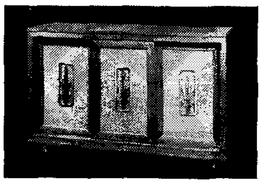
Here's why.

The vital ingredient of true stereo is *stage effect.*
The instruments of the orchestra must come back to you from their exact stage positions. How? The answer is *Stereo Tone Balance.*

Only Stromberg-Carlson gives you this vital ingredient. It's a method of control providing stereo as *you* want it . . . and as *your* room acoustics demand. You "tune" by an *audible signal.* It's as easy and effective as the visual tuning eye of radio. *Your own ear is the judge.*

How do you want stereo? Stromberg-Carlson gives the full range. (1) All-inclusive console (illustrated); (2) console and matching speaker enclosure; (3) components for your own custom installation.

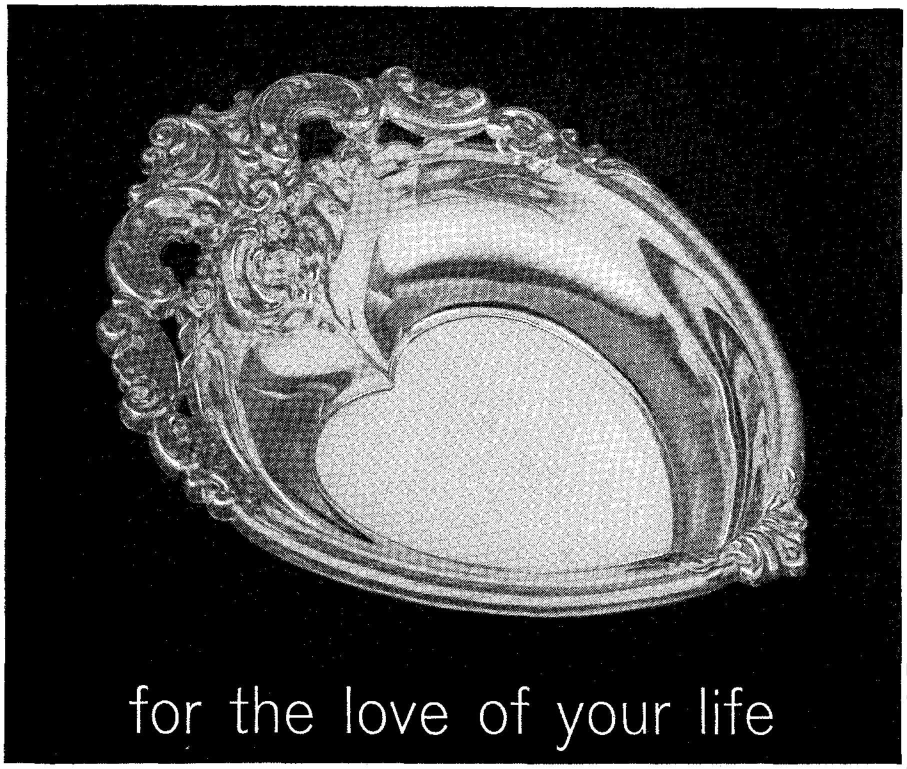
Test for yourself our exclusive Stereo Tone Balance Signal. You'll see why it's the only way to *stage effect.* You'll find your dealer listed on the Yellow Pages.



"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson"

STROMBERG-CARLSON
A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION
1426 N. Goodman Street • Rochester 3, N. Y.

S-C GD



THIS SWEETHEART DISH IN WALLACE STERLING. An enchanting heart-shaped dish to carry candies. This one is richly carved in Wallace's famous Grande Baroque pattern. 6 inches in diameter, heavy sterling silver, $12.50, including Federal tax.

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS
at Wallingford, Conn. since 1835

VALENTINES
INC.
PRES.

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Getting to the Heart of the Matter is the true secret of success! So, why not act positively *now*? Give your office the comfort, quiet and distinction of Bigelow Carpets on the floor. Special designs, colors, and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Dept., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)

bombed, and when,
a six-day bicycle race,
announcement of a specia
donated by Coca-Cola, the
grew so irate that it took thre
to clear the track of the flo
they hurled upon it. Mme. Jeannette Thorez, the wife of one of France's two Communist chieftains and herself a deputy, was credited with having risen to new heights of oratorical abuse when, in the middle of an impassioned legislative debate, she turned on a political adversary and shrivelled him with a scathing "Coca-Cola drinker!" Meanwhile, the other chieftain, Jacques Duclos, was caught off guard, at a bar, drinking a Coke.

Eventually, the National Assembly did pass the vegetable-matter bill, and the wrath of the Coca-Cola forces, who had been lying fairly low, pending developments, was at once unleashed. Jim Farley, a normally mild-mannered man, all but bellowed with rage. He had been in France the previous fall, trying vainly to see Prime Minister Bidault and head off the tempest. Now that the legislators had acted, Farley issued a sarcastic statement to the effect that drinking Coca-Cola seemed not to have impaired the health of the G.I.s who liberated France from Nazism, and added that Lafayette would have resented his nation's unseemly behavior. One Georgia statesman, the late Representative Eugene Cox, announced that his friends were swearing off French dressing, and another, Representative Prince H. Preston, told his fellow-congressmen that the Assembly's edict was "a calculated affront to the people of this country." Mr. Preston hinted darkly at reprisals in the form of higher tariffs, and urged the French to come to their senses and lay off wine and cognac. Billy Rose announced a moratorium on the serving of French champagne at

Most Happy Giant

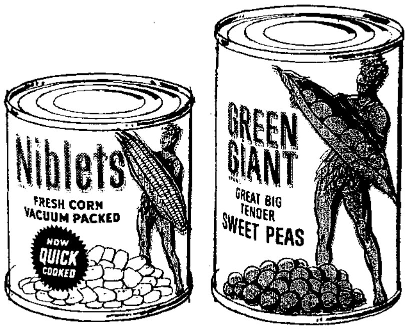
Before the Green Giant grew up and bowed to the world back in 1926, giants for the most part were a gloomy lot. But not the Green Giant. Fact is, he's positively jolly—in a gentle sort of way. He whistles and hums. Sends out friendship cards. Helps small Boy Scouts across the street. And generally enjoys himself very much indeed. Especially his Work.

He's in the vegetable game, you know—growing the best eating peas and corn in anybody's county. Of course, this has taken quite a bit of doing.

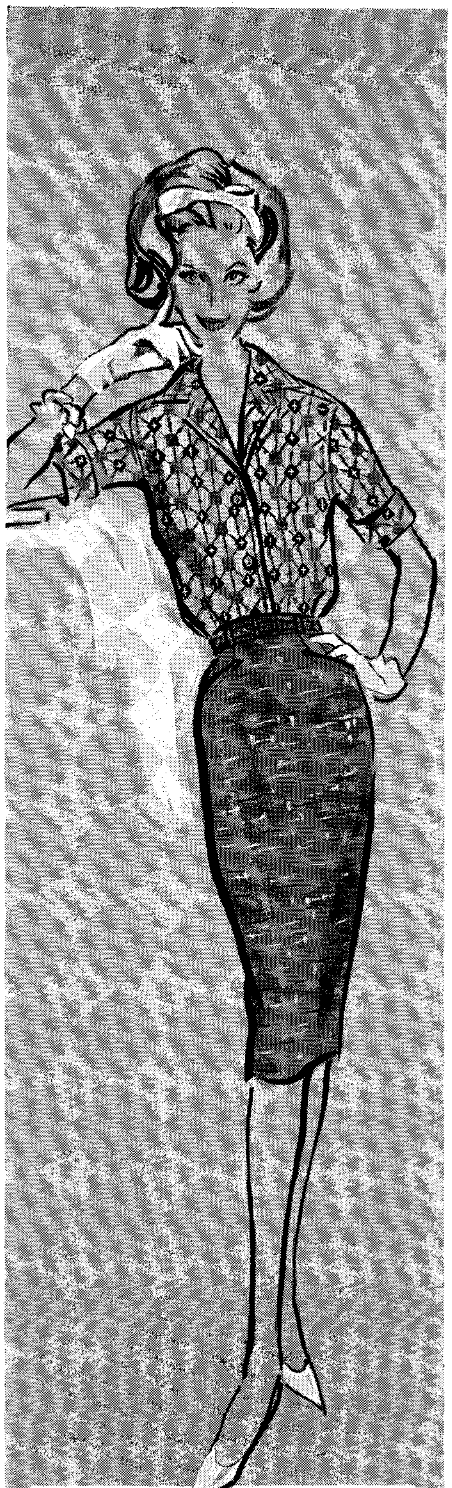
For instance, the pedigreed seed for his Niblets Brand corn took thousands of crossbreedings and about five years of work before he ever put a kernel into a can. (Naturally, he was quite tuckered out when it was all over.)

That was way back in the 1920's, but he's kept right on making Niblets corn better and better—even brighter in color, crisper to the bite. He vacuum packs it. Quick-cooks it. He stands guard from seed to sprout, to picking and packing.

It's all pretty confining work, of course. But we do think it helps build character. And what makes him so happy is that corn-lovin' folks from Manhattan to Texas say even on a clear day you can't hardly tell it from fresh corn cut from the cob. And isn't that a happy thought to keep in mind?



Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. "Green Giant" and "Niblets" are trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. GGCo. © GGCo.



from the master hands of
Evan-Picone

The skirt, in a textured silk blend by Fabrex, about $12; Epic Ltd.'s coordinated print shirt, about $8.

BONWIT TELLER
MARSHALL FIELD
STIX, BAER & FULLER
GOLDWATER'S

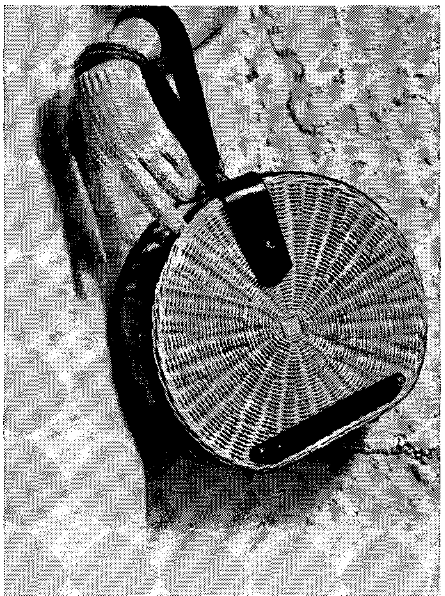
the Diamond Horseshoe. All over the United States, newspapers rallied to the side of what the Washington *News* eulogized as "our own small *vin du pays*." The Baton Rouge, Louisiana, *Advocate* advocated the banishment of French perfume from America, and the Watertown, New York, *Times* proposed a boycott against French toast. The *News* of La Grange, Georgia, a town whose inhabitants consume an average of a Coke a day apiece, roared, "What further proof do we need that the Reds are heartless monsters with a diabolical plot to overthrow the world and all of the glorious traditions therein?"

The issue was finally resolved, in the manner of so many other prickly international disputes, through diplomatic channels. On this side of the Atlantic, Farley conferred with Henri Bonnet, the French Ambassador to the United States. Across the ocean, David Bruce, the American Ambassador to France, conferred with several key French officials. Following these high-level discussions, the French upper house, the Council of the Republic, which had to approve the Assembly's bill before it could become law, rejected it flatly. The Communists were licked, and the furor quickly subsided. In the spring of 1952, *L'Information Syndicale Vinicole,* a winegrowers' journal, ran a picture of a Coke bottle on its cover and an article inside not only exhorting French vintners to welcome Coca-Cola into the fraternity but suggesting that they might even profit by studying some of the upstart's methods of production. "Should not the success of this sparkling and refreshing beverage, bottled according to the strictest sanitary rules, most carefully supervised, serve as an example?" the journal asked. That same month, in the course of a United Nations meeting at Geneva, a Hungarian Communist inquired challengingly whether there was any single name as beloved throughout the whole wide world as that of Stalin, and was taken aback when a Frenchman, of all people, ringingly retorted, "*Oui! Coca-Cola!*"

WHY have the Communists picked so on Coca-Cola, when there are plenty of other outgrowths of American know-how scattered across the earth, many of them with tail fins? One Coca-Cola man recently addressed himself to this question. "My guess is that the Commies don't dislike us too intensely just because we're American," he said. "It's because Coca-Cola is a champion

WALLET PLUS
Everything included—
in one wonderful wallet
especially planned for the
business man or woman
on-the-go: a pull-out holder
for travelers cheques, a
book for expenses, pockets
for diners' club book,
papers, and of course,
for money. 7½ x 4".
Tan pigskin $10*
Mail, phone SU *7-4000.*
Please add 25¢ for shipping
**plus 10% tax*

MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22
and at the Waldorf-Astoria



Southern cartwheel—
destined to revolve around
a summer full of northern cottons
later—in natural wicker
and hand-stained leather.
Designed by Etienne Aigner—
14.00 plus Federal tax.
Lord & Taylor, New York

of the profit motive, and wherever it goes, it spreads profits. Everyone who has anything to do with the drink makes money and becomes a member of the bourgeoisie." Most of the money that Coke makes abroad stays abroad. A Coca-Cola statistician in Europe has calculated that for every dollar the parent company receives from Germany, for instance, sixteen dollars are made by Germans. Max Schmeling is the proprietor of a bottling plant in Hamburg, and the Maharajah of Patiala, not exactly a bourgeois but at least a native, is the proprietor of one in New Delhi. (By way of exception, the Coca-Cola served at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, in Scotland, is bottled, appropriately, in a Glasgow plant that was set up by Bobby Jones.) Officials of the Coca-Cola Export Corporation, only sixty of whose fifty-five hundred employees are United States citizens, are proud of their outfit's comparative *non*-Americanism, and last spring, when they put up a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar pavilion at the Brussels Fair, they stipulated that it should be situated not in the American section of the exhibition grounds but in the area occupied by Belgian industries. The export men are fond of pointing out that only a small fraction of one per cent of the contents of a foreign-brewed bottle of Coke—a secret ingredient of the syrup—emanates from the United States, and that overseas bottlers, to the greatest degree possible, purchase the rest of the ingredients, as well as their bottles, bottle caps, bottling machinery, delivery trucks, employees' uniforms, and so on, from indigenous sources. A favorite, if possibly apocryphal, story in Coca-Cola Export circles has to do with a German who, on arriving in America for the first time, saw a Coke sign and exclaimed, "Ah, I see you have our Coca-Cola over here, too!"

If identification with America has bedevilled Coca-Cola in some areas, nonidentification has been helpful in others. When Shepheard's Hotel and many other symbols of Anglo-Saxon dominance were demolished in the Cairo riots of 1952, the local Coca-Cola plant was passed over. Some Coca-Cola men attribute its escape to the fact that its Egyptian owners had done much to accommodate their nation beyond merely slaking its thirst. The current president of both the Coca-Cola Company and its export subsidiary is an efficient, widely travelled administrator named Lee Talley, a fifty-seven-year-old, freckle-faced émigré from a small Georgia village,

The hongi, *the Maori gesture of greeting and goodbye.*

NEW ZEALAND

So much beauty...
so many marvels!

The crystal loveliness of New Zealand's lakes and waterfalls...the charm of her green countrysides...the sweep of her glaciers and the majesty of her peaks! And for a startling accent, the weird enchantment of Glowworm Grotto, lit by the lambent glow of a myriad tiny glowworm lights!

New Zealand further enthralls you with natural marvels: Leaping geysers, explosive steam blowholes, boiling mud pools. Captivates you with Maori music and dancing and the arts of an ancient race. Thrills you with the amazing range of her sports.

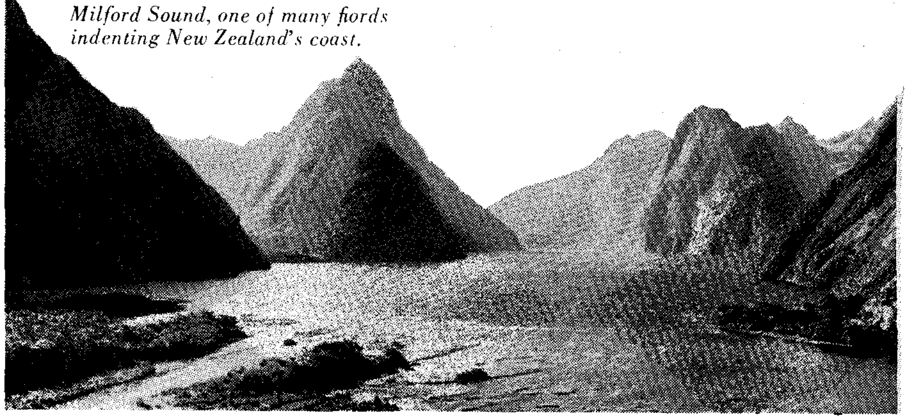
Going to Hawaii? *Plan to keep right on through the South Seas to Fiji, New Zealand and Australia . . . the magic triangle of the . . .* **Southwest Pacific**

FIJI
AUSTRALIA NEW ZEALAND

Let your Travel Agent help plan your itinerary. Allow plenty of time for the most beautiful country on the Pacific. For literature and full details, write:

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TRAVEL COMMISSIONER
153 Kearny St., Rm. 501A, San Francisco • 630 Fifth Ave., Rm. 525, New York

Milford Sound, one of many fiords indenting New Zealand's coast.



Franklin Simon

FLOWER SONG DUET

. . . now a new handbag accompanies our convertible-neckline sheath, in a harmonious arrangement of bright tapestry blossoms on beige cotton hopsacking. Styled by Serbin. Sizes from 8 to 18. Dress and bag complete, **17.95**

CASUAL DRESSES, THIRD FLOOR
414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
WISCONSIN 7-9600
and all Franklin Simon stores
on orders outside regular delivery area add 35c
add 20c fed. tax on handbag

who still looks like a country boy and wears suspenders and a belt at the same time. After one foreign tour of inspection, Talley said, "I was right impressed with one of our plants in Egypt. We don't like to call any place backward, of course, but, after all, some people there still drink water that animals wallow in. Well, this plant had tile floors, and white tile walls, and our bottler was teaching Egyptians to wear clean white uniforms and look through microscopes. Why, the Minister of Health came around to see the place, and he immediately went out and tried to get the bakeries and other food manufacturers to raise their standards to the Coca-Cola level."

The health of the Coca-Cola Company itself has been given a boost by the fact that orthodox Moslems are enjoined from drinking hard liquor, with the result that even when they are piqued at the Western world they cannot switch to vodka. During the Suez Canal dustup, Nasser and his aides sipped Coke while planning their tactics. To the Communists, Coca-Cola may be a drink that has sinister Catholic connections, but at least one Catholic newspaper has suggested, contrarily, that Mohammed is the Prophet not only of Allah but of Cocah-Colah, too. For a four-month pilgrimage from Bangkok to Mecca not long ago, six hundred Moslems included in their provisions thirty-four hundred cases of Coke—well over a bottle a day per pilgrim. There are six Coca-Cola bottling plants in Egypt, four in Iran, four in Iraq, four in Morocco, two in Cyprus, and one each in Lebanon, Aden, Ethiopia, and the Sudan. Some cynics have hinted that Moslems like Coke because its dark color enables them to spike it with alcohol and not get caught. Its popularity with the majority of them, however, stems from its being a cheap, readily available antidote to the thirst-provoking climate they live in. Not until twenty-five years after Coke was introduced to New York City did its inhabitants start consuming a million cases of the drink annually; in Cairo, a much smaller metropolis, the milestone was passed in ten months. While this high rate of consumption naturally delights the Coca-Cola people, it gives them a pause from time to time that is more reflective than refreshing. "I sometimes shudder at the thought of all those poor people paying a nickel for a Coke when they probably ought to be spending it on a loaf of bread," a director of the company said recently.

In Egypt, as in other distant parts of

To See the Best of
EUROPE—

SEE IRELAND ON
"Songs of Erin Tours"

Discerning travelers say "No matter what you miss, you must see Ireland." And you can do so at no extra air fare when you fly via Shannon!

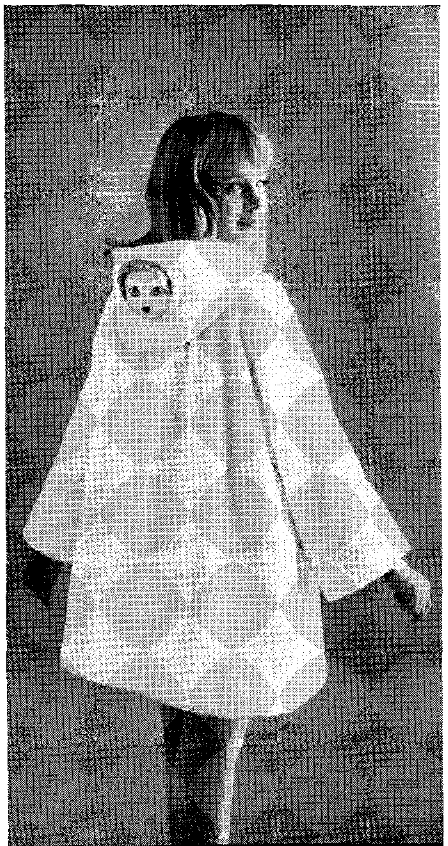
See the magic beauty of Ireland on a "Songs of Erin Tour," direct from Shannon . . . 1, 2, 4, 6 and 11-day tours from $11 to $150, all-inclusive. Enjoy carefree travel among friendly people, with plenty of time to relax.

STOP AND SHOP AT SHANNON'S famous duty-free shops for finest Irish and European goods at tax-free, duty-free bargain prices.

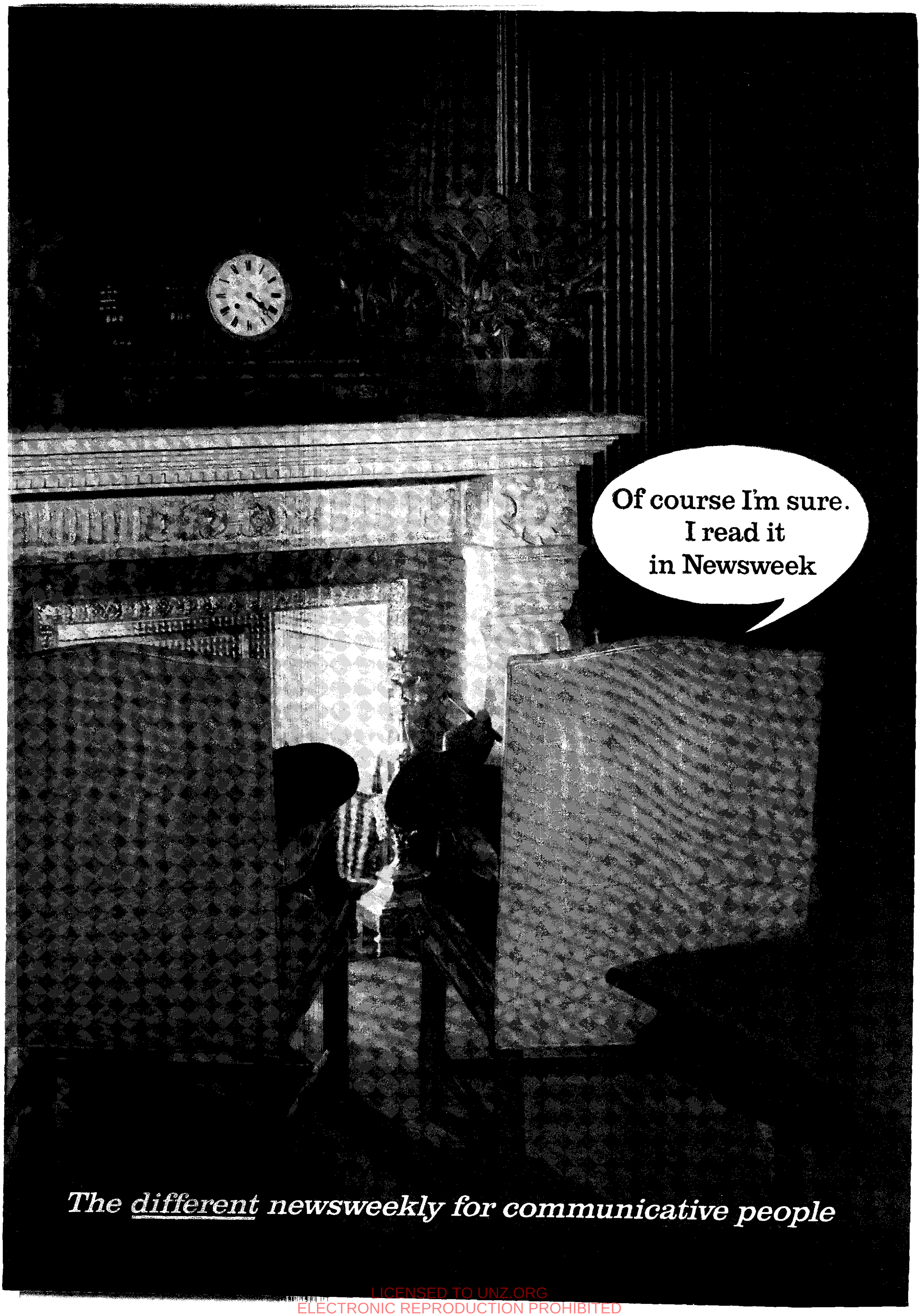
WHAT YOU SAVE THERE COULD PAY YOUR FARE.

For literature on "Songs of Erin Tours" and Shannon Shops, see your Travel Agent or write MISS G. SHANNON, 33 E. 50th St., New York.

Shannon
FREE AIRPORT
IRELAND



Her Majesty
UNDERWEAR COMPANY
EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.


Of course I'm sure. I read it in Newsweek
The *different* newsweekly for communicative people

Superglow

solid powder
containing **Lumium**

Finely compressed,
handsomely cased,
and portable

This is the same **Superglow Face Powder** with **Lumium** that has made cosmetic history — *Lumium being the light-reflecting agent* which gives a more intense glow, designed to make you look younger and more beautiful.
In a fluted golden case 5.00
In ivory-and-gold compact 2.50
plus tax

Germaine Monteil
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

the world, Coca-Cola has had to fight for the pennies of the poor—most often against its arch-rival, Pepsi-Cola. The profits that Coke nets from its export operations alone are reliably thought to be larger than what Pepsi nets both here and abroad, but if Pepsi-Cola is not yet a foe of frightening dimensions, it has been a persistent gadfly. Until a few years ago, when Pepsi was offering twice as much volume for about the same price, it had a competitive edge in many impoverished areas, where quantity was bound to be a big consideration. One sheik in Cairo earned a reputation as a wit for declaring that the plural of Coca-Cola was Pepsi-Cola. On the other hand, a visiting actress from Italy, where Pepsi is not yet bottled, confounded her hosts during an interview on a Pepsi-Cola television show last winter by replying, when asked if she had ever heard of her sponsor's product, "Oh, yes, but in Italy we call it Coca-Cola."

The war between the two cola drinks has ranged over much of the earth, with many frisky skirmishes. In the Philippines, three years ago, somebody started a rumor that a man had fallen into a vat at one of the twelve Coca-Cola bottling plants on the islands and had rapidly dissolved. Soon a counter-rumor was launched: the grisly event had indeed occurred, but it was a Pepsi-Cola tank that the luckless fellow had stumbled into. The argument was never fully resolved, but Coke seemed to gain at least a partial victory when one of its bottlers put an ad in the papers that quoted a Manila health officer as having said, "We can positively state that the accident, so rumored, could not happen in the Manila Coca-Cola plant." In Mexico, Coke and Pepsi bottlers have vied energetically for especially coveted advertising locations, such as the umbrellas that shade policemen on traffic duty. In Venezuela, Pepsi-Cola outsells Coca-Cola by a substantial margin, possibly because its bottler treats newlyweds to free honeymoons. The politically volatile country of Thailand had two contending national leaders a while back; one was a big stockholder in the Pepsi-Cola bottling company, and the other had a similar stake in Coca-Cola. Presently, both men had to flee the country, and a stalemate seemed in the making, but then it developed that the Prime Minister who ascended to power on their departure had been a Coca-Cola stockholder all along. In Egypt, a local Pepsi bottler, hoping to wean King Farouk off Coca-Cola, gave him a block of stock in his

write for
our new
maternity
booklet

We show from
our exclusive
new collection,
a gala
bubble of
silk shantung
that's lined
throughout in
flower-splashed
rayon. Black or
navy in 8 to 16
sizes, 45.00.
Maternity Shop,
Second Floor. Mail
and phone orders.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York · White Plains · Springfield, N.J. · Chicago
Old Orchard at Skokie, Ill. · Detroit · Beverly Hills · St. Louis

La Cuisine

...Superb in any language at both our distinguished restaurants, toast of two continents for food, service and decor.

WORLD RENOWNED
Rumpelmayer's
AND THE CHARMING
Café de la Paix

RESERVATION OFFICES:
Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland
Los Angeles • Miami • Milwaukee
Montreal • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh
Providence • San Francisco • Washington

ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
Charles G. Taylor, *President*

'59 CORVETTE

by Chevrolet

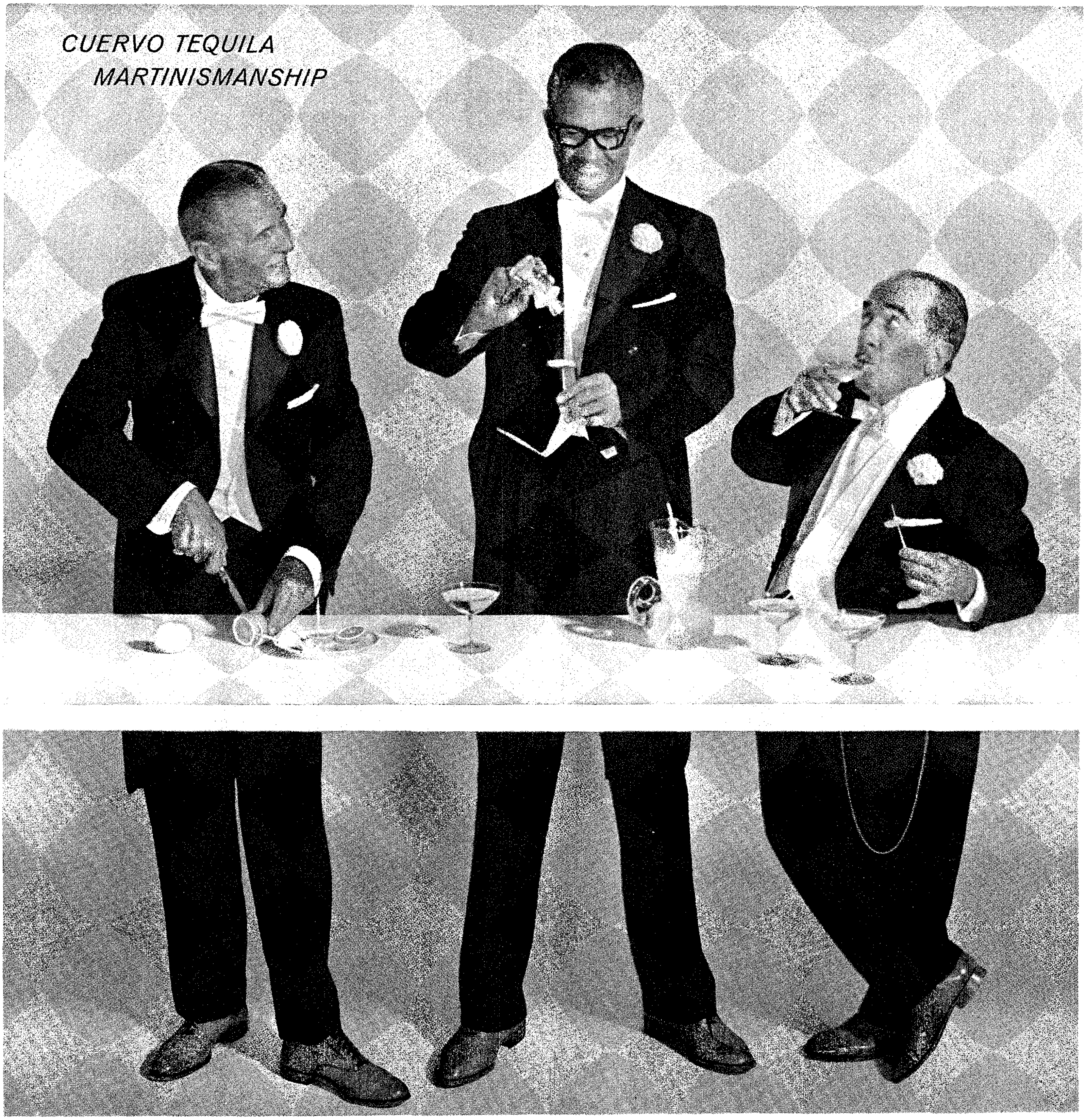
ONCE AGAIN, THE REAL McCOY—WITH AN EVEN SWEETER, SOLIDER WAY OF GOING!

Here's the '59 version of America's only honest-to-Pete sports car. The changes are not earth-shaking when you read them—but wait until you drive this one. Try the new parallelogram rear suspension and see what it does to power hop—how it nails all that torque right down on the pavement, how it smoothes the rear-end steering effect, how it cuts axle wind-up under hard braking. Check the new form-fitting seats, the reverse lockout in the four-speed transmission*, the new "road" version of our metallic-lined brakes*, the subtle improvements in driving position, the easier-to-read instruments.

But you get the idea. The '59 has been honed and polished and refined. And we feel free to say now that this is not only a veritable sports car—but it will handle, go and hang on better than any other production sports car in the world. Bar none!

It is a pure delight to drive. And if you haven't given Corvette a chance to talk to you yet, don't put it off any longer. This is the real thing, for real drivers.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*extra-cost option



LEMON AND SALT IN A MARTINI?—CARAMBA!

Look not askance . . . this is martini with Cuervo Tequila, so pleasurably dry it invites a break with tradition. Mix Cuervo with just the right dash of dry vermouth, stir over cubed ice and pour. But wait . . . the secret of your artistry is here revealed. Now quarter a slice of lemon and *salt* each section lightly. Place a quarter section in each cocktail before serving, as you would an olive. That's all, except of course, to *experience* a Cuervo martini—supremely smooth, uncommonly dry. *Magnífico!* No tequila-come-lately, Cuervo has its own tradition as *el licor mexicano más celebrado*, the choice of aficionados the world over. Try tequila martini soon. Say Cuervo (kwair-vo) . . . there is a difference. And don't forget the lemon-and-salt!

TEQUILA
CUERVO
TEQUILA
JOSE CUERVO
LA ROJEÑA
TEQUILA, JAL.

WHITE OR
GOLD LABEL
86 PROOF

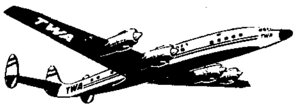
JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

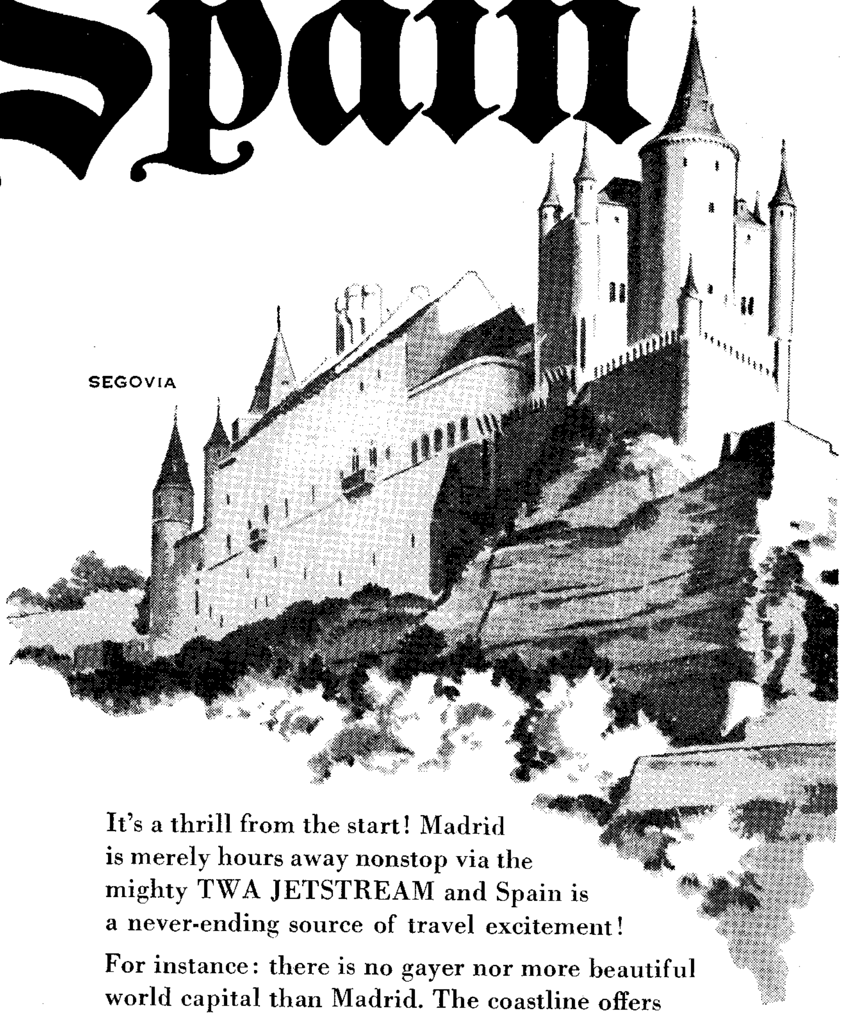
company, but despite this largess, there continued to be only one tourist-carrying camel at the Sphinx named after a soft drink, and its name was Coca-Cola.

Both Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola suffered severely in Egypt seven years ago, when it was alleged that a principal ingredient of all cola drinks was a distillation of the intestines of pigs—animals that are anathema to Moslems. Before the rumor could be scotched, sales of Coke and Pepsi fell off drastically, and when the story was wafted over to Morocco, the reaction was identical. There, for some reason, the libel was directed mainly at Coca-Cola, and a Pepsi bottler took gleeful advantage of this by observing in advertisements that there was no pig's blood in *his* drink. Coca-Cola retaliated by publicizing a testimonial from a pilgrim just back from Mecca, who said that Coke was highly thought of there, and thus could hardly be defiled. Also, a son of the then Sultan—now King—of Morocco made a point of hoisting a bottle of Coke to his revered lips at a race track. This show of confidence was not difficult to arrange, inasmuch as the Sultan's brother was a principal stockholder in one Moroccan company that bottles Coke—the Compagnie des Boissons Hygiéniques. Coke is the only cola drink served at the King's palace, though recent gossip has it that Pepsi-Cola is ardently courting the major-domo of the royal household.

When the King of Morocco visited the United States early in 1958, he was accompanied by an American resident of Rabat, Kenneth Pendar, who organized Boissons Hygiéniques. Pendar was our vice-consul in Casablanca during the war, and when Roosevelt and Churchill met there in 1943, he turned over a house he had rented—one of the most commodious in the city—to the President. Because of Pendar's past affiliation with our government, not to mention his friendship with the King and the stature of his onetime house guest, quite a few Europeans have wildly concluded that most foreign Coca-Cola operatives are American spies. It is believed in some particularly credulous circles that these agents transmit intelligence by means of code words tucked in Coca-Cola ads. Pendar not only has never been a spy but hasn't even been a terribly successful Coke bottler; what is more, all he got out of letting the President use his house was a dressing down from his landlady, a rock-ribbed American woman who was outraged at the thought that her roof had sheltered a political untouchable. Nevertheless, one Italian newspaper



fly **TWA JETSTREAM*** *nonstop to golden* **Spain**



It's a thrill from the start! Madrid is merely hours away nonstop via the mighty TWA JETSTREAM and Spain is a never-ending source of travel excitement!

For instance: there is no gayer nor more beautiful world capital than Madrid. The coastline offers infinite variety from the rugged beauty of the Costa Brava to the wide stretches of sandy beaches and fishing villages to the south. The countryside is softly scented and verdant, dotted with orange, lemon and olive groves. Castles . . . some of them modern *Paradores*, others fabulous monuments to the ancient era of splendor . . . are to be seen all over Spain.

Best of all, Spain is economical. Your travel budget stretches amazingly to cover lodging, touring and buying. Add to the saving by taking advantage of TWA's low Economy Fares and Family Plan reductions. How wonderful travel can be!

See your Travel Agent, **TWA** or

SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

485 Madison Ave., New York 22 • 23 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4
453 Post St., San Francisco 2 • 1418 Commerce St., Dallas 1
13 Queen St. East, Toronto

Jetstream is a service mark owned exclusively by* **TWA

Peck and Peck

Bathed in island beauty

...our exotic Hawaiian sarong suit in cotton print, strikingly banded. Elastic back for sleek fitting. From our "Moana" Collection. Tropic blue, green or red. Sizes 10-20.

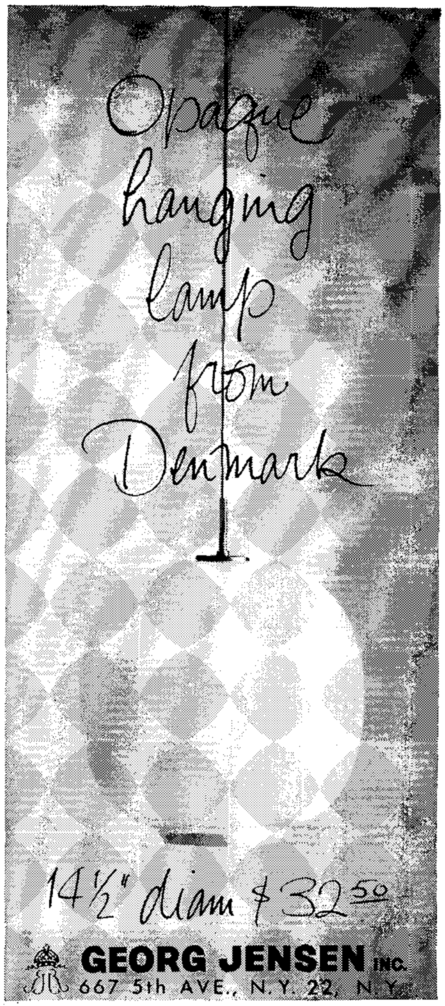
14.95

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Baltimore Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis • Minneapolis • St. Paul Indianapolis • Washington, D.C. • Atlanta • Cincinnati Kansas City • Milwaukee • Hartford • Buffalo • Providence

with a strong anti-American slant has insisted that Pendar's association with Coca-Cola constitutes "confirmation of the rumors that the American espionage network has in this drink one of its secret points of support."

THERE are six and a half million outdoor signs advertising Coca-Cola in the world today, give or take a few thousand that regularly get blown down, swamped, burned up, or otherwise maltreated. "Drink Coca-Cola" is the first printed greeting received by air travellers alighting at Bangkok or Hong Kong, and by motorists approaching La Paz, Bolivia. Not long ago, *Coca-Cola Overseas,* a monthly magazine published by the Export Corporation, proudly observed, "For over two hundred and fifty miles along the Atlantic coast of Uruguay are beautiful beaches and Coca-Cola." A posse chasing some Mau Maus through the wilds of Kenya a couple of years ago reported that it had flushed no Mau Maus but had come upon a Coca-Cola sign. Sixty million drinks a day notwithstanding, Coca-Cola people are always pleased to learn of new areas their beverage has conquered, for they are convinced that everybody in the world—including Mau Maus and their pursuers alike—will drink Coke if only it can be made available to them. William E. Robinson, chairman of the board of the company, likes to say in speeches that Coke is consumed in places where people do not eat butter or drink milk. Actually, he cannot pinpoint these quaint regions, but the statement attests fairly enough to the ubiquity of Coca-Cola, and to the company's eagerness to distribute it everywhere. As President Talley sometimes says, "With a product like ours, you got to get it out to the jungles."

One of the most embarrassing jungle incidents in the history of Coca-Cola occurred twenty years ago, when a plane carrying Hammond Burke Nicholson, now the chairman of the company's executive committee, on a selling trip made an emergency landing in Africa, and it developed that Nicholson happened not to have a drop of Coke, or even of syrup, with him to give the natives who came to his aid. (Some Coca-Cola people, in recalling the incident, have loyally dressed it up; in their version Nicholson stumbles out of his crumpled craft and says to a bushy-haired aborigine, "Have a Coke.") In the summer of 1957, however, when an Ethiopian Airways plane crash-landed in the desert between Khartoum and Addis Ababa, the sur-



GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 5th AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

"GARDEN TERRACE OR POOL"

Two Tier Fountain 6' 8"—just one of a large collection. In our showrooms will be found Statuary, Garden Ornaments, in Bronze, Lead, and Stone—also a selection of one of a kind Wrought Iron Garden Furniture—

Fountains $300.00 to $3,000.00

Catalogue N. Y. on request.

THE Florentine CRAFTSMEN, INC.
479 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) N.Y. 16
Phone LExington 2-3926

vivors, on being taken to an isolated village inhabited by blue-lipped, henna-haired savages, had an experience so astonishing that one woman passenger, from Wisconsin, was later moved to write a long letter about it to the *Milwaukee Journal*. "All of a sudden a shout and as we turned we saw a case of Coca-Cola being rushed our way, carried between two men on racing mules," she recounted, in part. "Ice cold Coca-Cola, materializing from the desert! It was a surprise beyond belief and most welcome, as the thirst of the desert was upon us. Coca-Cola, the universal drink of man all over the world, speaking a universal language and satisfying a universal need."

Coca-Cola men like to tell of two American tourists who were about to cross the Sahara by car. One of them asked a guide, "When will we run out of civilization?" The guide said, "What do you mean by 'civilization'?" and the American said, "When will we reach the point where there won't be any Coca-Cola?" "Never!" cried the guide. If the continent of Africa—at least from the special viewpoint of Coca-Cola—can now be regarded as just about a hundred per cent civilized, there are still outposts of the world that, again in relation to Coca-Cola, are laggingly untamed. The drink is not yet bottled in Yemen, for instance. It can be bought in parts of Greece, but it is not yet bottled there—or in Israel or Portugal—owing mainly to the opposition of local citrus-fruit raisers. Resistance in Portugal, though, is melting fast, just as the hitherto frosty Danish Parliament is thawing.

Cracks are starting to appear in the Iron Curtain itself. At a trade fair in Yugoslavia in 1957, where there was an exhibit of typical American products, a tiny supply of Coke was on hand; people lined up just to watch other people drink it. A Polish commentator observed not long ago that the fact that one could talk openly about Coke in his country and not go to jail was proof that Poland enjoys more freedom from the Soviet yoke than most Communist satellites. Last January, the Polish papers hopefully—though baselessly—prophesied the imminent construction of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Danzig, in which the Polish government was to own a fifty-one-per-cent stake. (This is not the kind of non-American investment that the Coca-Cola Company cherishes.) Poland harbors some lively temperance societies, and they have been staunch missionaries for Coca-Cola. A spokesman for the Social Committee

You can analyze a person's *type*writing, too. If he uses an Olivetti Lettera 22 (the *portable* portable), he has a keen sense of value and appreciates beautiful-and-useful things. Just 3 inches low and 8½ pounds light, the Lettera 22 offers every important feature of office typewriters. The price of $88 plus taxes includes a handsome carrying case. (The Olivetti Studio, a larger portable, is $132.50 plus tax.) For your dealer's name, write to Olivetti Corporation of America, 375 Park Avenue, New York.

Subtle new
colors to
accent the
long-legged
look
Appointment
the new seamless stockings that
fit like mad!

Your secret weapon: A sheer mist of nylon to make your legs look lovelier. Be prepared—for compliments—when you wear Appointment. $1.50 to $1.95.

For store nearest you, write
APPOINTMENT HOSIERY
Empire State Bldg., N.Y.

Against Alcoholism declared recently, without being locked up, "The most 'imperialistic' Coca-Cola is preferable to the ideologically purest vodka."

Before the Communists took over China, Coca-Cola was doing nicely there. Some Chinese drank it instead of tea, and there were bottling plants at Canton, Shanghai, Tientsin, and Tsingtao. Coke had been bottled in China as far back as 1928, and it thrived there, despite some awkwardness in rendering its name in Chinese characters. Local dealers posted homemade signs that bore a reasonable phonetic equivalent of its four syllables, and word got back to America that the drink was being publicized by symbols that sounded more or less like "Coca-Cola" but actually meant "female horse fastened with wax" or "bite the wax tadpole." This, of course, would not do at all, so the company engaged an Oriental-language specialist to extricate it from its dilemma. After experimenting with several dialects, he eventually came up with four Mandarin characters— 樂可口可 —that sound like "Coca-Cola," literally mean "Can mouth can happy," and, by somewhat free translation, can be said to stand for "Delicious and refreshing."

Coca-Cola has never been bottled in Russia—not even under the Czars. The drink is not utterly unknown there, though. Americans on foreign service get it through State Department commissary channels, and American journalists get it from the Coca-Cola Company, which occasionally sends them a couple of gallons of syrup, from which they can make home-brew. The wife of one correspondent informed the company that a Russian maid in her employ had used some of the syrup—apparently with good effect—to remove facial wrinkles. There is a bit of evidence that the natives like to drink it, too. Marshal Zhukov was glad to receive a case from General Eisenhower at the close of the Potsdam Conference, in 1945 (Zhukov's acceptance of the gift was doubtless unrelated to his subsequent fall from grace), and several other Soviet military leaders requested Coca-Cola at an American Embassy party in Vienna in 1951, even though a prodigious supply of vodka had been laid in for them. During the 1956 Olympics, held in Australia, the teams from the Communist nations attained by far the highest rate of Coke consumption of any athletes present—seventeen and nine-tenths bottles per capita, in eighteen days.

For most Russians, however, Coca-

"EVER CHARMING,
EVER NEW"

Ensemble in navy, grey or black. Long wool coat nipped in at waist lined to match silk print in dress.

10-40

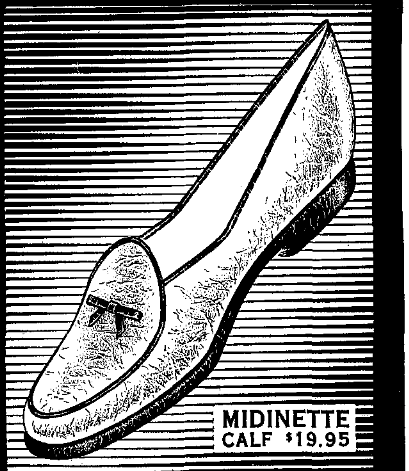
$198.00

Kathleen Inc.
118 East 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES
SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

De Busschere



SOLE AGENT FOR THESE HAND-SEWN, SOFT-SOLED CASUALS — OF A QUALITY BEYOND COMPARE. AVAILABLE IN MANY COLORS. FULL COLOR BROCHURE ON REQUEST.

BELGIAN SHOES, INC.,
60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK

Cola is an unseen enemy, and an enemy whose composition they have woefully miscalculated; indeed, a good many relatively well-informed Soviet citizens believe that Coke is an alcoholic beverage. On emerging from a liquor store in Leningrad last summer with a bottle of vodka in his hand, an American tourist was taken aback when a young man accosted him genially, pointed to the bottle, and asked, in halting English, if he was correct in thinking that the American word for what he was carrying was "Coca-Cola." It almost stupefied the young man to be told by the American that the only resemblance between Coke and vodka was that in the Soviet Union vodka bottles are refundable.

Around the world today, the phrase "Drink Coca-Cola" is visible in scores of languages. By now, Spaniards are accustomed to "*Beba Coca-Cola*," Frenchmen to "*Buvez Coca-Cola*," Italians to "*Bevete Coca-Cola*," Germans and Swiss to "*Trink Coca-Cola*," Finns to "*Juo Coca-Cola*," Swedes to "*Drick Coca-Cola*," and Norwegians to "*Drikk Coca-Cola*." It is "*Bebam Coca-Cola*" in Macao, "*Tome Coca-Cola*" in much of South America, and "*Duem Coca-Cola*" in Thailand, as well as **ดื่ม โคคา-โคลา**. In Greece, it is Πίνετε Κόκα-Κόλα, in Japan **飲みましょう コカ・コーラ**, in Malaya **كوكا كولا مينومله**, to the sheiks of Araby **كوكاكولا اشربْ**. Across India, it is a dozen different things, from the **کوکا-کولا پیجیے** of Urdu to the **తాగండి కోకా-కోలా** of Telugu. The day of universal peace may well not dawn among us until the phrase **Пей Кока-Кола** appears, on undisturbed display, along the streets of Moscow.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

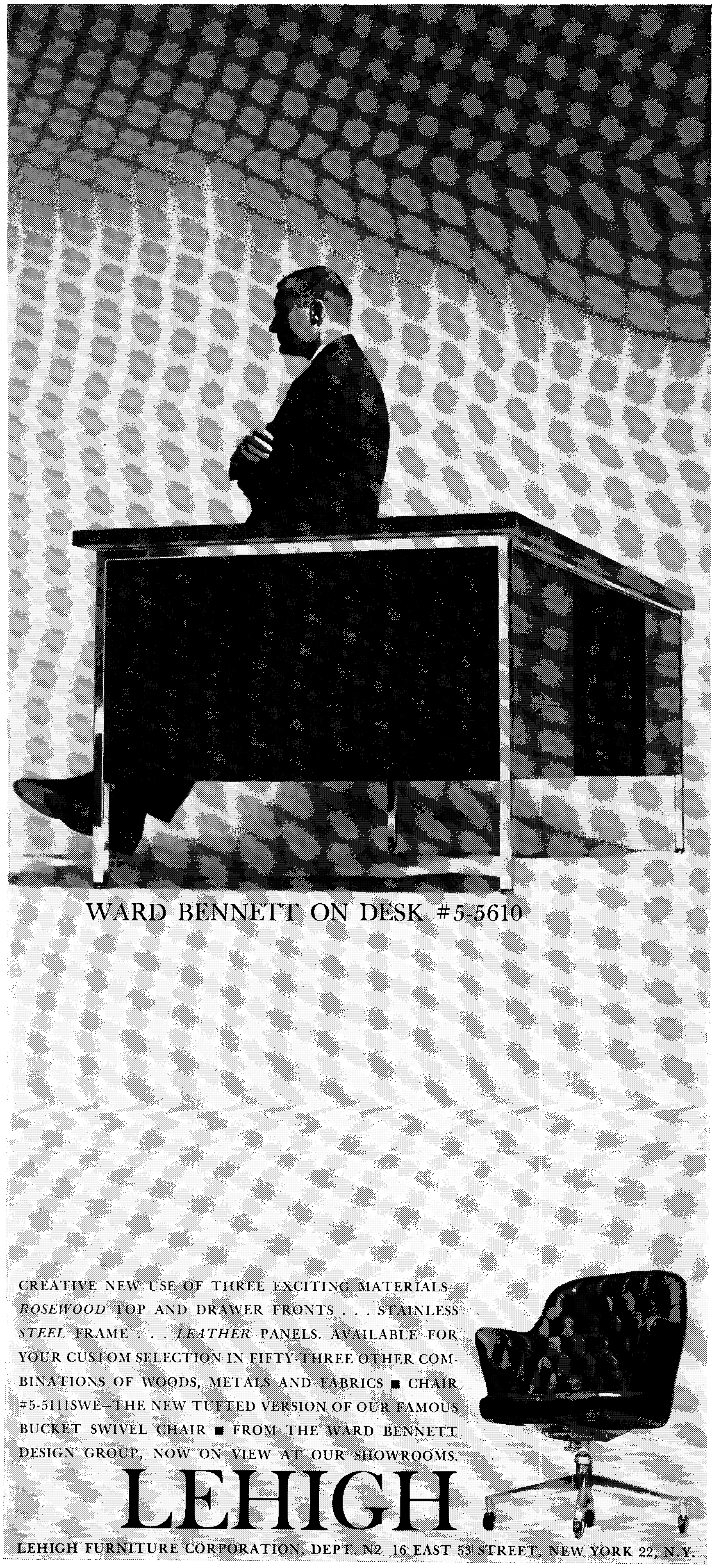
Jim Brosnan is a struggling writer. He is struggling to determine whether he is a writer. He desires to write in the style of the New Yorker, a difficult form that can be made easy by writing a complete story, chopping off the beginning and the end and submitting the middle. None of his submitted middles have been accepted.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Like all tricks, it takes practice.

•

COORDINATION. Suppose ten persons decide to cooperate in building a boat. If each has his own plan, and they don't bother to communicate their plans, it is doubtful that the resulting craft will be very seaworthy.—*From "Administrative Behavior," by Herbert A. Simon.*

It won't have to be. It can be exhibited, and people will pay to see it.


WARD BENNETT ON DESK #5-5610

CREATIVE NEW USE OF THREE EXCITING MATERIALS—*ROSEWOOD* TOP AND DRAWER FRONTS . . . STAINLESS *STEEL* FRAME . . . *LEATHER* PANELS. AVAILABLE FOR YOUR CUSTOM SELECTION IN FIFTY-THREE OTHER COMBINATIONS OF WOODS, METALS AND FABRICS ■ CHAIR #5-5111SWE—THE NEW TUFTED VERSION OF OUR FAMOUS BUCKET SWIVEL CHAIR ■ FROM THE WARD BENNETT DESIGN GROUP, NOW ON VIEW AT OUR SHOWROOMS.

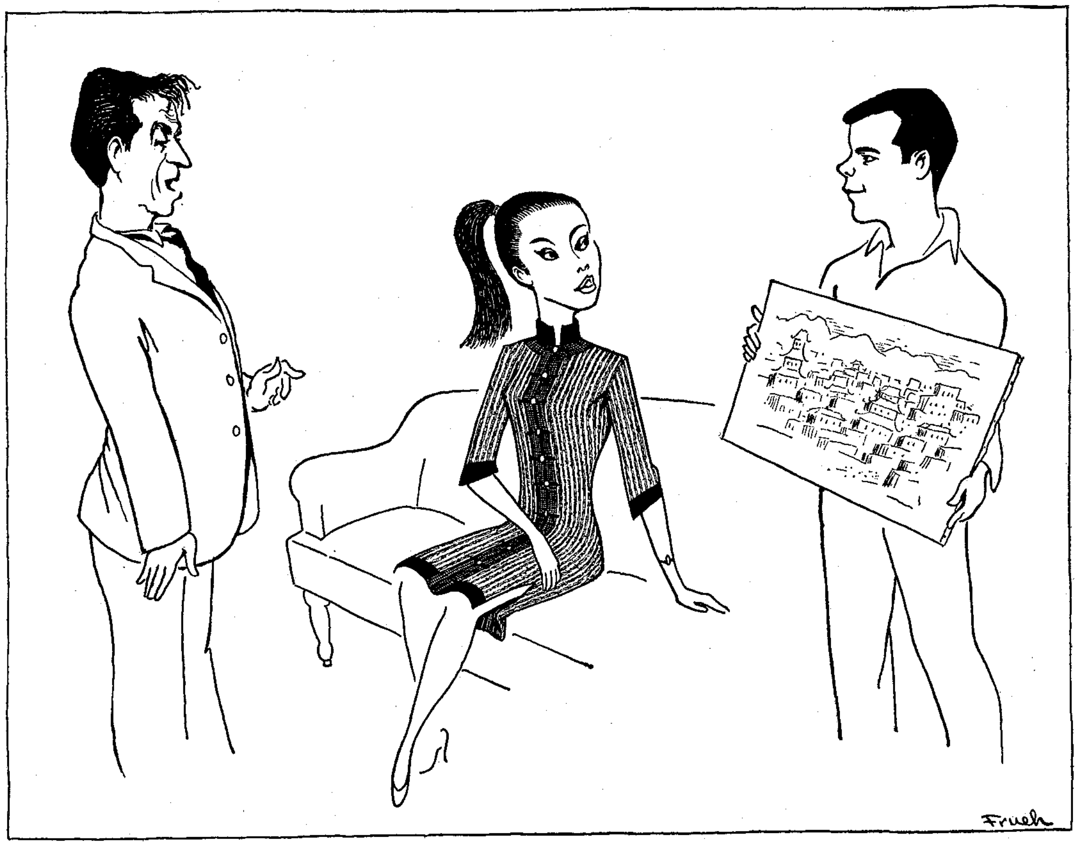
LEHIGH

LEHIGH FURNITURE CORPORATION, DEPT. N2 16 EAST 53 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Of all contemporary men, the happiest must surely be the reactionary. At no other period in history has he enjoyed so wide a choice of centuries that he might, with justice, prefer to his own. Truly, these are glorious days for all who dislike the present, admire the past, and dread the future. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that even so ardent a liberal as Arthur Miller should choose, for once, to play the reactionary. In keeping with his temperament, he has elected to return to the golden age of progressive thought, when it was possible to declare, with Ibsen, “I hold that that man is in the right who is most closely in league with the future.” Indeed, there is evidence of acute nostalgia in Mr. Miller’s adaptation of “An Enemy of the People.” The argument of the play, it will be remembered, is this: Dr. Stockmann, Ibsen’s muddled hero, has discovered that Kirsten Springs, whose supposedly curative powers bring whole crowds of sick people to the town, are actually polluted with waste products from a tannery and are a dangerous source of pestilence. In his innocence, the Doctor expects to be congratulated on this important discovery, but he finds instead that, because his announcement endangers the economic interest of the community, all the citizens unite to stifle the truth and drive him into exile. Now, Mr. Miller is doubtless correct in declaring this theme to be relevant today, but he is surely mistaken in believing that his adaptation has brought the play up to date. On the contrary, he has carefully preserved those scenes that have the sharpest antiquarian flavor. It is a gross anachronism, for instance, to show an elected official making a violent personal attack on Dr. Stockmann. For just as we have made substantial progress in the art of pollution since Ibsen’s day—having learned to poison not merely our springs but the atmosphere of the entire world—so have our leading citizens learned more sophisticated methods of dealing with the bearer of an embarrassing fact. Today’s official would counter Dr. Stockmann by summoning the press and presenting his case with quiet authority: “Well, I am not a scientist, as you know, but we have a committee on just that, some of the finest type of minds in the country on that, and they take the position Dr. Stockmann has very greatly exaggerated about the dangers of this thing, and I am not worried one iota for the simple reason.” This refined mode of argument has the advantage of being unanswerable. Similarly, no stockholder today would try to bribe or threaten a scientist whose findings endanger an industry. Here again we have advanced beyond the stretch of Ibsen’s imagination. Our present versions of the crafty Mr. Kiil would reply to Dr. Stockmann’s charge of dangerous substances in the water with some such staggering irrelevancy as “Kirsten Springs bubble good, like a spa ought to should.” And once more the facts would be neutralized without anything so troublesome as refutation. One might adduce such examples indefinitely, but their sum would only reinforce the same conclusion: that we no longer find it necessary to silence our Dr. Stockmanns. We have learned to live with the harshest truth, and very comfortably, too. Ibsen, in this regard, is hopelessly out of date.



“THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG”

The engaging representative of the Orient is France Nuyen, the aesthetic young man is William Shatner, and the fellow who has obviously been drinking is Ron Randell. All of them have deluded themselves into thinking they are in Hong Kong, in Paul Osborn’s play at the Broadhurst.

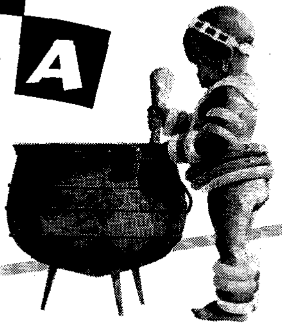
It would be pleasant to report that the current production of the play succeeds as a period piece, but I am afraid that much of Mr. Miller’s relentlessly colloquial translation was scarcely more meaningful to me than the original Norse text would be. I could make scant sense of a line like “Well, what do you

Smile, please!

It's truly a breathtaking moment! You are about to capture on film one of the world's most thrilling experiences—big game on the roads of Kruger National Park!

This is just a sample of the adventures awaiting you in South Africa, where great modern cities, with all their comforts, are side-by-side with the wonders of the African bush. See your travel Agent.

SOUTH AFRICA



SATOUR

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

I should like to know more about a South African holiday.

NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ____________ ZONE ______ STATE ____________

MY TRAVEL AGENT IS ____________________

For detailed information on transport, accommodations and costs, consult your Travel Agent or South African Railways, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

say to a little hypodermic for these fence-sitting deadheads?" until I found, in the William Archer translation, an equivalent—"Well, what do you say to that, Doctor? Don't you think it is high time we should give all this weak-kneed, half-hearted cowardice a good shaking up?" And the performance at the Actors Playhouse struck me as being a good deal more vigorous than inspired. Of all the players, only Al Sperduto, in the subordinate part of Aslaksen (the aforementioned fence-sitting deadhead), appeared to grasp the larger significance of his part. The rest of the company played Ibsen as if he were a sort of Scandinavian Paddy Chayefsky who never meant more, and often meant less, than he said. I am heartily sorry to hold this minority opinion, but I take comfort in the thought that neither Ibsen nor Mr. Miller would dispute my obligation to be disagreeable according to conviction.

John Wulp's comedy "The Saintliness of Margery Kempe" may be seen as another, and infinitely less commendable, excursion into the past. Mr. Wulp has based his story—very loosely, it would appear—on the autobiography of a fourteenth-century English housewife. As viewed by him, Mrs. Kempe was a thoroughly ridiculous person with an uncontrollable mania for notoriety. Taking leave of her husband and six children, she goes into business as a brewer, an episode Mr. Wulp chronicles chiefly, I think, because it gives him an opportunity to put the hilarious exclamation "Bottoms up!" in the mouth of an onlooker who sees Margery bending over a beer keg. When the brewery fails, Mrs. Kempe determines to become a saint. On being informed that a miracle is considered a necessary part of a saint's credentials, she thoughtfully departs, only to return presently with an announcement that a great stone from the chapel ceiling has fallen on her and that she has miraculously survived. A bishop who investigates the matter discovers that her principal witness is an elderly gentleman whose sight and hearing are exceedingly weak. The great stone is then produced, and it turns out to be no larger than an egg. Nothing daunted, Margery sets off on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where she instigates a comical duel between two of her fellow-pilgrims. "Clumsy oaf, you wounded me!" cries one. "I had no idea this thing was so sharp," replies the other. And so it goes. After a time, one begins to suspect that Mr. Wulp has wrested Margery

Lord & Taylor

The long stretch

of colorful leg is Capezio's
special province. Red, black,
blue, gold or beige Helanca
stretch nylon stemtites for
children, 2 to 14, 3.95
Teen's, average or long, 4.95
On the Seventh Floor
For grownups—short, medium,
tall or extra tall stems—
in black, brown, olive, red,
blue or gold, 4.95
On the Street Floor

Lord & Taylor, New York

The Raleigh
Beau Geste . . .
A spring charmer
beyond compare.
Crease-resistant and
hand-washable in
a miracle-blend of
rayon and acrilan.
By Lido. Grey,
beige, navy.
8 to 18.
17.95

All mail orders postage free.

RALEIGH HABERDASHER
1310 F St., N.W. Washington 4, D. C.

"Treasure"
White silk organza
gently touched with pink
and blue Swiss insertions and
points; complete underdress.
Toddlers 2, 3 and 3x
(with separate panty) or
3 to 6x $13, 7 to 12 $15.
At fashionable stores
or write.
Her Fashion
Future
Begins with Celeste
1350 Broadway, New York 18

from her quiet niche in history not so much to satirize her as to snub her. However, anyone whose taste inclines to the author's sense of humor, of which the foregoing examples may be taken as representative, might very well enjoy this knockabout farce, for all its lack of point. And Frances Sternhagen, a roguish, pretty, and accomplished young actress, does as much as flesh and blood can do to reconcile the spectator to the playwright's conception of his heroine.

—DONALD MALCOLM

•

THE LEGAL SOUL AT WORK

[*From "The Practical Lawyer," Volume IV, No. 6*]

CONDITIONING THE CLIENT

How can a client be conditioned to pay a reasonable fee? The factor of first importance here is giving your client's matter efficient and prompt attention until it is completed. Generally, most lawyers do this.

The second most important factor is that of keeping a client fully and accurately informed as to his matter for he is vitally interested in it. Generally, many lawyers fail to do this. Actually, to you he is just another client, but to your client you are *not* just another lawyer. You are *his* lawyer. Remember, your client has selected you for some reason satisfactory to him.

How do you keep a client informed? Simple. Bother him.

Call him on the telephone, write him letters, send him copies of letters you write, send him copies of memoranda of telephone conversations with other parties involved, copies of statements of witnesses, copies of any computations you have made on his matter, copies of memoranda of law and the like.

Should you be working on a client's matter in the evening, make it a point to call your client at his home or at his club or at his favorite bar. Tell him that you are down at the office working on his matter, and then ask him a question about it, the answer to which you need to know. Sometimes it is hard to think of a question, but a little experience will help.

•

From the point of view of validity, the questionnaire, interview, and evaluation of the surveys of the American Atlas are defective (Dieth 1948). The dialectologists' own cautions do not save their work from this criticism.

The needlessly formidable length of the questionnaire, by discouraging participation, has increased the important problem of nonresponse. Bloch (1935) gives an account of the difficulties of inducing persons to grant an interview ten to twelve hours long. Alexander in his discussion of similar difficulties (1940:42) remarks that one informant became deaf during the interview and one died.—*From an article in Word: Journal of the Linguistic Circle of New York.*

Oh, these isolated cases!

Your own special quality

captured in a portrait by Bachrach

Bachrach

superb direct colour photography

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women

48 East 50th Street, New York, PL 5-6233

647 Boylston St., Boston *1611 Walnut St., Philadelphia*

The Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers

SEE?

PARENTS OF CHILDREN who watch television (is there any other kind?) may gain comfort and insight from a fascinating, impartial and definitive study just published in England on television's effect on children. It runs to 500 closely printed pages most of which read like a Western, although they were written by a group of social scientists at the London School of Economics.

While not glossing over certain recognized deficiencies, "Television and The Child" gives television a remarkably clean bill of health and at the same time debunks many cliches that have grown up around the medium. It establishes that television causes no more eyestrain than books; doesn't encourage passivity; doesn't make children aggressive; doesn't cut down on reading; doesn't affect their schoolwork; doesn't restrict their social activities, etc. Nor, conversely, does it make blooming geniuses out of them. In other words, children are pretty impervious characters, having a high degree of immunity to influence of any sort, a conclusion most parents have reached independently.

The study shows, for example, that British kids, like American kids, Japanese kids—indeed kids the world over—love Westerns and are not made uneasy by all the shooting because of the stylized, obviously fictional nature of the programs. On the other hand, they are inclined to be upset by detective and crime dramas because of their apparent similarity to real life.

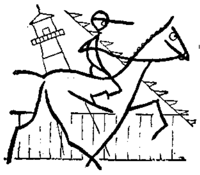
In listing "specific suggestions to parents," the British study declares..."There is a strong temptation to see in television the cause of *symptoms that derive from other sources.* We suggest that it may be more profitable . . . to assume that television itself is unlikely to be the primary cause and that at most it acts as a catalyst."

Moral: It isn't always what's up front that counts.

CBS

THE RACE TRACK

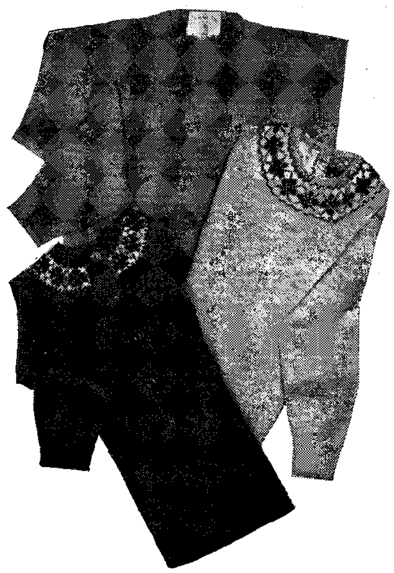
Flamingo Fliers



ANYBODY who was watching the Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah last week for signs foretelling the outcome of the Flamingo Stakes a fortnight hence was given a good deal to mull over, because all the fancied colts finished out of the picture. Octopus, hero of his last three starts, was fifth, and Master Palynch and Cedar Brook, who were also well supported, were even farther behind. The winner turned up in Troilus, an 18–1 shot, who rolled home lengths ahead of Open View and Rare Rice. Then, a bit too late, everyone suddenly remembered that Troilus had won the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Stakes at Laurel last autumn. There is no sense in pretending that Troilus is any great shakes, but he has his points, one of which is that he will probably like the mile and a furlong of the Flamingo better than Octopus will. The latter showed high early speed, stepping the first six of the seven furlongs in 1:09 2/5 (at that point, he led by three lengths), but when speedsters fade, they fade fast.

As for First Landing, who will doubtless be the favorite in the Flamingo, it is anybody's guess whether he will go for the Everglades Stakes next week or be given an easier race for his first appearance of the year. I don't suppose it will make much difference, though, because the word is that he has been doing everything perfectly in his morning gallops, and should be at the top of his form for the Flamingo. Horsemen who have looked him over at Hialeah recently tell me that he has grown a lot but hasn't filled out much. "A little leggy" is the way they put it. What impresses them especially is his disposition; he's so willing, so easy to handle, and so imperturbable. Citation was like that.

TO get around to matters nearer home, it looks as if they'd be off and running at Jamaica almost before we know it. Early last week, the legislature passed a bill fixing March 25th as the opening of the season, but Governor Rockefeller, with an eye to more state revenue from the mutuels, has requested that the date be moved up to March 20th. So the bill has been rewritten, and its passage, I understand, is assured. Trainers wintering at Ja-



J. PRESS
*SHAGGY DOG
SHETLAND SWEATERS
*Registration applied for

Real Shetland Soft Brushed Wool: Crew neck pullovers hand frame knitted in Scotland in 9 colors —

Black Gray *Bronze Black*
Black Blue *Gray Natural*
Black Green *Light Natural*
Black Brown *Brown Heather*
Green Lovat **Priced at $14.50**

Women's soft brushed Shetland wool sweaters *hand knitted* in the Shetland Islands with native multi-color Fair Isle neck designs.

Pullover with buttoned opening at nape of neck..........$16.50

Cardigan style, with eight button front..........$18.50

Gray Natural *Green Lovat* *Oatmeal*

Please Direct Mail Orders to 262 York Street, New Haven, Conn. Add 45c for mailing cost.

New Brochure Upon Request.

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.

262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York

THE Pearson HOTEL
CHICAGO
190 E. PEARSON ST.

A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side's Famous Gold Coast.

Air Conditioning and Television in every guest room

maica are thinking of having their horses measured for snowshoes.

No matter when they start, there won't be any racing on Long Island to conflict with the August meeting at Saratoga. Nevertheless, I'll venture a timid prediction that there will be next year, or the year after. For a long time now, the Spa has been looked on as an elegant antique even by its admirers, and as something less than that by run-of-the-mill horseplayers, who have never been sentimental about the place. So racegoers have been drifting over to Jersey (Monmouth puts on a good show), and the better horses have been stomping off to Chicago for the rich prizes at Arlington Park. Saratoga is no longer *the only game in town.*

And there won't be any legal off-course betting in New York City. (That isn't official, of course, but the book on the block will lay you 100–1 against it.) Still, since more than four hundred million dollars was wagered in the mutuels at Belmont, Jamaica, and Saratoga in 1958, and the rule of thumb is that for every two dollars put into the tote at the tracks, three are bet with bookmakers, one could hardly blame Mayor Wagner for trying to dig into such a gold mine to help balance his budget. Curiously, there has never been a hint as to how off-course betting might be handled. It is presumed that betting would be limited to races in New York State, but most stay-at-home horseplayers I know prefer to gamble on the out-of-town tracks. (They say it's easier to figure the claiming races in the hinterland, and when you hit, you get a hatful.) And I imagine there would be a service charge for handling wagers—say, fifteen per cent of a winning ticket—and horse rooms all over town, hooked up to a closed television circuit. Well, a fellow can dream, can't he?

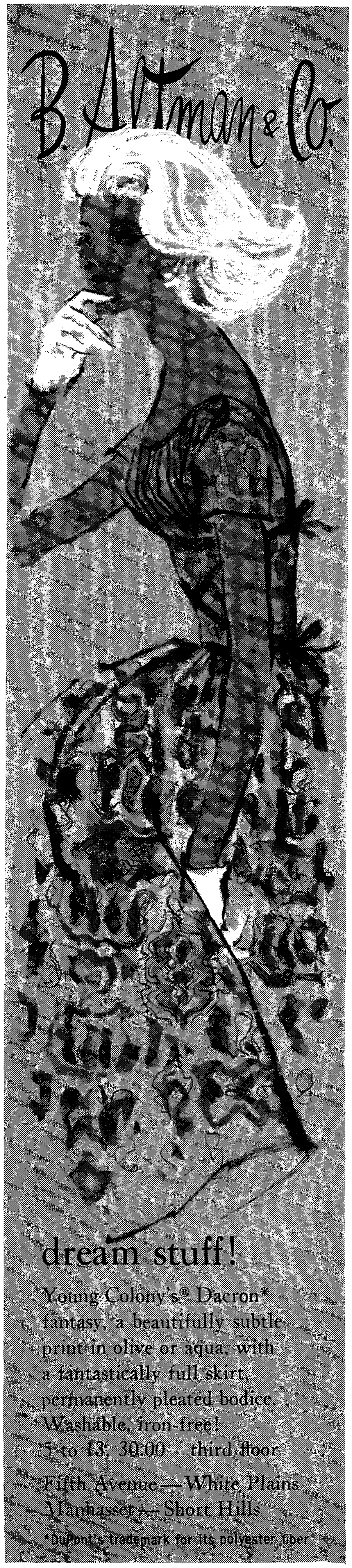
I don't agree with the gentry in the Jockey Club that off-course betting would kill racing. England has had it for more than a hundred years. It was legalized in France in 1933, and French racing is bigger and better than ever. They have it in Germany, Poland, and Russia, too, not to mention Puerto Rico, where, by the way, four Univacs do the calculating and the bite is thirty per cent. *¡Ai!* —AUDAX MINOR

•

STORMS, BITING, COLD SPREAD
ACROSS EASTERN HALF OF U.S.
—*Mamaroneck* (N.Y.) *Times.*

And there's scratching and kicking in the West.

HINE...
PRONOUNCED
FINE
THE
WORLD
OVER
The dry Cognac brandy
HINE
COGNAC
T. HINE & C°
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE BY
"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C.
84 PROOF



dream stuff!

Young Colony's® Dacron*
fantasy, a beautifully subtle
print in olive or aqua, with
a fantastically full skirt,
permanently pleated bodice.
Washable, iron-free!
5 to 13. 30.00 third floor

Fifth Avenue—White Plains
Manhasset—Short Hills

*DuPont's trademark for its polyester fiber

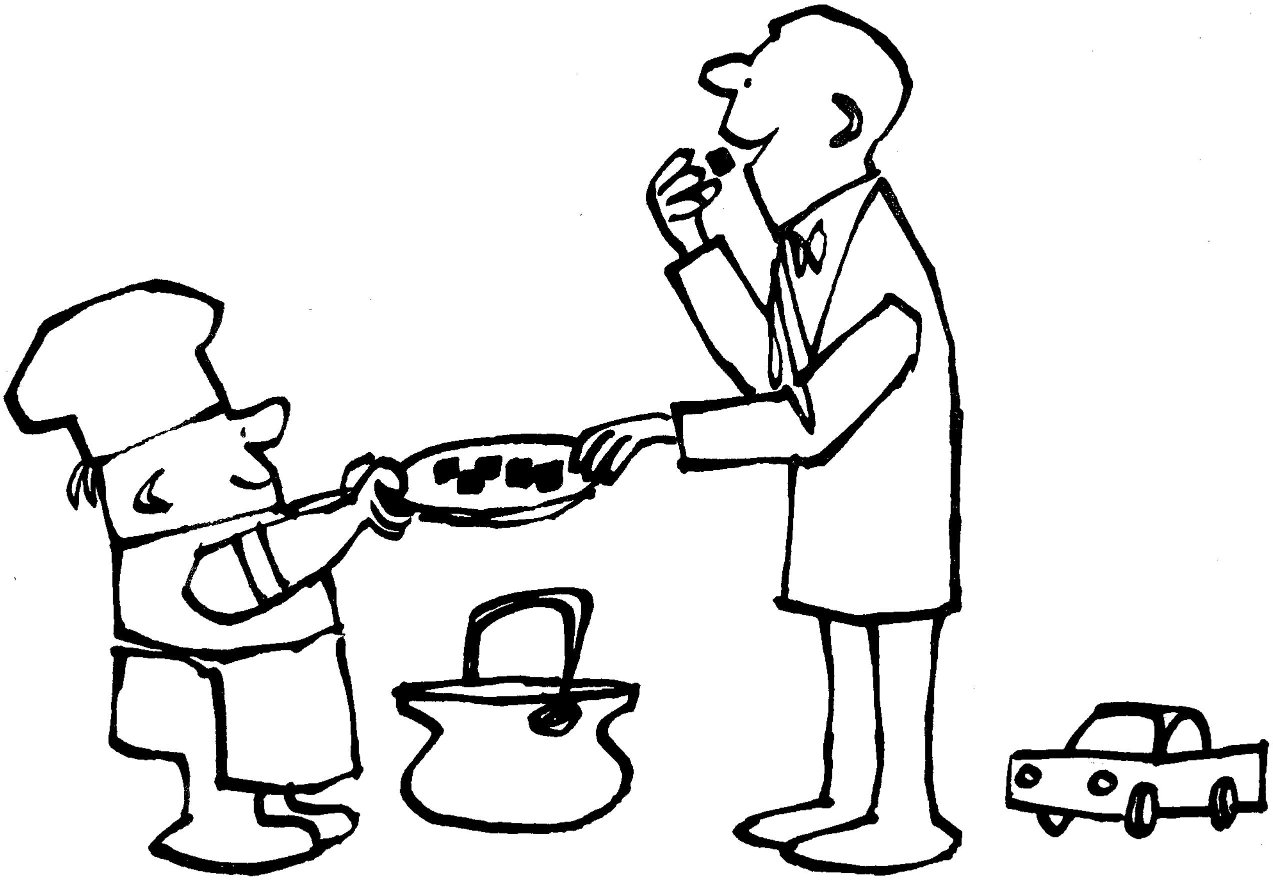
THE AIR

Parlor Full of Statesmen

RADIO-TELEVISION

IT seems almost certain that the next President of the United States will be someone you've recently seen on your screen—to borrow a phrase from Dizzy Dean, the baseball telecaster—in the course of answering panelists' questions, stating his views, defending his record, psychoanalyzing the Russian and Chinese governments, experimenting with ad-libs and voice levels, and, in general, getting the feel of the medium. Our last two Presidents acquired all or most of their television training while in office. (One of them, Mr. Truman, with no previous experience whatever, became a virtuoso performer.) The next President, and probably all future Presidents, will be full-fledged television personalities by the time they are nominated. There was an indication of the breadth of this trend in the *Herald Tribune* of January 30th, in an article by Roscoe Drummond, in which eight leading Republican possibilities for the White House were identified. (They were leading possibilities because, Mr. Drummond wrote, President Eisenhower would "cordially" support any one of them. Mr. Drummond didn't say how he knew this, but he more or less guaranteed that it was true. Fred Keats, of the *Mirror*, my favorite race-horse handicapper, has never put a tip as strongly as that—perhaps because horse trainers don't "leak" information to horse handicappers.) Of the eight men named on the Eisenhower-Drummond list, five—General Gruenther and the Messrs. Nixon, Rockefeller, Lodge, and Mitchell—had been on television in the recent past or were scheduled to be on television in the next day or two. During the same period, the screen teemed with such potential Democratic nominees as Governor Meyner and Senators Humphrey and Kennedy. A few weeks farther back, there was an appearance or so by Mr. Stevenson. Somewhere along the line, you and I have almost certainly, as I said to begin with, stared into the mercilessly lighted pores of Mr. Eisenhower's successor.

There was, as I recall, a certain amount of pre-convention politics on the air in 1952, but I don't think we've ever seen so much of this kind of thing as we are seeing now, nearly two years before the next election. All the early processes of candidacy are being developed in full view of the public—the straws in the wind, the early tryouts, the informal nominations, the jockeying for position, the separation of the men from the boys (which means, I hear from experts, the separation of Presidential candidates from Vice-Presidential candidates). The result has been to give television a rich new theme that can be prolonged for months, like a soap opera, by permutations in the cast of characters. The situation is fraught with elements of suspense, mystery, and surprise. For instance, on January 30th I read in the *Tribune* (this game is easier to follow if you have a score card) that Secretary Mitchell was one of Mr. Eisenhower's eight preferred candidates for President. On February 1st, I watched Mr. Mitchell on "Face the Nation" (Channel 2, 4-4:30 P.M., Sundays) and heard him virtually accept the Vice-Presidency, subject to nomination, election, etc. "For anyone to say he would not [accept the Vice-Presidency]," the Secretary said, "is tantamount to being untruthful." In other words, hypocrisy is rampant in this country. Later in the program, Mr. Mitchell spoke highly of the current Vice-President. On February 2nd, I read in several newspapers that his remarks, taken as a whole, pointed in the direction of a Nixon-Mitchell ticket for 1960. This sudden turn of events must have startled the President and Mr. Drummond—unless, of course, they had been brought up to date privately on January 31st. There were other political wheels within wheels on January 11th, on a special Channel 2 program called "Meet the New Senators." When Senator Keating, of New York, told a reporter on that occasion that "Nelson Rockefeller is as easy to meet as an old shoe," he was not only showing a quick grasp of the art of Senatorial simile but also—as a newspaper expert explained later—coming out for Governor Rockefeller for President. His endorsement, and his description, lent interest to the Governor's next television appearance, on February 2nd, when New York taxpayers were shocked to find that Mr.



ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man who prided himself on making the best fudge in the state. And one night a friend of his, who was a very smart automobile salesman, came over to play pinochle. When he sampled the fudge, he told his host that it was positively the finest candy he had ever tasted, and he advised his friend to wrap each piece in gold foil, to package it in a silver box with green stripes, and sell it by mail. In a few months there were more orders than candy, so his friend advised him to set up a small plant, and start distributing the candy through department stores and supermarkets as well as by mail. Before long the business was so big that a new plant had to be built, and the candy maker hired a sales manager away from another big candy manufacturer to run the business. When someone asked him why he didn't offer the job to his friend who had helped him so much, the candy maker replied, "Who, *Bill?* Why he doesn't know anything about candy. He sells cars."

MORAL: ***There are no hard people or soft people. The same people who buy cars buy candy—and the same people who buy steel buy soft drinks. Which is why the smart advertiser doesn't judge an agency on the kind of products its clients produce, but on the kind of advertising it produces for its clients.***

CAMPBELL-EWALD

Advertising Well Directed

Detroit • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • Hollywood • San Francisco • Washington • Denver • Atlanta • Dallas • Kansas City • Cincinnati

"Drama On A Big Scale!"
—ATKINSON, Times

HELEN HAYES ERIC PORTMAN
KIM STANLEY BETTY FIELD in the
Eugene O'Neill
A TOUCH OF THE POET
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
MAIL ORDERS FILLED — Eves.: $7.50, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.
HELEN HAYES THEA., 210 W. 46 St. • CI 6-6380

"Droll and Humorous!"
—Atkinson, Times

ELI WALLACH MAUREEN STAPLETON
THE COLD WIND AND THE WARM
by S. N. BEHRMAN
directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Divans (First 8 Rows Orch.) $6.90; Orch. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Divans $4.80; Orch. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30.
MOROSCO THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-6230

"ONE OF THE MEMORABLE WORKS OF THE CENTURY!"
—Atkinson, Times
ELIA KAZAN'S
production of
"J.B."
by ARCHIBALD MacLEISH
starring
PAT HINGLE CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER RAYMOND MASSEY
with NAN MARTIN
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Loge $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Loge $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75.
ANTA THEATRE, 245 W. 52 St. CI 6-6270

"A WALLOPING HIT!"
— ASTON, World Telegram & Sun
The New Musical
FLOWER DRUM SONG
ST. JAMES, 44 St. W. Of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Rockefeller is a shoe with a long, sharp nail in it. Apart from these twists and turns of policy and character, the campaign has a morbid, Hitchcockian quality for viewers who are readers of the *Daily News*. As Jack Hoins, of Halesite, Long Island, pointed out to the Inquiring Fotographer one day last week, the man who is elected President in 1960 must be prepared to die in office. At least, Mr. Hoins said, Presidents elected at twenty-year intervals since, and including, 1840 have invariably done so.

I don't think it makes much sense at this time to discuss the television performances of the winter's crop of potential Presidents in detail. So far, not many of the candidates have admitted that they are candidates, and practically none of them have run the entire gamut of forms or situations available to statesmen—the panel show, the solo speech, the two-man interview, the symposium, *the forum*. For some, the panel show, in which premeditated questions must be answered spontaneously, is a stiffer test than a prepared speech. For others, because of special conditions, a speech can be an ordeal. Governor Rockefeller, for example, is trying to administer one office while running—or so both his critics and his admirers seem to believe—for another. His solo performance of February 2nd, when he was obliged to stab his constituents in the sensitive region of the wallet, was a fearfully difficult one for either an officeholder or an office seeker to attempt. I thought he rose to unusual heights at one stage of the address. Seeming to pause at significant points in the sentence, he said, "You and I have inherited . . . a very serious legacy . . . of financial troubles." I could imagine the jaws of his audience dropping open at the beginning of this passage, and closing with a snap at the end of it. It was a bold line of rhetoric for a Rockefeller to take in the circumstances.

Among the Presidential prospects, only Governor Meyner "has his own TV show," as the trade bromide goes. "Governor Meyner's Report" (Channel 13, 7:30-8 P.M., Sundays) represents a snug and shrewd position, strategically speaking. During Christmas week, the Governor was joined by his wife, his mother, a group of high-school choral singers, and a few teachers and state education officials who argued a scholastic issue or two while their host arbitrated. There was some talk also, as there usually is when Mrs. Meyner, a very attractive woman, is present, about Morven, the Governor's official

"BRILLIANT MUSICAL!"
—Chapman, News

WEST SIDE STORY
A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT MURIEL BENTLEY
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by
JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05, 6.90; Boxes $6.90, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.) Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alt. dates.
WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir 5-4878
Moves Mar. 2 to Broadway Thea., B'way at 53 St.—Seats Now

THE MUSIC MAN
America's Happiest Musical!
MAJESTIC Theatre • 245 West 44th St.
Eves. at 8:30—$8.05, 6.25, 4.95, 3.60, 3, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30—$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List alternate dates.
NATIONAL COMPANY:
CHICAGO — Shubert Theatre . . . NOW
Eves. Mon. thru Thurs.—$5.50, 4.95, 4.40, 3.00, 2.50; Fri. & Sat. Eves.—$6.60, 5.50, 4.40, 3.50, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.—$4.40, 3.85, 3.50, 2.75, 2.20. List alternate dates.

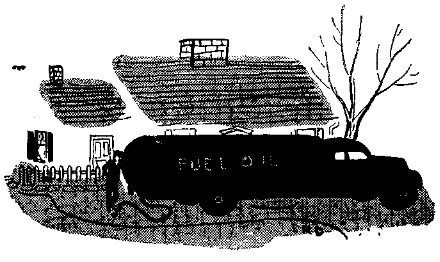
"A MIGHTY CRESCENDO OF FUN"—CUE
JOSEPH COTTEN · ARLENE FRANCIS
in
Once More, with Feeling
A comedy by HARRY KURNITZ
with JOSEPH BULOFF
Directed by GEORGE AXELROD
NATIONAL, 41 St. W. of 7 Ave. Eves. 8:40·MATS WED & SAT

EL 5-4330
CASA Cugat
Decor by We've Originals.
Shelton Towers 48th East of Lex.
The Ultimate In PAN-AMERICAN Cuisine and Dancing

residence. Two weeks ago, I watched a typical non-holiday installment of the program. Governor Meyner interviewed certain guest authorities about drunken driving, New Jersey speed laws, the drunkometer, and the question of whether man has a divine right to drive a car and to refuse to blow into a police balloon. He then reported on the events of his "week"—awards, proclamations, changes in real-estate assessment. After that, by way of reversing the social flow, the Governor had himself interviewed by a newspaperman. Finally, he described next week's attractions.

When, or if, as the national campaign becomes hotter, he finds himself involved in it, we shall see whether Governor Meyner can handle the solo-speech form with the distinction of Mr. Stevenson, or react to a panel show or a spontaneous two-man interview with the quick, vigorous clarity of Mr. Truman. As a writer and reader of television speeches, Mr. Stevenson has been in a class by himself among American politicians; in interviews—in one with Mike Wallace last fall, for instance—he has been prudent and stilted, maybe because he is afraid to let his tongue follow his thoughts reflexively in a mass medium. Mr. Truman, on the other hand, though a mediocre orator (except when angry), is a humdinger at unrehearsed conversations. I was especially impressed by his work last November on "Small World" (Channel 2, 6-6:30 P.M., Sundays), when he and Lord Attlee were the guests of Edward R. Murrow. Mr. Truman showed a remarkable ability to answer fairly complicated questions swiftly and understandably. At the same time, to use a prizefight term, he "carried" Lord Attlee, who was not taking the trouble to be understandable. On an earlier "Small World," I might add, another Englishman, Mr. Bevan, grabbed the right of way and easily outarticulated and talked down one of Mr. Eisenhower's candidates, General Gruenther. I should guess that the latter will do better when he needs to.

Among the television statesmen I've recently watched, besides Secretary Mitchell and Governor Meyner, were



THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY *presents*

4 Plays You'll Want to See!

SECURE SEATS BY MAIL OR AT THE BOX OFFICE NOW

OPENS THURS. MAR. 5

SHIRLEY BOOTH MELVYN DOUGLAS

in A NEW MUSICAL

"JUNO"

Book By JOSEPH STEIN • Music & Lyrics By MARC BLITZSTEIN

Dances & Musical Numbers Staged By AGNES de MILLE

Entire Production Directed By VINCENT J. DONEHUE

Co-produced with OLIVER SMITH and OLIVER REA

PRICES: Eves.—$8.05, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.60. Mats. Wed. & Sat.—$4.60, 4.20, 3.45, 3.00. Tax included. Opening Night—Sold Out.

WINTER GARDEN, 1634 Broadway, N. Y. 19

PRIOR TO BROADWAY—BOSTON Shubert Theatre—Now thru Feb. 28

OPENS TUES. MARCH 3

RODDY McDOWALL TAMMY GRIMES GEORGE BAKER

in NOEL COWARD'S NEW COMEDY

LOOK AFTER LULU

Based on "Occupe-toi d'Amélie" by GEORGES FEYDEAU

with KURT KASZNAR POLLY ROWLES JACK GILFORD

Scenery and Costumes by CECIL BEATON

Lighting by RAYMOND SOVEY

Directed by CYRIL RITCHARD

Co-produced with GILBERT MILLER LANCE HAMILTON and CHARLES RUSSELL

Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90. First Mat. Thurs., Mar. 5 thereafter Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30. (Tax incl.) Opening Night Sold Out.

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43 St., N.Y. 36

PRIOR TO BROADWAY—NEW HAVEN, Shubert Theatre Feb. 18 thru 21 (Mats. Fri. & Sat.)

"The Town's No. 1 Comedy Hit" —*WALTER WINCHELL*

CYRIL Ritchard CORNELIA OTIS Skinner

CHARLES RUGGLES WALTER ABEL

in

the Pleasure of his company

A Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR with Cornelia Otis Skinner *Directed by* MR. RITCHARD

Co-produced with FREDERICK BRISSON

PRICES: Eves. (Mon. thru Sat.)—Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45; Balc. $2.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Prices include tax

LONGACRE Theatre, 220 W. 48th St., N. Y. 36

"MURDEROUS FUN IS IRRESISTIBLE!" —*Kerr. Her. Trib.*

WALTER SLEZAK JAYNE MEADOWS

"THE GAZEBO"

A new comedy mystery by Alec Coppel (from a story by Myra and Alec Coppel)

WITH Edward Andrews

Co-produced with FREDERICK BRISSON

Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30; 2nd Balc. $1.75, 1.15. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30; 2nd Balc. $1.75 (Tax Incl.).

LYCEUM Theatre, 149 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36

CINZANO
VERMOUTH
adds the
Velvet Touch
of smoothness
to your
favorite cocktail
YOU USE
SO LITTLE
USE THE
BEST!
GENUINE
IMPORTED
SWEET FROM
ITALY
EXTRA DRY
FROM FRANCE
MIX WITH CINZANO...
AND YOU MIX WITH THE BEST

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CO., N. Y., N. Y., SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTOR

Ambassador Lodge and Senator Humphrey; Senator Kennedy is booked to make a panel-show move on "Face the Nation" on February 22nd. Mr. Lodge had just been through conflict and crisis at the U.N. when I saw him on a panel show a few days before Christmas. Naturally, he was a little on edge; the U.N. would be a better place to live in, he implied (and he didn't say much else), if the membership were restricted to one point of view—namely, ours. I took copious notes on Mr. Mitchell's performance but laid them aside after the Secretary went for Vice-President. Mr. Humphrey made his appearance in a symposium on Russian-American cultural exchange on "Open Hearing" (Channel 7, 3-3:30 P.M., Sundays). He is, as you may know, a prodigiously fluent speaker. I clocked him at two hundred and fifty words a minute, and noticed that each word was well chosen and perfectly audible. In his high, clear, confident voice, the Senator spoke approvingly of cultural exchanges of all kinds. He seemed to think that we could even swap culture with China—without, he said, in a thoughtful tone, necessarily recognizing the Chinese government.

A curious phenomenon caught the ear during this program. It was the omission of China's nickname. I had never before heard mention of Red Skelton, Red Barber, Red Grange, Red Buttons, or Red China on television or radio without the use of the good old sobriquet. —JOHN LARDNER

•

If you are interested in languages, folklore, bibliography, belles, lettres, the humanities in general, we invite you to join us.—*South Atlantic Modern Language Association Bulletin.*

The fourth.

•

After graduating from Marlborough School in Los Angeles, Mrs. Farr applied and was admitted to Stanford, and promptly enrolled at the University of California where she majored in philosophy.—*Monterey Peninsula* (*Calif.*) *Herald.*

Just like a woman.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Keene* (*N. H.*) *Sentinel*]

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to all the people who have made our business a success. We established our business 25 years ago in December, 1933.

THE O'CONNOR FUNERAL HOME
Winchester, New Hampshire

"A ROMANTIC DELIGHT!"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
FRED COE presents
DANA ANDREWS
ANNE BANCROFT
in
Two for the Seesaw
A New Play by WILLIAM GIBSON
Directed by ARTHUR PENN
Eves. 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:30; $4 80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 3 alt. dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped env.
BOOTH Theatre, 222 West 45 St. N. Y. 36
NATIONAL COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL. • Michael Todd Theatre • NOW

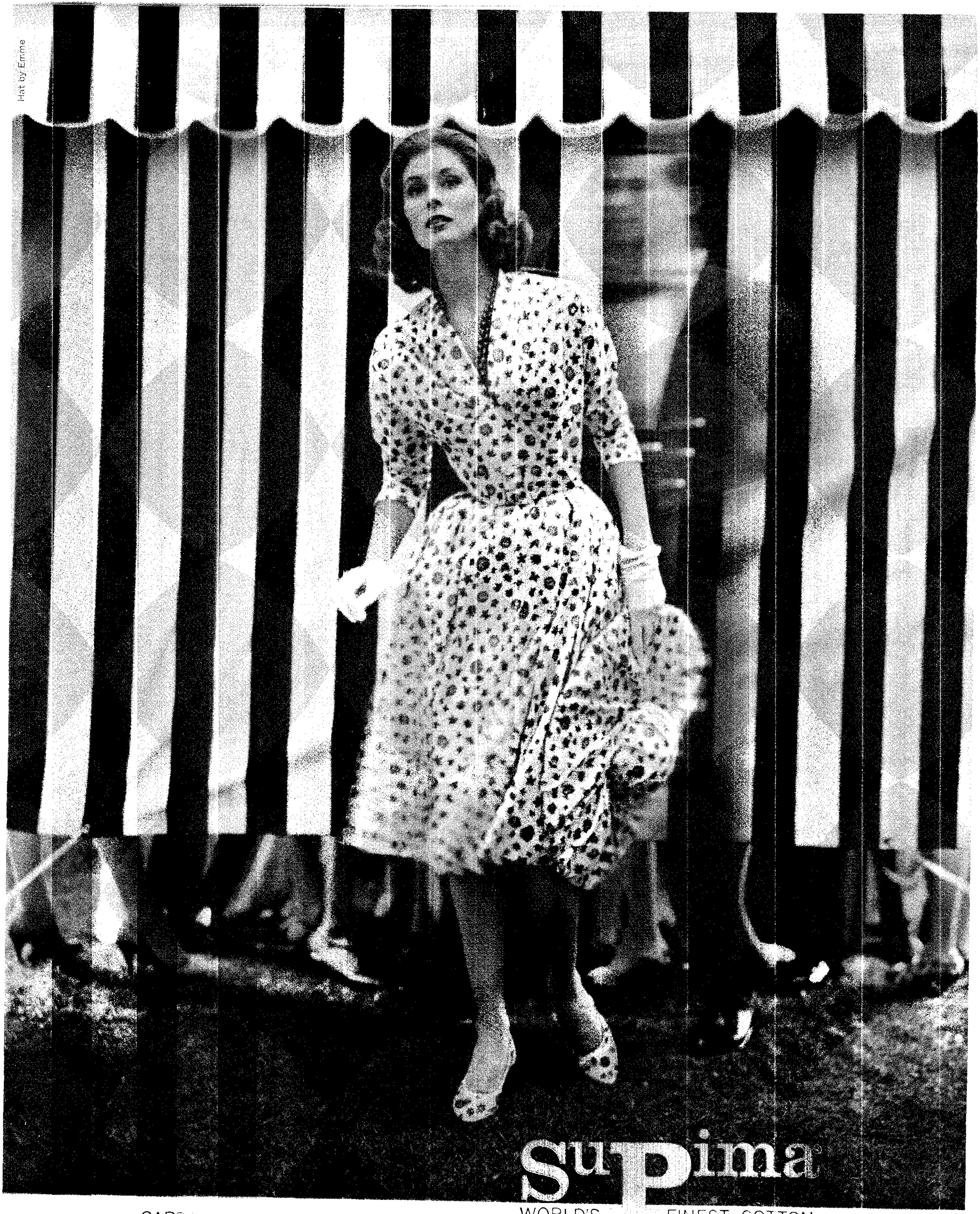
"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD MULHARE · PAMELA CHARLES
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"SURE-FIRE ENTERTAINMENT!"—LIFE MAG.
THE WORLD OF
SUSIE WONG
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $2.90, 3.45, 4.05, 4.60, 5.75, 6.90; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $2.30, 2.90, 3.45, 4.05, 4.60.
BROADHURST THEATRE 235 W. 44th St., N. Y. 36

"HILARIOUS ENTERTAINMENT."—Atkinson, Times
LA PLUME DE MA TANTE
the new musical hit
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $8.05, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 2.90, 2.
ROYALE THEATRE 242 West 45th St N. Y. 36

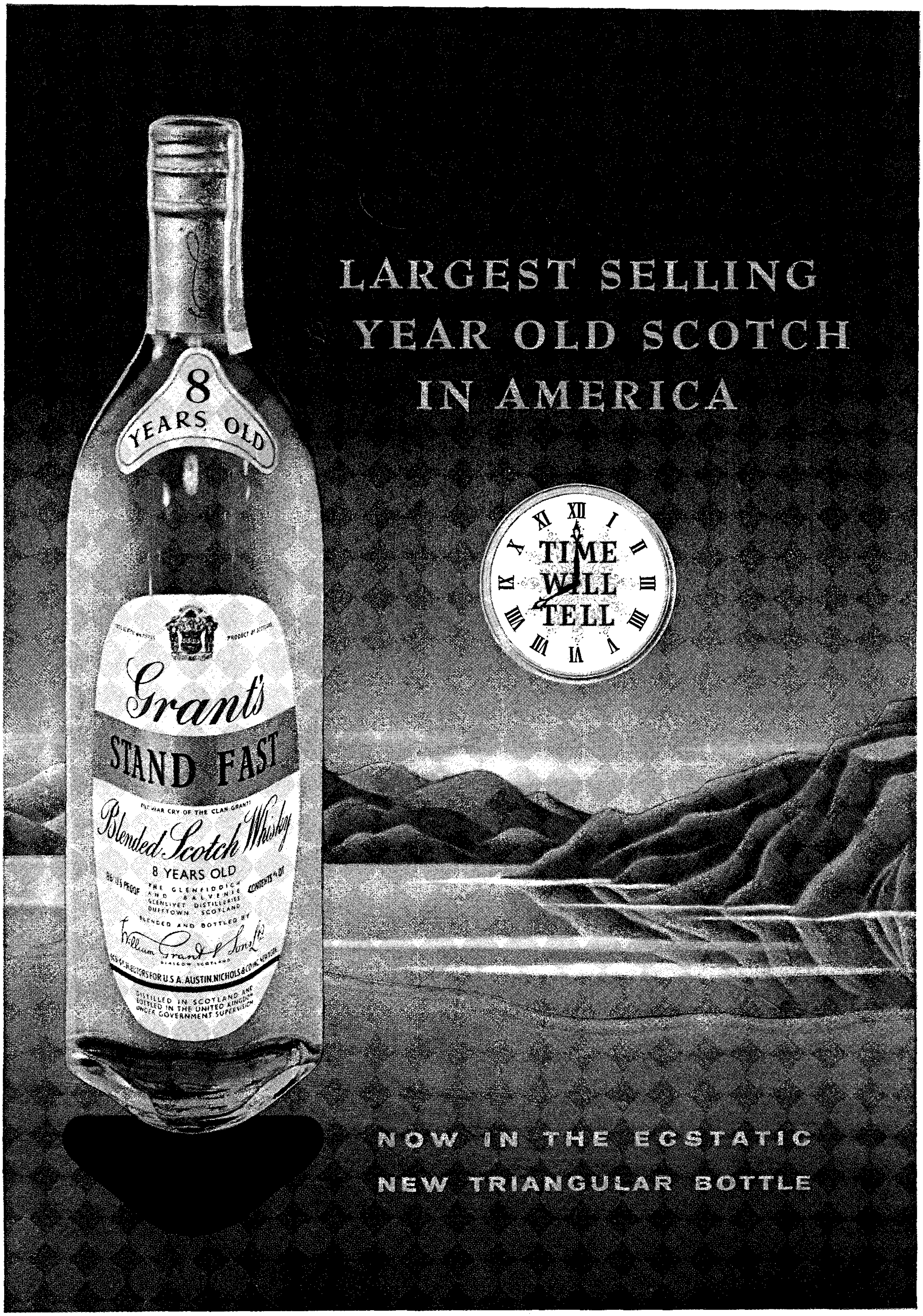
Deposit your money at
Dick Kollmar's
Left Bank
309 W 50th St., N. Y. C. — CI 7-3470
for highest interest rates
in food + music

Gaston
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
...an intimate restaurant
"C'est Formidable"
a discriminating continental
cuisine and matching wine cellar...
48 East 49th St. • Closed Sat. & Sun. • PLaza 5-4285



GARDEN PARTY Especially noted among those present: a poised and graceful fashion by **BEN REIG** in a flower-dazzled cotton hand-screened by **ONONDAGA**. The extraordinary strength, deep lustre and rich silkiness of this lush fabric originate in Supima, the extra-long staple cotton grown in our own Southwest. Supima Association of America, 112 West 34th Street, New York 1. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia • Halle Bros., Cleveland • Goldwater's, Phoenix • Harzfeld's, Kansas City.

Supima is the registered trademark of Supima Association of America


LARGEST SELLING
YEAR OLD SCOTCH
IN AMERICA
TIME
WILL
TELL
8 YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD
William Grant & Sons Ltd.
NOW IN THE ECSTATIC
NEW TRIANGULAR BOTTLE

86 PROOF — SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK — NEW YORK

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

26 Priory Lane,
Pelham, New York,
January 29, 1959

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

I AM a little shocked by your recent account of James Renwick, Jr., the architect of Grace Church. To hear you tell it, Renwick was about the best thing that ever happened to American church architecture. There was Grace Church's congregation, that rich ladleful of New York's *crème de la crème*, about to move uptown and go Gothic in 1843. And there was James Renwick, "a brilliant and fashionable young man of twenty-four," ready to assist. True, the fashionable youth had never designed a building in his life. True, he had never seen a Gothic church except in pictures. But in the best tradition of the brilliant amateur (and as befits a man who graduated from Columbia at eighteen), he promptly entered and won the competition to design a new Grace Church. The resulting piece of architecture, you assert, "might well have been a disaster; instead, it was a masterpiece." And to make your point emphatic, you quote from the diary of an early aristocrat, Mayor Philip Hone, who described Grace in 1846 as a "splendid temple."

Fair enough. You and Hone are entitled to your opinions. But your implication that the old Mayor's opinion was typical—that Renwick's church was universally admired in his own time, that the fashionable youth, by his genius, swept the *crème de la crème* before him and caused one general gasp of admiration at what he had done—I must quarrel with. The initial reaction to his temple was distinctly chilly. My own great-grandfather distrusted the new Grace Church from the start. He thought it insubstantial. According to family tradition, he invariably referred to its slim tower as "Renwick's toothpick." When he died, in 1888, a stubborn old man, he was still confidently predicting that one day the whole edifice would collapse in the middle of a society wedding.

Unfortunately, my great-grandfather didn't keep a diary. I can't counter Hone with him. So let me turn to George Templeton Strong, who did keep one. And by way of giving his opinion weight, let me mention that Templeton Strong graduated from Columbia at the same tender age as Ren-

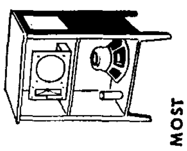
The Fairmont's Famous Cirque Room

What makes the Fairmont's cocktails pleasure perfect?

Atop San Francisco's exclusive Nob Hill, the recipe for a perfect cocktail is the Fairmont's knowledgeable bartenders, quality ingredients and AutoBar. Connoisseurs know that a perfect drink begins with quality ingredients and a perfect measure. AutoBar is the perfectionist's standard of beverage service. Every cocktail, mixed drink, over-the-rocks or mist is always uniformly perfect.

Smart hotel and restaurant patrons are learning that the AutoBar equipped bar is indeed the perfectionist's standard of beverage service.

AUTOBAR SYSTEMS
Division of American Machine and Metals, Inc.
120 Clymer Avenue, Sellersville, Pa.



MOST VERSATILE 3-WAY SYSTEM Stereo Director mounted on shelf, behind grille, is easily rotated for best stereo without twisting cabinet. Mid-range and compression tweeter above 12" air-suspension Flexair woofer enclosure.

for finest stereo (and mono) high fidelity . . .

YOU SHOULD KNOW THERE IS SOMETHING BETTER!

With ordinary speakers, your listening position will determine whether you get a good or poor stereo effect. Careful placement of speakers is necessary.

Jensen SS-100 Stereo Director* speaker systems let you place cabinets anywhere on a "decorator" basis . . . you aim the sound for best stereo effect where you listen. No unsightly angling or cabinet placement problems. Wonderful for mono hi-fi too! Smooth coverage of full range from 20-15,000 cycles. Easily driven with a good 10-watt or larger amplifier. Only $179.95 each in natural finished Walnut, Tawny Ash or Mahogany.

Write for Catalog 165-C.

Jensen MANUFACTURING COMPANY
6601 S. Laramie Avenue, Chicago 38, Illinois

*T.M. Division of The Muter Co. / In Canada: J. R. Longstaffe Co., Ltd., Toronto • In Mexico: Radios Y Television, S.A., Mexico D.F.

wick, stood higher in his class, and was *much* more fashionable. Renwick was a youth of mercantile background whose father had risen to be a professor at Columbia; George Templeton Strong was descended from a formidable line of New York lawyers and judges. His father, Yale 1803, was a friend of the Alexander Hamiltons and a senior partner of the downtown firm of Strong, Bidwell & Strong. His grandfather was a captain in the Continental Army, a state senator, and a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. George Templeton Strong, in short, was a member of the *crème de la crème*. He also commented on everything, and he took a keen interest in Grace from the start. Even before the new church was finished, he was prowling around the site, shaking his head in disapproval. I quote from his diary for May 12, 1844:

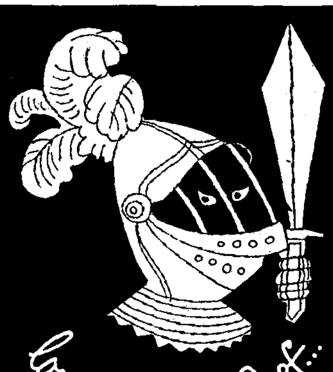
> Walked uptown tonight. Looked at Grace Church. They won't consecrate it this fall, I think, from present appearances. Renwick is a clever fellow and his church looks very well on paper, but I fear the practical embodiment of his conception, the church itself, will be a botch. He's hampered for money and the plan's an ambitious one and the effect of the structure will probably be that of an attempt at the sumptuous on slender means, which is always undignified, and generally unsuccessful.

By the spring of 1845, the nave of the church was complete, and Strong hurried back for another look. It had turned out a little better than he expected, but not much. Like my great-grandfather, he apparently found the whole thing pretty frail. I quote from his diary for March 3, 1845:

> I instituted a minute examination this afternoon into Renwick's new church. It will certainly look well when completed and the pipe-cleaners of columns that support the clerestory will tend to impress the congregation with a sense of the uncertainty of human life and suggest profitable meditation of the instability of things temporal. It's positively frightful to behold them, and they'll be but very little stronger, I reckon, when plastered over and made to look substantial. A Samson who can grasp two of them at once would have but little to brag of in bringing the whole clerestory down with one jerk.

During the summer, the tower of Grace ("Renwick's toothpick") went soaring upward, and by the end of July Strong was ready to make his final inspection. I quote from his diary account of a tour of new Manhattan churches that he made on his way home from the office on August 1, 1845:

> Then comes Grace Church—there are faults enough there, even to an unpractised eye, not to speak of the unhappy straining after cheap magnificence that seems to



Lovers of Prime Beef . . .

To arms against sissy-styled mustards!

Fine beef deserves better than fainthearted "salad" mustard. It merits heroic true mustard—hot and heady. The British, who have knighted fine beef, serve it only with Colman's—the matchless mustard you blend with water to a golden creaminess. The French haute cuisine adores Colman's mixed with white wine. Délicieuse! Chinese gourmets blend beer into Colman's. Join the international legion for Colman's . . . the true gourmet's mustard!

Imported from England

Colman's
Mustard

Colman's Mustard

World-famous dry mustard

Enjoy the Coffee of Connoisseurs

O'CONNOR'S MOCHA & JAVA

Aged, blended and roasted with painstaking skill, O'Connor's Mocha & Java stands unrivaled as the luxury coffee that achieves rich, full-bodied, fragrant perfection.

O'Connor's
Vacuum Packed
Coffee
Mocha & Java

At Fine Food Stores

JAMES J. O'CONNOR COFFEE COMPANY
2900 N. Market St. • St. Louis 6, Mo.

color the whole building, but the upper windows of the tower, which I'd supposed were going to be some preposterous kind of lancet, are now nearly finished and are coming out very differently from my anticipations. They're to be very elaborate specimens of the flamboyant and add much to the effect of the tower.

After this generous remark, Strong left the church pretty much alone for eighteen months. But in early 1847, a scant year before his wedding (which took place, of course, in Grace Church), he went to a party given by his future father-in-law. On the way there, he fell in with his least favorite church builder. I quote from his diary for April 16th:

> At Ruggles's soirée last night—spent part of the evening pleasantly. Walked down with that most windy of all the bags of conceit and coxcombry that ever dubbed themselves Architect, Jemmy Renwick, and most entertaining was the monologue with which he favored me—all about the "points" of Grace Church. . . . If the infatuated monkey showed the slightest trace or germ of feeling for his art, one could pardon and pass over blunders and atrocities so gross as to be palpable even to my ignorance; but nature cut him out for a boss carpenter, and the vanity and pretension that are endurable and excusable in an artist are not to be endured in a mechanic, and especially not in one who is a mechanic in spite of his ennobling vocation, and degrades, vulgarizes and pollutes every glorious idea and form of the successive eras of Christian art that he travesties and tampers with. . . .

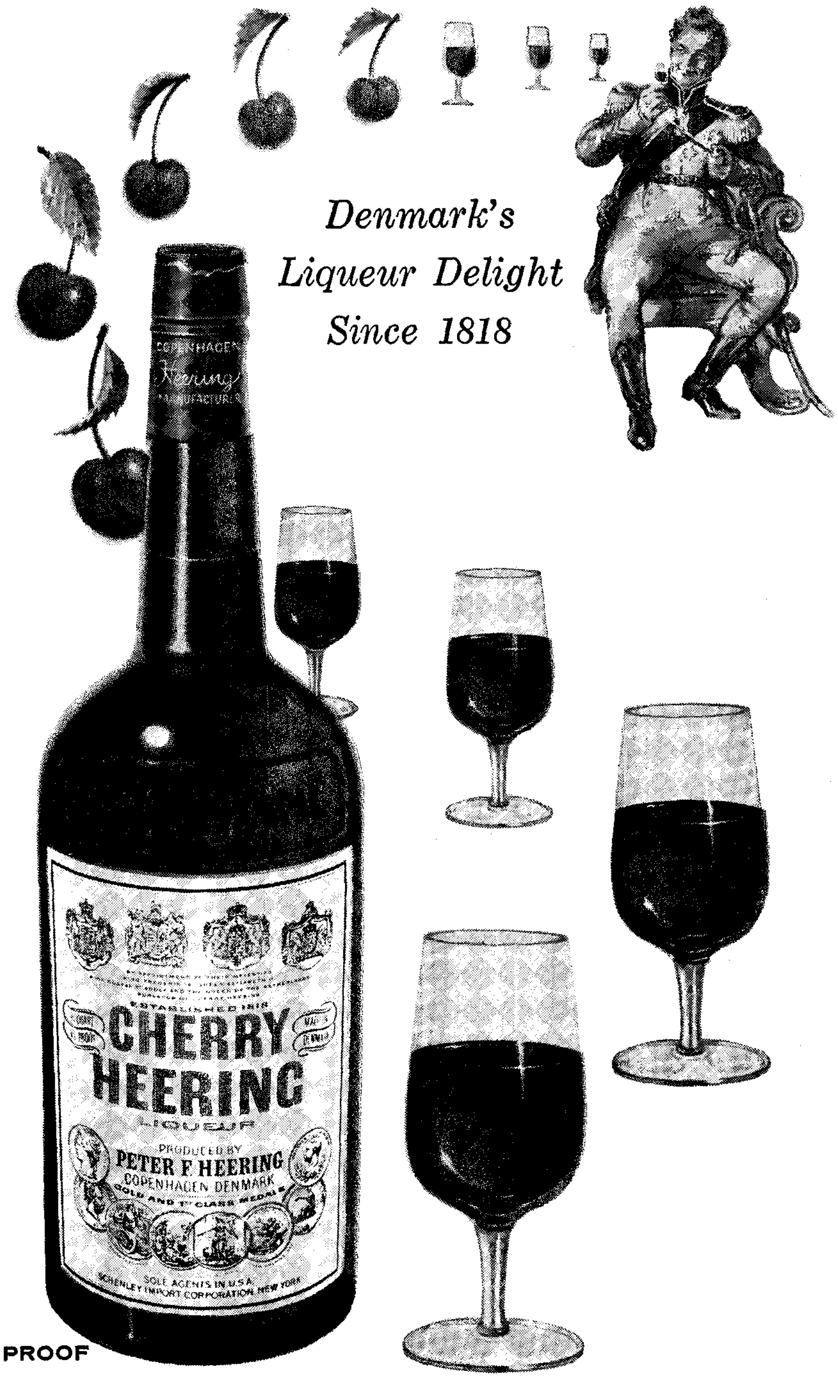
It is possible that Strong overstates his case. To *my* unpracticed eye, Grace Church has a good deal of beauty, no matter who designed it. I certainly would not call it "Renwick's pasteboard abomination," as Strong was moved to do on November 20, 1848. But neither would I be in a hurry to hail its perhaps slightly plebeian architect as a brilliant and fashionable youth and a designer of masterpieces, as you were moved to do on December 20, 1958.

Yours faithfully,
NOEL PERRIN

•

> WASHINGTON (AP)—Spurred by the admission of Alaska, a Congressional drive to make Hawaii the 50th state gets under way today before the House insular affairs committee.
>
> Statehood would mean a 50th flag for the U.S. banner. It would flag for the U.S. banner. It star for the U.S. banner. It would also mean new confusion in the flag business, now busy putting out 49-star flags due to Alaska's admission.—*Passaic-Clifton (N.J.) Herald-News.*

It's not helping the newspaper business any, either.



49 PROOF

VERRY CHEERING

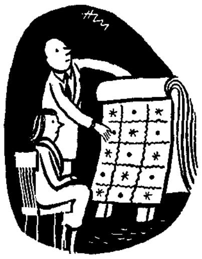
CHERRY HEERING

Whatever the moment or the occasion, Denmark's Cherry Heering is a welcome favorite with both men and women. Traditional as a liqueur...serve it chilled or pour it over ice for a refreshing change. Try Cherry Heering soon—find out why it enjoys the rare honor of appointment to nearly every Royal House of Europe!

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. NY-2, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

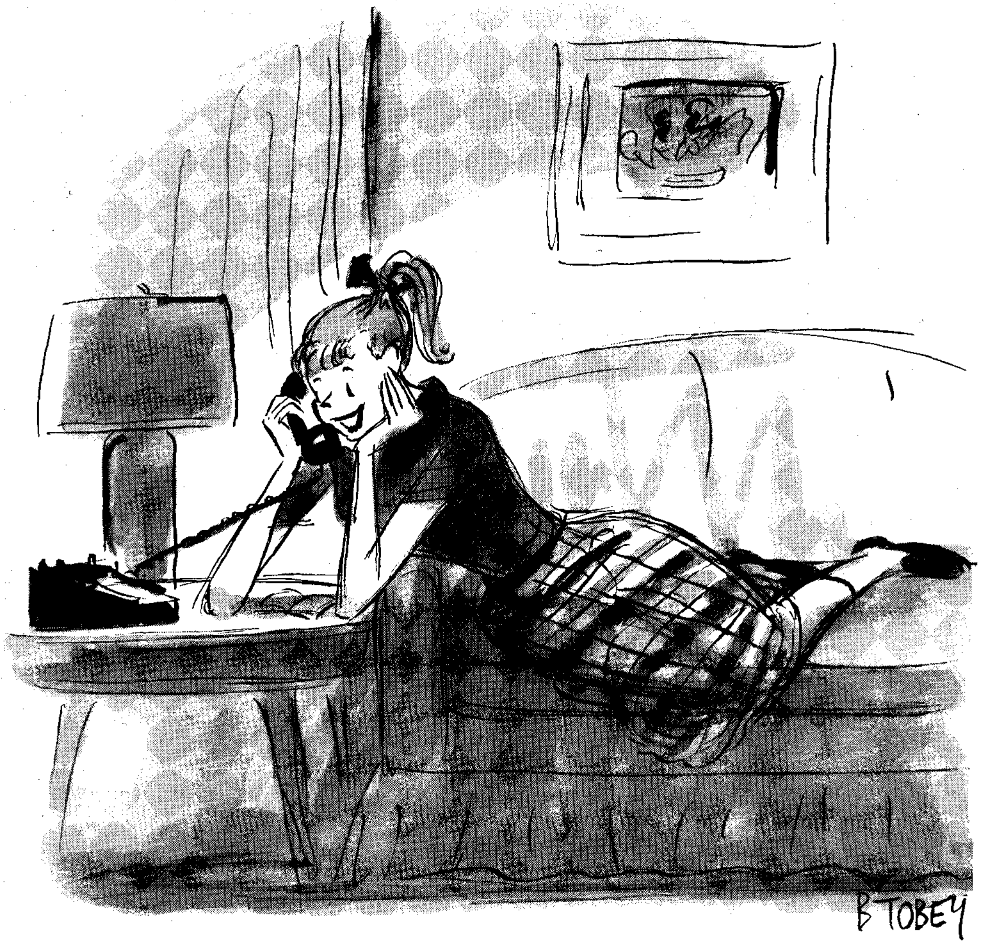


IN addition to whatever gustatory distinction the months with an "r" have attained among gastronomes, they have surely acquired the reputation among New York householders of being the season in which the unexpected guest—especially the unexpected overnight guest—is in his prime. So well defined has the period become that I was only mildly surprised to learn, during a recent visit to the new quarters of Keefe & Keefe, at 417 East 61st Street, that this resourceful old firm, which has been leasing out sickroom equipment for years, now has a complete line of nursery furniture and is thus prepared to come to the assistance of householders whose unexpected guests are accompanied by an unexpected baby. There is, of course, the danger that visitors may find this sort of service so entrancing that they will see no reason for going home, but that is just one of those calculated risks the apartment dweller actually faced with infant guests is doubtless prepared to take. To begin with, Keefe & Keefe has a neat wooden crib, complete with a sterilized mattress, and there is also a folding playpen, a baby carriage, and something called a play table, which is a low chair surrounded on three sides by a wide plastic shelf. Like most modern nursery furniture, this play table is nothing much to look at, but it is extremely practical, taking the place of a high chair for feeding, and providing shelf space for any number of toys, or even, if that's what the baby wants, a game of solitaire. Each of these articles rents for $10 a week or $20 a month.

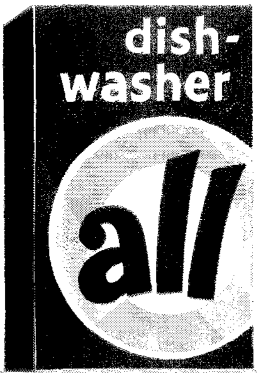
A folding bed—or, as Keefe & Keefe calls it, a roll-away cot—might well be the solution to the harried hostess's problem of where to stow an extra guest in a small apartment. This lifesaver folds up to a thickness of less than two feet, and since it is equipped with large casters, it can be rolled into a closet or put out of the way wherever the exigencies of the household permit. The bed comes with a sterilized mattress, and while this may not be of the most luxurious type, the sort of guest who lights on a roll-away cot probably won't be too choosy anyway. The rental is the same as for the nursery furniture, and, like those pieces, the cot is delivered and called for free of charge anywhere within the city limits. Oh, yes—a deposit of $20 is required for each item rented.

Impressed by the comparative ease with which a guest can be bedded down in rented comfort, I have looked into the matter of other household properties for hire, and have come up with a surprising lot of them, a few of which I will pass along, in the hope of filling somebody's temporary needs. Still at K. & K., the latest contribution to the field of rentable household equipment (a field that seems to be growing larger all the time) is a variety of home elevator known as a Stair-Glide, which up until just lately, I am told, it has not been possible to hire. This particular elevator is a small seat that goes up and down a flight of stairs on a track, which takes a mere twelve inches off the width of the stairway. It has a push-button control, and is surprisingly simple to install, requiring no cutting into the stairs or the wall, and only two screws—one at the top and one at the bottom. The electric connection is made by plugging in a cord at the nearest ordinary household outlet, and the whole job of installation (there's a charge of $25 for this) takes only about forty-five minutes. For this serviceable contrivance, which, by the way, is guaranteed to hold a weight of two thousand pounds, Keefe & Keefe asks $50 a month, for a minimum of three months, the rental charge being applied to the purchase price ($985) in the event that the renter decides to become an owner.

SOME time ago, I hailed in these columns a sturdily built over-bed table as a perfectly unbeatable convenience not only for invalids but for anybody who does writing or typing in bed or on a sofa. At that time, this useful piece of furniture could only be bought (it costs around $65), but now, I am pleased to report, the Norman Dine Sleep Center, 9 East 54th Street, will rent one out at $10 a week. The table is built on an exceptionally solid steel frame, which can be adjusted to any height between twenty-nine and forty-five inches, and it is fitted with a drawer



"Guess what! I think I have a hangover!"



New! Guarantees the most

spot-free dishes

any dishwasher can wash!

First dishwasher detergent with germ-removing Purisol! Not even hand-polishing gets dishes more spotless than new Dishwasher *all* (now with Purisol added to safeguard family health). It's recommended by dishwasher manufacturers. Satisfaction is guaranteed by Lever Brothers or your money back.

FREE PACKAGE!

Fill out and mail today with boxtop from a package of new Dishwasher ***all****. We'll send you a coupon good for another package free!*

LEVER BROTHERS
BOX 2040
NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

Enclosed is boxtop from a package of new Dishwasher *all*. Please send me my coupon good for another package free.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City________________Zone________State________

(Limit: one coupon per family. Offer ends June 30, 1959)

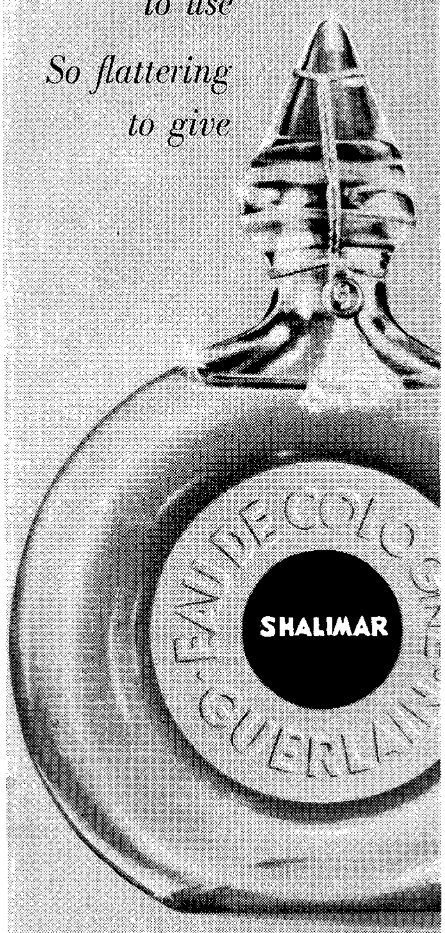
the Colognes of

Guerlain

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1828

So delightful
to use

So flattering
to give



IN THESE FRAGRANCES
OF GREAT DISTINCTION
SHALIMAR
L'HEURE BLEUE
MITSOUKO
VOL DE NUIT
COLOGNES BY GUERLAIN
$5.00 & $8.50
plus tax

for writing materials and a pull-out mirror that turns it into a toilet table.

I SPENT a morning recently at the Singer Sewing Machine Company's Fifth Avenue offices, investigating the Singer rental service, and I think it is safe to say that if any woman doesn't have one of the company's fine machines in her home, at least temporarily, the reason is that she doesn't want one, and not that she can't afford it. On the other hand, it may be that plenty of interested persons don't know that the monthly rental for Singer's dependable portable remains exactly where the OPA put it back there during the war—at $6. The article in question is an electric model, with speed control and an attached light, that is capable of doing all varieties of plain sewing and can be adapted to work on practically any material, from the heaviest drapery damask to fine lingerie silk. It is equipped with a hinged pressure foot that jumps over pins so nimbly as to make the time-consuming chore of basting blessedly unnecessary; it has an improved, numbered tension gauge and a stitch-length regulator; and it goes into reverse efficiently and instantly whenever the reverse is wanted. Singer sends along an instruction booklet and all the extra bobbins and needles that one is likely to need, but attachments, owing to the fact that they are easily lost, are not furnished. This may mean some slight inconvenience if a zipper is to be set in (no zipper foot goes with the machine), but the gatherer attachment is satisfactorily replaced by the stitch regulator, which can produce a stitch long enough for gathering. The machine comes in its own neat carrying case.

LEAVING such prosaic household commodities, I now, somewhat abruptly, present an opportunity to hire culture, by way of a remarkably good collection of phonograph records that anyone who has a New York Public Library card can borrow or rent at the Donnell Library Center, 20 West 53rd Street. The borrowing, however, is limited to two records or albums at a time, and they can be kept for only two weeks, so I shall concentrate here on the library's arrangement for renting records. The fee is five cents a day per record, with no limit on the number of records that may be taken or the length of time they may be kept, as long as the renter's nickels hold out.

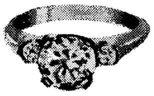
The recordings, which are remarkably well chosen, consist of vocal selections, orchestral and chamber music,

THE TERRY WHOPPER
(a whale of a robe
for mesdames et messieurs)

C'est magnifique! C'est necessaire! Lifted from a hook in a Paris hotel and copied faithfully for your dry-off *plaisir*, this generous spread of white terry acts as a lush blotter after a shower. Ladies: tie the belt around collar. And men: wrap it around your waist. One size fits all of you. **$6.95.** **Add 35c each for shipping. *Catalog on request.***

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
AMERICUS, GA.

Starlight **Diamonds**

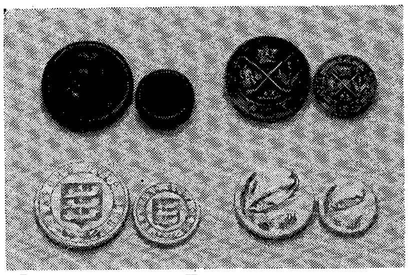


Engagement rings with dazzling
center stones set in four
romantic styles priced from $110.
Wedding rings to match from $8.

Available on our Payment Plan.
Federal Tax Included
Write or Telephone Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

BLAZER BUTTONS



Top Row	Brown Pressed Horn, Hunting Dogs	75c & 35c each
	Blackheath Golf Clubs Gold Plated	$2.50 & $1.50 each
Below	Seaford Golf Club Hand Engraved	$5.00 & $2.50 each
	Fish. Hand made sterling silver	$12.00 & $9.00 each

OLD BUTTONS
50 East 56th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y. PL 3-8741

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE MERCHANTS
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
FOUNDED 1796

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD

"My father always called it 'the noblest sherry of them all'"

When you tilt this famous bottle, you pour the noblest sherry of them all. Served with dessert or coffee, BRISTOL CREAM sherry brings a good dinner to its golden climax. For no choice liqueur is so delicious as this rarest of Spanish *Olorosos*. And no vintage brandy is more famous—or more *special*.

For the world's finest *moderately priced* sherry, ask for HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO. You'll enjoy this pale Medium Dry at cocktail time—or any time. Harvey's of Bristol have been famous for Spanish sherries since 1796.

®HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM®

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

operas, musical comedies, jazz, poetry readings, and folk music, and the collection, which comprises eleven thousand albums, is drawn on by the most diverse customers, ranging from eighth-graders to adults of extremely sophisticated taste, and including quite a few people who don't exaggerate when they say they know nothing about music. In case anybody in the last group (it's a very large one, by the way) wants help in cultivating an appreciation of music, the enormously knowledgeable staff is happy to oblige, starting the tyro off with, say, some of the more emotional compositions of Tchaikovsky, and leading him on by easy stages until he finds himself bang up against the heights of Schoenberg, and liking it. As you might expect, a good many conductors, instrumentalists, and choreographers are regular patrons of the library, and a number of singers use its listening facilities—there are four record-players equipped with earphones, and a separate library of a thousand albums for on-premises listeners to draw from—to compare their own rendering of an operatic role with that of a favorite star. (The listening facilities, by the way, are in great demand, so customers are limited to an hour a week, and appointments must be made in advance.) Among the renters, I was told, is a steady clientele of parents, who depend on the staff's help in choosing records to encourage an interest in music in their children. In addition, there is a stream of party-giving hostesses, college students who want background music for theatricals and other entertainments, and jazz addicts who want the latest compositions in that field. The record department of the Center is open Monday through Friday from noon until 9 P.M., and on Saturday from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M.

SINCE these lines are dedicated to *not* making purchases—at least for the moment—it seems entirely logical to direct you next to the decorating firm of Ernest LoNano, 201 East 67th Street, where the repairing and restoring of fabrics, ancient or modern, is carried on so expertly that your valuable draperies, for instance, could easily acquire a new lease on life. On the day I visited the workrooms, the talented needlewomen happened to be busy, like so many proficient spiders, on various eighteenth-century draperies, bed curtains, and wall hangings sent for repair from Williamsburg, Winterthur, Monticello, and the newly established Tryon Palace, in North Carolina, but I was told that the firm mends, and otherwise

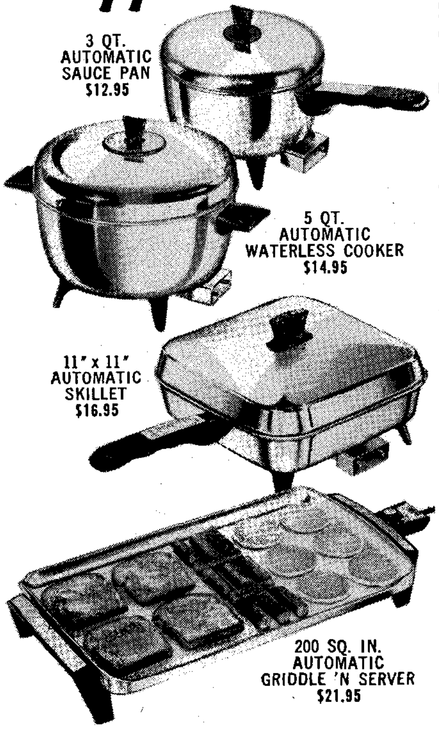
dial perfect meals automatically

$5.95
one control serves all four . . .
OFF

WEST BEND®

completely immersible

Cook'n Serve Appliances


3 QT. AUTOMATIC SAUCE PAN $12.95
5 QT. AUTOMATIC WATERLESS COOKER $14.95
11" x 11" AUTOMATIC SKILLET $16.95
200 SQ. IN. AUTOMATIC GRIDDLE 'N SERVER $21.95

West Bend wonder! Now you can dial perfect cooking — just like your favorite TV program. You simply select the temperature for the food you're preparing and dial it for recipe-perfect results. Just one automatic control operates Sauce Pan, Waterless Cooker, Skillet or Griddle 'n Server. They're all *completely immersible,* too.

See West Bend Automatic coffee makers, too! 2 to 72 cups . . . from $11.95

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
Dept. 652, West Bend, Wisconsin

Pity Poor Napoleon

Unhappy Nappy...banished to Elba without his favorite mustard pickle, Chow Chow. To think, it was created especially for him!

Happy Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell . . . gaining the services of the ex-emperor's personal chef. First order of the day, preparing this splendid combination of sweet gherkin pickles, pearl onions and cauliflower, for the Crosse & Blackwell label.

Lucky you . . . able to purchase this same magnificent mustard pickle from your grocer today. Still prepared from the original recipe. Who would dare change it? Who would want to?

A MAN'S SPECIALTY
Crosse & Blackwell
CHOW CHOW
THE ORIGINAL MUSTARD PICKLE
PACKED IN BALTIMORE, MD., BY THE CROSSE & BLACKWELL CO.
Net Weight 7 Ozs.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL

CHOW CHOW

The *original* mustard pickle

Traditionally Superb

Pre-theatre dining . . . and just a short stroll to your theatre.
(reservations: Raul)
After-theatre gathering place for wonderful drinks and buffet supper . . . with "the talk of the town."

HOTEL *Algonquin*
59 West 44th Street, New York • MUrray Hill 7-4400
"New York's beloved hotel"

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.
Member Diners Club and American Express

Going to the...
VIRGIN ISLANDS?
Be sure to visit LITTLE SWITZERLAND . . . one of the most fascinating treasure haunts of the Caribbean . . .
Sole agents top makes watches, jewelry, cameras, gifts, toys, etc.... all at fabulous "Free Port" prices.
Little Switzerland
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands • Write direct for illustrated brochure

cares for, an equally large number of modern textiles that have come to grief in one way or another. Many of the ancient fabrics arrive in such bad shape that they must be practically redesigned, as well as rewoven. I saw, spread out on one worktable, an eighteenth-century *toile de Jouy* counterpane that not only was in tatters but had large sections of the material missing. The needlewomen in charge of this operation were converting it into a patchwork quilt in which the better-preserved parts of the *toile de Jouy* were, with incredible skill, being put together with pieces of a charming flowered material of the same period, which had formed the original lining. A coverlet of linsey-woolsey, quilted with stitches that seemed done by no mortal fingers, was being relined and darned so carefully as to leave no perceptible difference between the old work and the new, and missing stitches in the silver-thread embroidery on a satin waistcoat from Williamsburg were being replaced. Not all the fabrics, however, were so sadly ravaged by time; a number of museums and eighteenth-century restorations (notably Williamsburg and Monticello) send their textiles to LoNano regularly, twice a year, to be cleaned, or to have some slight darning job attended to, or perhaps just to have a few antique hooks and eyes sewn on, and New York householders frequently turn the cleaning of their *toiles de Jouy* or valuable chintzes over to the LoNano experts. Prices vary so drastically with the nature of the needlework and the extent of the repairs that it is just about impossible to give any idea of how they run, but I must say that what was being charged for the work I saw did not strike me as excessive. —S. H.

•

A butler ushered me through the huge door imported from an old castle in Europe by the Mamoulians for their own home (this after a long drive up Sunset Boulevard to a hilltop in Beverly Hills and a short push at the doorbell) to the huge, modern, hung-with-Modiglianis-Picassos-Renaults, etc., drawing room.—*Mike Connolly in the Pasadena Star-News.*

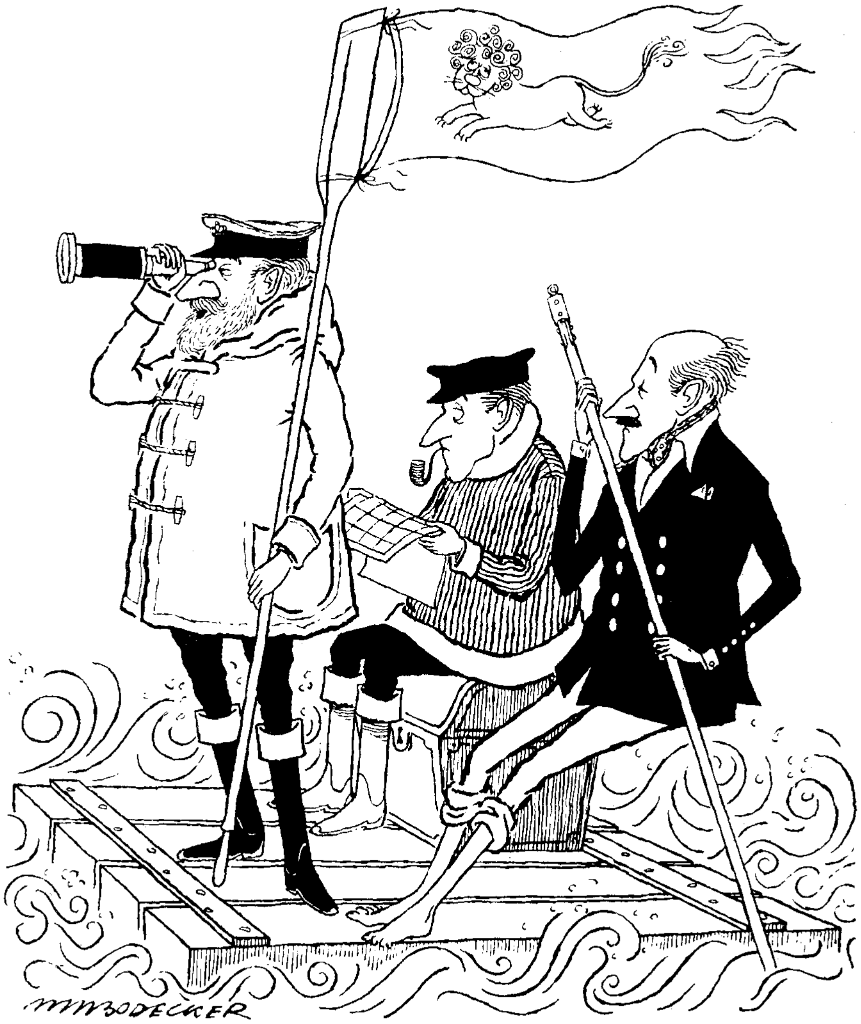
Well, those little buggies make good mobiles.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

MAYAN RANCH
BANDERA, TEXAS

Howdy there—
We shore hope yuh still have a . . .



THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT EXODUS
in which a loyal band of Lamplighter fans set sail for the American Colonies, being unable to endure their clubs or pubs without their favorite gin. (All Lamplighter having been shipped to the States.)

LAMPLIGHTER GIN
The costlier English Gin Americans now have firmly in hand—as dry as you can buy.

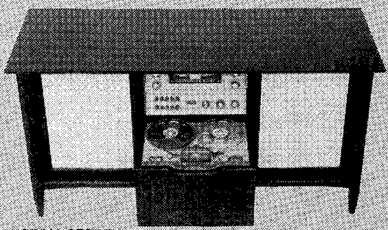
LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 94 PROOF. IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., New York, N. Y.
©1959 McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N. Y., N. Y.

94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
NICHOLSON'S
Lamplighter
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
AS DRY AS YOU CAN BUY

Introducing–

CUSTOM STEREO-TAPE CONSOLE

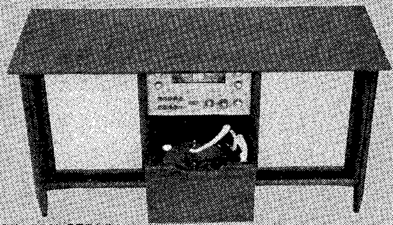
variations


CUSTOM STEREO-RADIO/STEREO-TAPE CONSOLE

on a theme

CUSTOM STEREO-PHONO CONSOLE

BY
AMPEX STEREO


CUSTOM STEREO-RADIO/STEREO-PHONO CONSOLE

Signature of perfection in sound

You'll find the variation of stereophonic reproduction that best suits your needs in the new CUSTOM series by Ampex. Choose from above combinations (you may add the Ampex AM & FM Stereo Tuner to the Stereo Phonograph or Stereo Tape Console later, if you desire). Standard in all consoles: the powerful, Ampex engineered amplifier-speaker system and the versatile Audio Control Center. Contemporary cabinet available in walnut or teak, and French Provincial in cherry fruitwood. For complimentary brochure, write: Dept. 25

AMPEX AUDIO INC.
1057-B-14 Kifer Road, Sunnyvale, Calif.

TABLES FOR TWO

Inside Man

AMONG the recurrent figures in American mythology are the blues singer, the ballad singer, the pianist, and the trumpet player who are better at their trade than anyone else in the world but who are contrarily pleased to simply stay at home, instead of coming to the big city, and go on tranquillizing their own small circle of friends. They are, to draw for analogy upon English nursery rhyme, reminders of the girl who can bake an irresistible cherry pie but who cannot leave her mother. Now and then, when one of these limpets is detached from its native rock formation and shipped live to Manhattan, the loving fantasy that surrounds it dims into fallacy, though the over-all legend persists. A case not at all in point is Matt Dennis, for years a legendary West Coast player of piano and singer of ballads and also a most tangible writer of ballads. Some of these—about equally divided between songs for the romance-prone ("Everything Happens to Me") and the escape-prone ("Let's Get Away from It All")—have been for a long time part of the American language, but no effort to export him to this island was made until, a while back, Frank Sinatra attached his perceptive eye and tongue to the Dennis "Violets for Your Furs." Dennis forthwith paid a visit to these shores, to which he every so often returns, and the Dennis fantasy bloomed into fact.

Matt Dennis is not only a writer of songs for the people but a writer for the insiders—the tight little world, or non-world, of song publishers, song composers, and song singers. "Violets for Your Furs" reverts to the early Jerome Kern for its structure; it has, in the language of the tight little worldlings, two "bridges" amidships instead of the usual single, and a truly beguiling "change" toward the tail end. Dennis sings this, his other songs, and the pick of other composers' work seated at a small piano and flanked by a bassist and drums. A cheery, indeterminate man (he could be in his thirties, his forties, or his fifties), he never varies his business attire—a suit of neutral hue, a white shirt, a bow tie, eyes of Mediterranean blue, a piano that

vienna in the spring

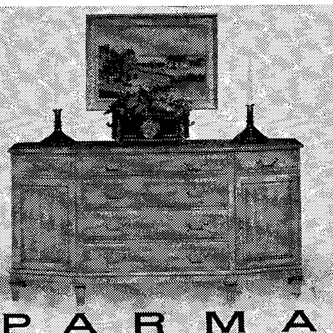
showcase of the performing arts

VIENNA FESTIVAL WEEKS
(May 30 - June 21)

This significant event alone is worth a transatlantic trip. World-famous conductors, orchestras, soloists, chamber groups, choirs, special performances of the State Opera and theater companies plus major Exhibitions—may all be enjoyed *in Vienna*—where hospitality, charm and gaiety are a *way of life*. Ample hotel accommodations.

See Your Travel Agent or Write:
Austrian State Tourist Dept.
277 Park Ave.
New York 17, N. Y.

CITY OF ***vienna***
...the most* EUROPEAN *city



P A R M A
Italian Provincial

At better furniture and department stores. Send 5-cent stamp to Department N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Stuff that dreams are made of . . .

CORADINA

no cruise ship nor plane, but 100′ of magnificent schooner can take you to the intimate anchorages of the Grenadines; to Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Bequia, Barbados, Grenada and other lovely islands . . . a modern yacht, air-conditioned . . . excellent food and service with crew of eight may help you realize your dreams in the West Indies or in the Mediterranean next summer. Available for charter now.

CHARLOTTE JOHNSON
Colony Club **Barbados, B.W.I.**
or your own broker

ARE YOU DESTINY'S TOT?

TONIGHT COULD BE THE NIGHT!

What if a sweet old lady (or man, if you'd rather) should stop you on the street and say, "Young person, I like your looks and have decided to disinherit those sniveling relatives of mine and leave the bulk of my jillion dollar fortune to you."

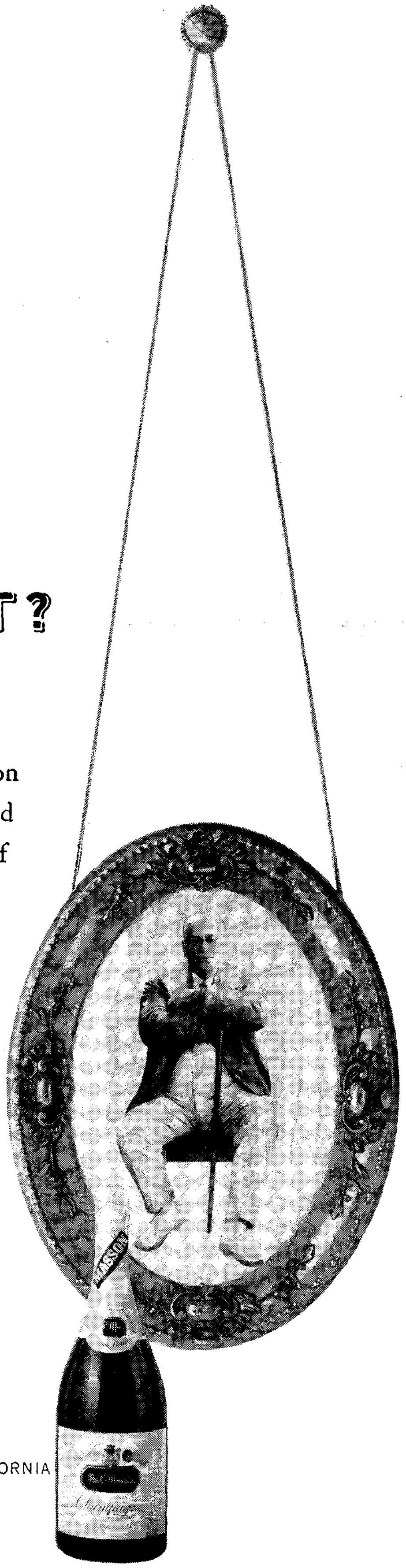
Too dazed by this largesse to get more than a sworn affidavit and a stack of earnest money, you stumble home to celebrate.

Ah, but are you equipped to celebrate? Is there a chill bottle of Paul Masson Champagne nestling in the ice box against just such a happy occasion?

Keep the Paul Masson Champagne on ice is what we say; you never know. Our excellent Champagne is made right where it has been made for the past 107 years, in Saratoga, California. And you won't think it's expensive, either, Mrs. Onassis.

Paul Masson CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA



Makes things happen today you'll want to remember tomorrow

Mémoire chérie
ELIZABETH
ARDEN
PARIS

Mémoire Chérie

Created, bottled and sealed in France

Elizabeth Arden

can be rumpus-room, barrel-house, or new-school, and a light, clean, flexible voice that can build fascinating free-form figures. Along with the expected schmalz and romance in his work, there is humor, and not only in his piano and his lyrics but in his distinctly non-Shakespearean asides and admonishments to his colleagues, those tight little worldlings who are always in attendance, sometimes to hear him and sometimes to hear themselves. It is, by the way, a characteristic of the establishments in which he appears that the hustling and bustling can become a major distraction, and the Second Avenue bar-and-lounge known as the Living Room, where he is hibernating at the moment, is no exception. But no matter; Matt Dennis is Matt Dennis.

ANOTHER legendary figure is Larry Adler, the musician whose unlikely weapon of choice is the harmonica. Not since 1953, in a recital at Town Hall, has he been audible in this region, and he has spent the ensuing interval, abroad, in perfecting what was already a masterly skill. He has also acquired a stage presence that includes the bearing of a Toscanini, though he talks to his audience (largely a young one that has come solely to listen) with the bearing of a Bernstein, and his instrument, which retains its pristine clarity (almost austerity), has acquired a counterbalancing warmth and insistence that amount to an emotional experience. In its excursions through choice cuts of Gershwin, Porter, and Rodgers, it takes on the coloration of certain basically jazz instruments—not simply as a gallery stunt but because that coloration comes close to giving an orchestral quality to what is essentially a solo performance. Extra coloration is supplied by the frequent participation (on an instrument that has the tone of a grandfather piano) of Ellis Larkins, whose keyboard work has been the leading light, not to say the saving grace, of many an incipient girl ballad singer. Chopin, perhaps, will crop up in the joint recital, but the mood, the spirit, and, generally, the tempo are jazz in a tense, vivid form. The Village Gate, where this goes on, is a hulking but lofty catacomb not far south of Washington Square, and modelled, as far as the eye can tell, after a beer hall from "The Student Prince."

TWO more absentees, who have been away from night life since their playground, the irreplaceable Versailles, went down, with no flags flying, after a long and robust career, have

MUSICAL EUROPE

Directed by Prof. D. A. Harris, of the Oberlin Conservatory and former president of the National Opera Association. Program includes BAYREUTH Festival performance of the "Flying Dutchman" with new staging; SALZBURG Festival performance of the "Magic Flute"; and many other operas, operettas and symphonic concerts at world-famous centers.

Sailing New York, July 3
First Class Steamer $1,394.00

EUROPE IN THE SPRING

Escorted by Mrs. Andrew Murray Williams. The itinerary includes Russia, Poland, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Germany, France, and an extensive cruise among the delightful Islands of the Aegean.

By PAA Jets, May 7 $2,695.00

Consult your Travel Agent or

THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
Cultural Travel Division
17 E. 49th St., New York 17 • MUrray Hill 2-0185

TEATIMER
from the Polynesian Isles
in
HIBISCUS PINK
LAGOON BLUE

Hand screened "little hut" design on fine washable cotton—Frog button closings from a mandarin neckline... deep side slits reveal versatile island-cut-white pants.

SIZES: 9-15, 10-18

$19.95 *ppd.*

send for catalogue

Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y34, N. Y. 19

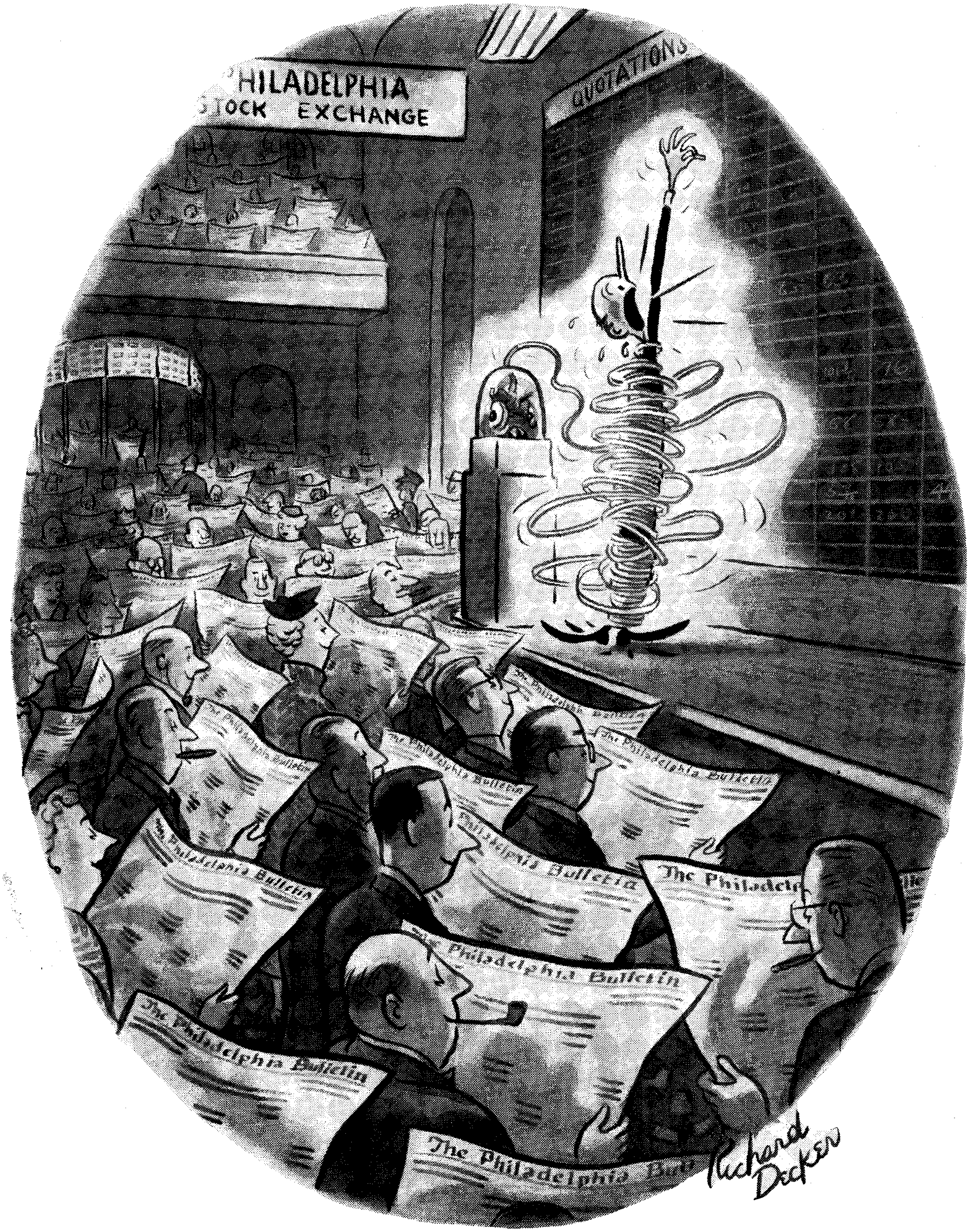
Children's Riding Clothes

Eager beginner or seasoned expert, junior riders find ***Miller's*** *the perfect answer and parents just love* ***Miller's modest prices.***

Boltaron Hunt Cap	12.95
Barnsby Park Saddle	52.50
Tweed Riding Coat	27.50
Elastique Jodhpurs	15.50
Jodhpur Boots	5.95

Send 50¢ for 128 page cat. 95NY

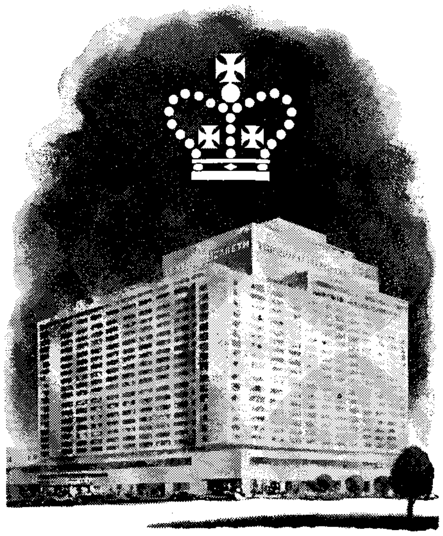
MILLER'S
If it's for Riding we have it
123 E. 24 STREET • N. Y. 10 • OR 7-0800


PHILADELPHIA STOCK EXCHANGE
QUOTATIONS
The Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)

Montreal's Newest, Finest Hotel



The Queen Elizabeth

A kingdom in itself! 1,216 beautifully decorated rooms, each with air conditioning, radio and TV. Family Plan. Free garage. Seven fine restaurants including the unique Beaver Club and glamorous Salle Bonaventure for dining, dancing and entertainment. Close to business, clubs and theatres. Indoor connections to the garage, Canadian National Railways Station and Montreal Air Terminal.

Single from $9 • Double from $13

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL LONGACRE 3-6900 IN N.Y.C.
or any Hilton Hotel

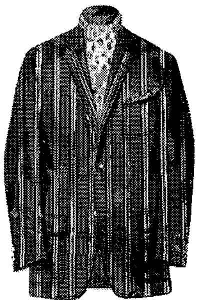
A CNR-HILTON OPERATED HOTEL

reappeared in other places of amusement. One is Edith Piaf, who has shown up in the Empire Room of the Waldorf, and not a moment too soon to save the honor of France and its capital city, which is not—as a gaggle of Gallic sopranos around the town are telling themselves—a Saturday-night extravaganza on television. The characters who inhabit Piaf lyrics are three-dimensional. They speak often of love but never of ooh-la-la or cancan, and they are a trifle monotone, in that they one and all know that love is fleeting and their minuscule lives are hard. And who should understand these *vin-ordinaire* people better than Piaf, in her *vin-ordinaire* housewife dress and shoes, pushing her haphazard hair out of her eyes as though she were facing a walkup kitchen stove instead of an audience? The body may seem older and more tired, the English (lack of practice, no doubt) more impenetrable, but the voice and lips and eyes and hands are as explanatory as ever.

The second alumna of the Versailles is Ellen Martin, invisible since, as middle C of a merry triad called the Love Notes, she gave five months of her young life to that emporium. Now a far more mobile dragonfly (she has become a dancer as well as a singer), she is the principal illumination of a minute revue that occupies the parlor floor of a small Village enterprise called the Showplace. Judged on her pink-dress performance in a sketch labelled "This Way Out," she is sweet girl graduate; judged on her performance as a little boy flying a kite, she is Peter Pan. Between these poles, there are interludes in which she variously serves as simpleton, scamp, tease, and prima ballerina. It is a wholly successful decathlon. Satirical revues often fall into the errors of the Broadway revues they essay to lampoon, and this one occasionally indulges in makeshift sentiment ("Come of Age") or deleterious topicality ("Lolita"). And the cast once or twice had me persuaded that it was not thrown casually together in a parlor but was playing the Hippodrome—a theatre I could have sworn was torn down twen-

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors — Chipp — Furnishers



CHIPP BLAZERS

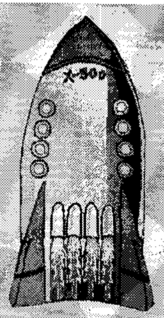
Chipp unequivocally recommends blazers for . . . cruise wear, sunny vacations or home use. We sincerely feel that we have developed the most complete line of patterns and materials anywhere.

1. Navy Blue Flannel Single Breasted Blazer, regular weight.	39.50
2. Navy Blue Flannel Double Breasted Blazer, regular weight.	45.00
3. Grey Flannel Piped Blazer, Medium Cambridge shade, regular weight.	45.00
4. Italian Striped Silk Blazer, two Chipp created colors, light weight. First time added to Ready Cut selections.	95.00
5. Tie Weight Challis Blazer. Comes in a selection of triple bar patterns. Also three solid shades, Navy, Maroon and Olive, and variations of subtle Madder shades. Proof that sheer weight can be tailored.	59.50
6. Lambswool Blazer. Lovat checks with correct amount of Navy Blue for balance, on Kittens Ear Lambswool finished with silver crest buttons, produces one of the season's smartest looking blazers. (light weight)	70.00

Sizes 37-46 Regulars and Longs
Send for our Brochure
No COD's — Mail Orders Accepted
Add 50¢ Postage

Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP



blast off!

Rocket rug for Junior Spacemen.
Hooked cotton, for TV sprawling,
bedside comfort, playroom decor.
Light blue, gray, and black with
red-orange booster flames.
43 by 21 in. ***6.95***
Postage 50c East of Miss., 75c West

Send for free gift catalog

Twining and Buck | Salisbury, Conn.

"Art is Forever"

ART SALE and COLLECTORS' EXHIBITION

Gala Opening
Saturday, Feb. 14, 1959
5:00 P.M. to Midnight.
Subsequent Showings:
through February 28

Old Masters—Expressionists
French Impressionists
Post Impressionists
Moderns—Sculpture
New Collector Section

Hotel Fontainebleau
Miami Beach, Florida

Benefit:
Eleanor Roosevelt Chair at Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

Presented by American Friends of The Hebrew University

Wolfschmidt has the secret of making real vodka!

WORLD'S FINEST VODKA
WOLFSCHMIDT'S
ORIGINAL
GENUINE VODKA
SINCE 1847
PRODUCT OF U. S. A • 80 PROOF
VODKA
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

THIS FAMOUS WOLFHOUND, BARON WOLFSCHMIDT, IS A SYMBOL OF THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA

Faithful canine, your silence is unavailing. The secret's all over town, in highballs, in cocktails, in every beverage worthy of mixing with vodka. Wolfschmidt's new exclusive refining process is making vodka clearer, cleaner, more delightful than ever! Ennobling the spirit, *never* inhibiting the flavor, Wolfschmidt always remains splendidly incognito. Guests *expect* Wolfschmidt, so, noblesse oblige . . . serve it today.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. MADE FROM GRAIN, 100 OR 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

From the author of the world's best selling travel book, "Travel Guide to Europe"... ***TEMPLE FIELDING SAYS:***

"For extra cities and extra service, SAS to Europe is especially recommended"

SAS EXTRA CITIES IN EUROPE at no extra fare!
Pack'n Go Bargain Tours to EUROPE via SAS
Quick Currency Guide and Language Tips for EUROPE
SAS
Travel Guide to Europe

Eternal, exciting Rome.

TEMPLE FIELDING'S GUIDEBOOK gives tourists more travel pleasure than they ever knew existed. And if you could talk with him personally about your plans, he'd say, "Flying is a grand way to go to Europe. Here's how to get the most of it. On *SAS*, for instance, you can sightsee in up to 17 extra cities without paying an extra nickel in fare! And *SAS* first class is lavish. In *SAS* economy class, you'll rave over the wide variety of tasty smørrebrød.*"

"Thrill to Europe's pageantry. Have a go at London, a fling in Paris. Visit wonderful Copenhagen. These cities—and more—are yours for the asking on your *SAS* round trip to Rome."

"Here's an advance tip: soon you'll be able to speed throughout Europe on the *SAS* Caravelle, world's quietest jet. It will introduce you to the extraordinary 40 minute travel hour!"

**Open-faced Scandinavian sandwiches, of course!*

FIRST OVER THE POLE
SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
638 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Fly SAS transatlantic from New York, transpolar from California. See your SAS agent, or write to SAS for free colorful travel folders.

ty years ago. The author principally responsible for the good and the bad in all this is a young man named Timothy Gray, and there is a lot of good in it—mostly in sketches in which a child star ages before your agonized eyes, "Swan Lake" meets the Actors' Studio, and period-piece operetta gets its comeuppance. On the whole, a passing grade.

WHAT to do about folk singers? And how to further the underground movement that seeks to halt all of them at the city gates except Richard Dyer-Bennet and Odetta Felious and Cynthia Gooding and the old Josh White and Will Holt, none of whom are now in town? Yet there are moments of blue sky, as when Johnnie LaSalle and his three acolytes, at work in the Left Bank—another bar-and-lounge, over near Madison Square Garden, that is prone to overdoses of hustle and bustle—desist from their perusal of more mundane sheet music and begin to sing, quite *a cappella*, the French-Canadian air called "A la Claire Fontaine." In its simplicity and its gentle sorrow, it is a colonial descendant of the French country songs that now seem to exist only on wax, and an ancestor of the songs Piaf sings. The LaSalle variations are more modern than those you'll hear sung by the young Montrealais on the Canadian Pacific's Sunday-morning ski train to the Laurentians, but no harm at all comes from that. —R. W.

●

HAWK ON THE ROADSIDE

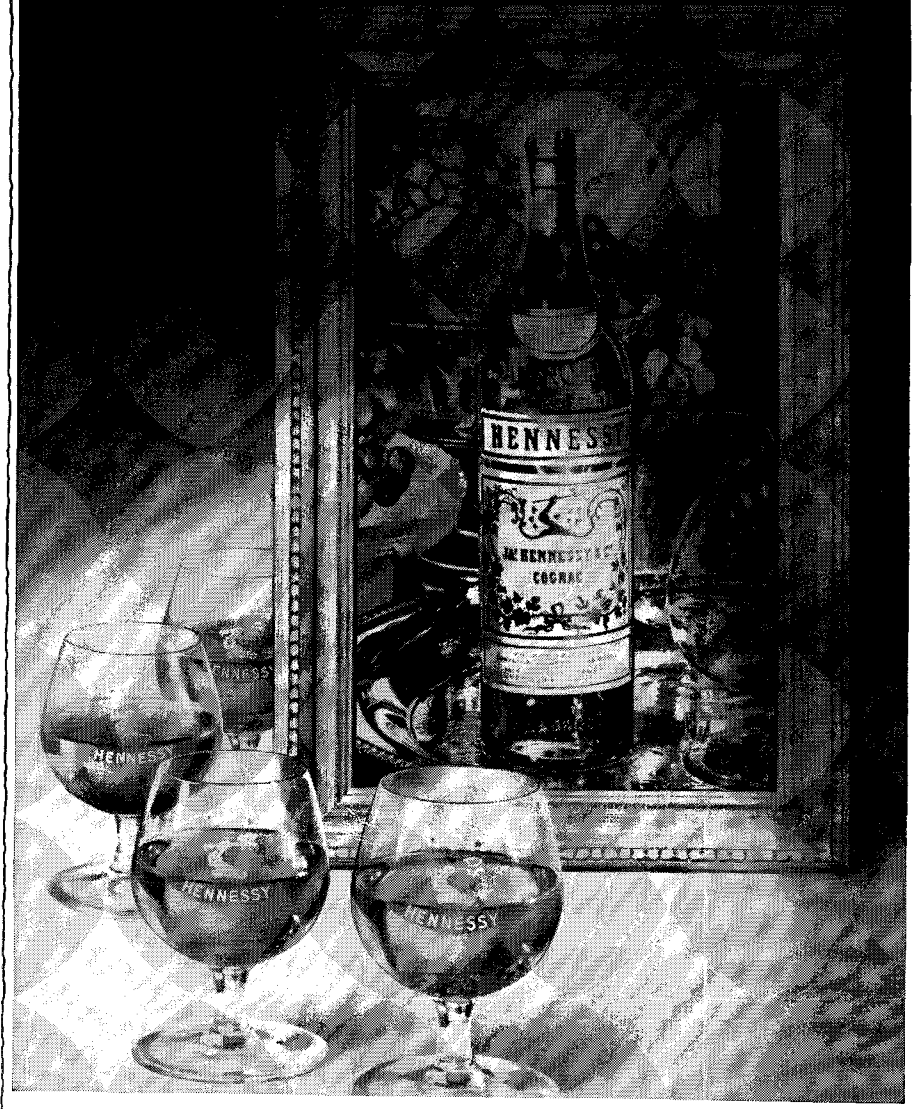
The yellow legs and beak,
Part bone, part lightning,
And the tufts of yellow
By the dark, deep eyes
Set off the buff breast
And the brown and black folded wings—
The blade was in its sheath.

A white bone protrudes
Where the bullet knocked
It through, pushing a thumb
Of flesh out of the feathers.
He who dropped in flight
Through sudden hoops of air,
Killing hunger, will breed worms.

Tires crunch over gravel,
Trailing a flag of dust,
And the farmer's sharpshooting boy
Whose rifle split the eye
That stared at life and death
Picks up that steep heart
Out of the beating sky.

—ANDREW OERKE

Send for these attractive brandy snifters direct from France



A wonderful way to enjoy
HENNESSY SUPREMACY

To sip Hennessy from these exquisite, crystal-clear snifters is to enjoy to the fullest the supreme taste of this magnificent Cognac Brandy. A set of 4 glasses, shipped to you from Cognac, France, is yours for only $1. The coupon is for your convenience.

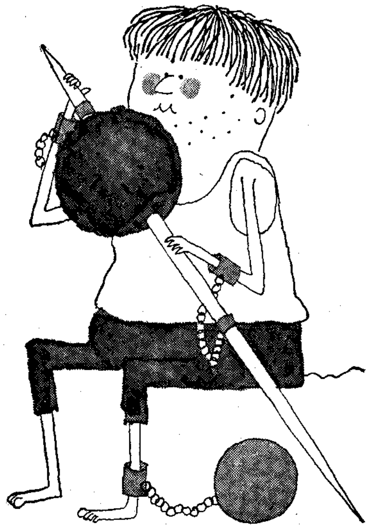
Hennessy Supremacy is maintained by the world's largest stocks of aged Cognac brandies.

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

Hennessy, Dept. 3-B
P.O. Box 15A, Mt. Vernon, New York
Here is my dollar for 4 Hennessy Brandy Snifters described in this offer. I will pay 15c U.S. Customs handling charges when my glasses arrive.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
Zone____State__________

NOTE: Sorry, this offer is limited to one set per person. Offer good in U.S.A. only.



Men are slaves to

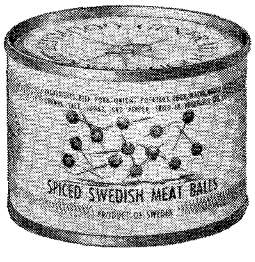
Spiced Swedish Meat Balls

WHEN IT comes to making hors d'oeuvres, only a true-blue know-nothing would boggle at awarding the Swedes First Prize.

We have imported many of their appetizing little masterpieces for your enjoyment.

Today, we deal happily with Spiced Swedish Meat Balls. Moist, tender morsels so consummately seasoned as to make each bite a promise and a fulfillment.

We know, alas, men who have become enslaved by these tidbits: men who forget their upbringing and bawl vulgarly for whole trayfuls of these appetizers. Enjoy them with restraint, we beg you.



P.S. *This is one of 60 rare foods, picked from the four corners of the world. If your department stores or fine food shops don't carry it yet, write us today for store nearest you.*

GENERAL FOODS

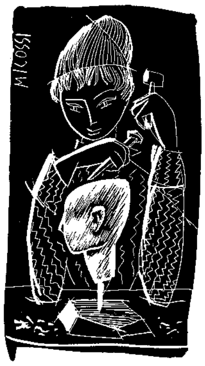
GENERAL FOODS GOURMET FOODS

GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

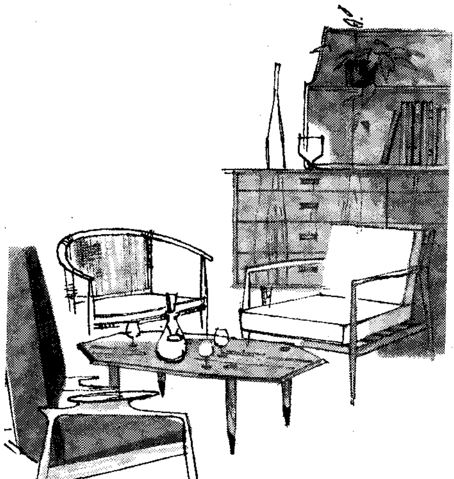
THE ART GALLERIES

In Black and White



THE devotees of drawing are a more than ordinarily dedicated group, and although I confess I'm not one of the real illuminati, I think I can understand their motivation. Drawing is in many ways a highly restricted medium: no color, little depth, and only the line and the white surface of the paper to be dealt with. But the narrower the circle the sharper the focus, and in art such limitations often serve to emphasize the value of the areas of technical development still available. In this sense, drawing is the chamber music of the plastic arts. There can be no scumbling, no overpainting, no broad massing or blurring of effects. The line, whether rapid or painstaking, must be as clear and exact as an air for the violin, and since no big, brassy coloristic passages are permitted, the textural qualities must be obtained by subtler and also more lucidly logical means.

All this is to introduce the huge new (some two hundred items) loan exhibition called "French Drawings from American Collections: Clouet to Matisse," now at the Metropolitan Museum, and it must be said that it's a handsome affair, both in its selection and in its arrangement. I think one reason for its success is that it is limited to the French School, for this brings it into a more compact and workable scale and gives it a continuity it might have lacked. Others, like the Germans in the days of Holbein and Dürer, and again in the late nineteenth century, or the Italians in the High Renaissance, have had their peak periods in the medium. But in most cases, interest seems to have waned at times, and it is only the French whose interest has remained unflagging—to the end that the current collection can carry us, chronologically, from such sixteenth-century figures as Antoine Caron (see his charming "Water Festival at Bayonne, June 24, 1565") and François Clouet (with a half-dozen portraits and other studies) right on down to Picasso, Matisse, and the rest of the moderns with scarcely a break from one generation to another or



new york's SHOWCASE of GOOD DESIGN

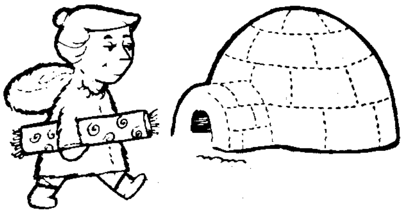
SALE

There's lots of money to be saved in our semi-annual sale! Teak and walnut Danish imports & even our honest-to-goodness custom made sofas and chairs are included! You'll find some very compelling prices indeed!

Maurice Villency

45 EAST 8th ST • LIVING • DINING • BEDROOM

MONDAY & THURSDAY til 9 · DAILY til 6:30 · GR 3-3218



RUGS FOR EVERY DECORATION NEED . . .

You, too, can express your good taste by choosing decorator rugs from Beshar's. See every kind, all sizes at Beshar's beautiful midtown galleries.

PL 8-1400

BESHAR'S

73 East 52nd

11 12 10 9 8 7 6

WE RESTORE CLOCKS!

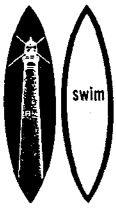
WATCHES—BAROMETERS

Repairs are done by Swiss trained specialists, particularly skilled in the repairs and restoration. Specializing in Antique Time-pieces.

All work guaranteed.

Greenhill & Rogers

670 Lexington Ave. (near 56th St.) New York 22, N.Y.
MU 8-5282
Clock and Watchmakers Since 1848



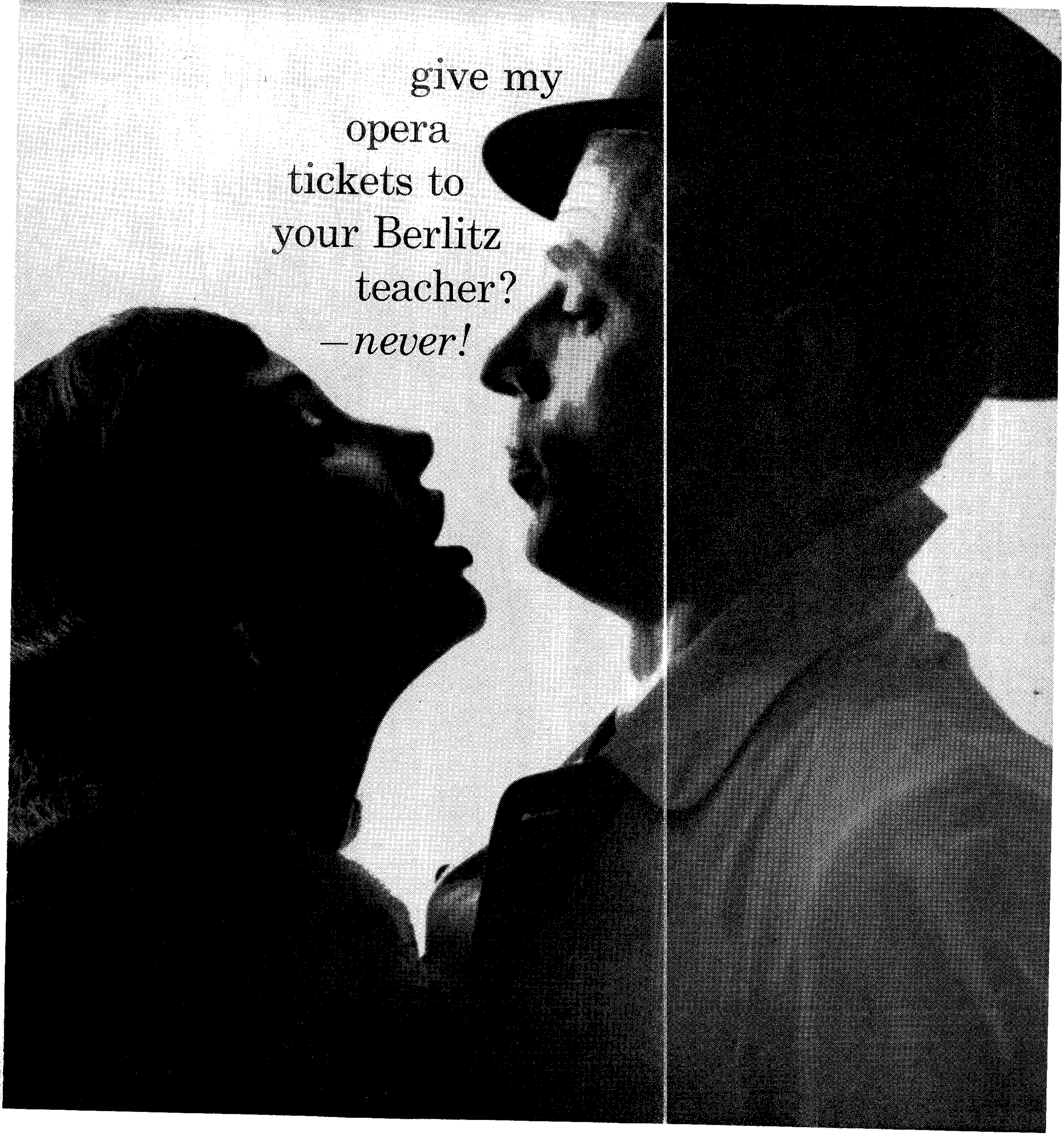
A waterfront community in an island haven — 2 hours from N. Y. C.

swim — sail — fish from your own yard

loveladies harbor

Send for Brochure A36

Loveladies Harbor • Harvey Cedars, N. J.


give my opera tickets to your Berlitz teacher? —*never!*

LOIS: Really, Stanton, you're being very selfish.

STAN: Well, what am *I* supposed to do while you and your teacher kaffeklatch it up at Sherry's Saturday—wait for your review?

LOIS: Oh, for goodness sake! I'm *only* taking Frau Schuler for some help with "Die Fledermaus".

STAN: A fine idea—except the Met's been performing it in *English* for years.

LOIS: Darling—why did we start going to Berlitz?

STAN: Because I needed to know another language for business reasons and—

LOIS: Ha! *Again* you reveal your selfishness!

STAN: —and because *you* wanted to get a lot more out of things like literature and opera by enjoying them in their native language!

LOIS: Exactly! And *that's* why I want Frau Schuler to come along with me.

STAN: Very well. But there's just one thing . . .

LOIS: What's that?

STAN: Saturday they're singing "The Barber of Seville" at the Met.

LOIS: Oh . . . in that case *you* can have the tickets.

STAN: Good. I'll take Senor Ponzini.

LOIS: Who's he—your Italian instructor?

STAN: No. My barber.

MORAL: *Whether it's finding a new distributor in Italy, a new interest in opera or a way to keep family secrets from the kids, a second (or even a third) language can be music to your ears. It's just a phone call away. Remember . . .*

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE . . .
PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES . . .
GO TO BERLITZ

BERLITZ FOR LANGUAGES • 40 WEST 51 STREET, CI 6-0110 • 179 BROADWAY, CO 7-1112 • ALSO: WHITE PLAINS • STAMFORD • GREAT NECK • EAST ORANGE

CALIFORNIA OR BY BUS?

When we were kids we used to make up crazy questions like: Which do you like better—California or by bus? We were surprised when we grew up to find grown-ups doing the same thing in all seriousness. Who do you think was the greatest—Babe Ruth, Toscanini or John Barrymore? Silly kind of question, no? These men were incomparable each in his own bailiwick. That's the one point on which they compared: incomparability. You may prefer baseball to Beethoven, or Beethoven to Hamlet, but that doesn't touch the talent of the artists concerned.

Jane Morgan

Carmen McRae

That's pretty much what you run into when you try to compare the talents of Jane Morgan, Carmen McRae and Barbara Carroll. They're all lovely ladies. But in the music they make, they have one thing in common: uncommon musical gifts. So it becomes a question of how you like your music. Do you like your songs sung in the pure, beautiful straightforward melodic style? That's Jane Morgan. Do you like them sung in the pure, beautiful straightforward hip style? That's Carmen McRae. Do you like your piano playing in a pure, sensitive, unfettered jazz style? That's Barbara Carroll.

Barbara Carroll

Three incomparably talented girls—each with her own wonderful appeal—all members of the society for self-expression.

Oh yes, there's one other thing they have in common. They are all recorded in the incomparable hi-fidelity sound of Kapp Records.

Latest releases: Jane Morgan, THE DAY THE RAINS CAME, KL-1105 . . . Carmen McRae, BOOK OF BALLADS, KL-1117 . . . Barbara Carroll, FLOWER DRUM SONG, KL-1113 . . . Available in Regular and Stereo Hi-Fi.

FREE: Send for our latest full color long playing record guide and catalog.
Kapp Records, 136 E. 57 St., N. Y. C.

KAPP RECORDS

a lapse in the quality of the work displayed.

By and large, the French, more than the others, seem to have considered drawing an end in itself, instead of simply an adjunct to painting, and this gives the work as a whole a solidity of feeling that a succession of sketches could hardly have done. Thus, the Clouets, though in ink, with some touches of wash coloration, are clearly intended as finished portraits, and the attention to detail is correspondingly precise. The same thing applies, to cite instances at random, to the landscapes by Claude Lorrain ("Wooded Landscape with a Bridge," and so on), Géricault's "The Coal Wagon," and the portraits by Ingres ("Charles Gounod," the truly radiant "Madame Charles Simard," and so on).

Drawings, too, have a further charm that is peculiarly their own. Whether they have the finish and finality of the ones I've just cited or—like others in the show—are obviously no more than studies for a painting or exercises in the anatomy of the human figure, there is always an odd sense of immediacy about them. Perhaps because the materials required are so simple and the execution is swift, there is no "smell of the studio;" the rapport between artist and spectator becomes closer, and when one looks at Corot's vivid little "View of Nepi," it's not hard to imagine the man pausing with his pencil and block of paper by the roadside—on a bright Italian day—to seize the scene instantly, while with the Clouet "Mary, Queen of Scots," careful as it is in its rendition, it is equally easy to picture him sitting down, almost as informally, to record that self-contained and yet doubting-eyed, doomed historic face.

But then all through the show there are pieces worth lingering over—too many and too scattered to be discussed in detail. There are weaknesses, especially in the weight of representation given to individual artists—too much Boucher and Fragonard and too little of the far greater Watteau; too little of Toulouse-Lautrec and of the Impressionists; one Courbet and no van Gogh whatever. But to make up for that there are really excellent individual sections: a half-dozen fine Daumiers, headed by "The Butcher" and "Grand Stairway in the Palais de Justice;" a small but handsome group by Redon, including the mysteriously moving "Woman at a Window;" and a larger and more varied group of Cézannes, headed by the impeccably organized "River at the Bridge at Trois Sautets."

FOR RESERVATIONS
at the new 370 room
Marriott
MOTOR HOTEL
U. S. 1 on Potomac River
convenient to everything
of interest in
WASHINGTON
THE NATION'S CAPITAL
call CIrcle 5-8668
NEW YORK RESERVATION OFFICE
ROOM 1705, 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
OUTDOOR ICE SKATING RINK

DRAKE ROOM
Fashionable meeting place
of New York's sophisticates
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Bernie Leighton, and his unusual piano divertissements at cocktails, dinner and supper
THE Drake
PARK AVENUE AT 56TH STREET • PL 5-0600
A ZECKENDORF HOTEL

AFTER . . . THE BALL begins!
From "two on the aisle" to dancing in style . . . for a perfect ending to a perfect evening . . . smart New Yorkers make DANCE CITY one of THE after-theatre spots of the town . . . where everyone is the star of the party. You'll love every hour of it!
CHUCK CABOT and His Orch.
ARGUESO & HIS LATIN RHYTHMS
CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS
EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY • MATINEES THUR. & SAT. • SUN. CONT. FROM 3:30
Roseland DANCE CITY
TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR
52nd ST., WEST OF BROADWAY

DECOR by RUSSELL PATTERSON
Sal Cucinotta . . .
teddy's
Italian French Cuisine
219 W. B'WAY—N.Y.C.—res. WO 6-2180

Among the more recent men, Matisse, with his wirily outlined "Nude in the Studio" and Picasso (a large selection) are the best-represented.

OTHER men dabbled in it earlier, but collage as a working method dates back only to the Dada era, around 1920, so it's perhaps the youngest art form extant. Dadaism, in my view (and I was a hanger-on myself years ago, in Paris), got its vitality from the fact that it was a tangle of impulses, many of them cheerfully conflicting, and collage was a perfect expression for two of the strongest—the desire of the artist to show his contempt for all established forms by turning them inside out and then trampling on them, and the more positive urge to find beauty in unexpected objects and places. As it happens, we now have two exhibitions in the medium—a revival, at the Janis, of works by Kurt Schwitters, who was one of the founders of the form, and, at the Kootz, new pieces by Conrad Marca-Relli, who has been adapting it to modern styles. Neither one, I'm afraid, is entirely successful. Schwitters' works seem more than usually "dated," and I think the reason is that one side of their inspiration, the iconoclastic, is dated, too. The war against traditionalism was won long ago, and the scraps of old bus tickets, envelopes, and so forth, so carefully assembled, look occasionally like the debris left on a battlefield. Marca-Relli's pieces, large and fluently Abstract Expressionist, have a certain crisp feeling of newness. His trouble is that at the very moment of using the method he seems to be denying it, for the strips and segments of canvas of which his pieces are composed are so obscured by the painted design superposed that one has to look twice to distinguish the collage, and it seems merely finickingness to resort to the method. What remains of value in the works of both is their poetic content, the impulse toward beauty, and fortunately this appears in fair measure—in Schwitters in

UNIQUE and BEGUILING!

La Ina DRY SHERRY

IMPORTADO DE JEREZ ESPAÑA

It's smart. It's delicious. It's the finest, most popular dry sherry in the world. Gently chilled, or on the rocks, its lingering delicate flavor lends a new brilliance to before-lunch or cocktail time. Enjoy incomparable La Ina . . . one of the great traditional pleasures of old Spain, the home of *true* Sherry wine (in Spanish—*vino de Jerez*).

Try a *La Ina Martini*... distinctively drier, smoother, stirred with La Ina instead of vermouth.

Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
La Ina
VERY PALE DRY BRILLIANT COCKTAIL SHERRY
Pedro Domecq

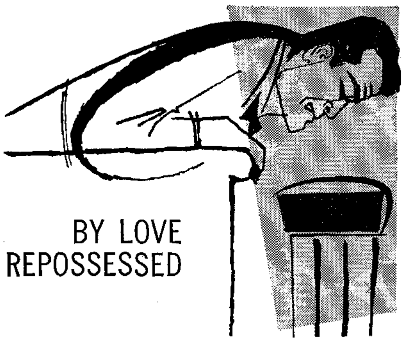
Since 1730, a world-wide tradition of excellence

Pedro Domecq

SUPERB SHERRIES

FINOS • AMONTILLADOS • OLOROSOS

SOLE U. S. IMPORTER: CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



Lawyer Victor Summers entered the tavern (moving forward, one step at a time) and sat down on a vacant—until his own occupancy rendered it non-vacant—stool. The bartender said, "What's yours, chum?"

What's yours, chum? The phrase made Victor Summers half remember the thing he had almost more than half forgotten (who can say why?) (me), and he stared up at the Schaefer beer sign above (and to the right of) the cash register reading, "What d'ya hear in the best of circles? 'Schaefer all around!'" Next to these words, a circle contained the word Schaefer, on a red panel, superimposed upon a spike of barley.

Smiling—but not with his lips entirely—he thought of his father, Victor Summers, Senior. How many times had he sat on this stool (or stood behind it), the amiable Schaefer cool in his throat? Would you say forty-seven times, or more than that? Victor Summers, Senior, could hit (often) the bull's-eye of a dart board. He could beat (sometimes) the pinball machine. He could open a bottle of Schaefer with (either) hand. And he knew (long ago) about Schaefer's smooth round taste—never sharp, never flat.

But all that was water over the dam, water which—during the floods—had gone over (and in, and around) Victor Summers, Senior's house, and carried it (and him, for that matter) away. And now, today (since dawn) Victor Summers had learned the flood waters were rising *again*.

Victor Summers stared, not unthoughtfully, at the purple-veined, screaming face of the bartender, who held him—by the lapels—all desirous of an answer. The bartender said: "For the last time, what's yours, chum?" Quietly, with dignity, Victor Summers' answer came. He said: "Schaefer all around."

THE F & M. SCHAEFER BREWING CO., NEW YORK and ALBANY, N.Y.

the whirling "Kleiner Tanz" and the almost Constructivist "Pariser Frühling," among others, and in Marca-Relli in "White Night" and the imposing "Black Rock." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

This is the word on G—— B——, actor, 5′7″, 140 pound, Brown-Haired, Grey-Eyed Chicagoan. Gentleman, Scholar, barker, chauffeur, bartender, handy-man, gardener, soda jerk, sales clerk, hotel manager, real estate agent, dish washer, short order cook, waiter, auditor and teacher. Also 24 years old, believe it or not. Proficient at French, Hebrew, English and most dialects.

He went to school at various places, continued his education at the University of Michigan, where he spent two rather fruitful years studying psychology and working with the Choral Union (pleasant bathtub baritone) where he had the pleasure of singing with the Philadelphia Orchestra for a series of concerts.

Parson School of Design claimed him for a year, and he studied Design under John Heliker and Stan Greene.

The American Conservatory of Music was familiar with him as a student of Piano and music theory for another year.

At the same time there were a number of sessions at the Art Institute of Chicago studying sculpture.

Stella Adler permitted him to enroll in her course, and he *finished* the two year course.

Concurrently he got interested in radio and gave the Cambridge School of Radio and TV a year of his time studying under Burt Sherwood and Jerry White.

WBRY, a CBS affiliate in Waterbury, Conn., was graced with his golden voice during a dramatic series.

WEQN had his services as announcer, disc jockey, newscaster and analyst, and sportscaster. Incidently, he was also his own engineer plus a little station promotion etcetera.

A Kine is available of the CBS-TV show, "Let's Take a Trip" during which he taught Joni and Jimmy how to fence.

Fencing is really one of his main fortes. He is an instructor at the Masque School of Fencing—and teaches privately at Salle Santeli. At the American Shakespeare Festival he was Fencing Master and Technical Director.

Other sports activities include riding (he's an able equistrian, expert at Dressage), golf (was fairly well-known amateur contender in and around Chicago).

He has studied Mime with Angna Enters; Dance with Helene Viola; Voice with Henry Jacobi; Make-Up with Feyodor Chaliapin; Shakespeare with Mario Siletti; and Stage Reading with Karshan.

Theatrical experience started when he was ten with the 11th Street Players. The Northwestern Memorial Players, The Players (Senn), Cheshire Community Theatre, East Eden Summer Theatre, and "The Betrayal" at the Jan Hus about Wind it up.

He's ready for just about anything. —*Communiqué received by a casting agent.*

And, by golly, that's just what there isn't much *of*.

in NEW YORK CITY

in every respect

Select . . . in its choice
Park Avenue location, its
service, accommodations *and* clientele.
Transient rooms—also permanent suites
available with serving pantries.
Shouldn't *you* prefer to stop here?

HOTEL
Delmonico
Home of the Imperial Room
Park Avenue at 59th Street
ELdorado 5-2500 • Merrill Runk, Res. Mgr.

THEATRE DINNER
$4.75 from 6:30 to 8 except Sunday
No entertainment tax
Dinner Music to 8:30
DANCING after 9
Tommy Purcell and
his Orchestra

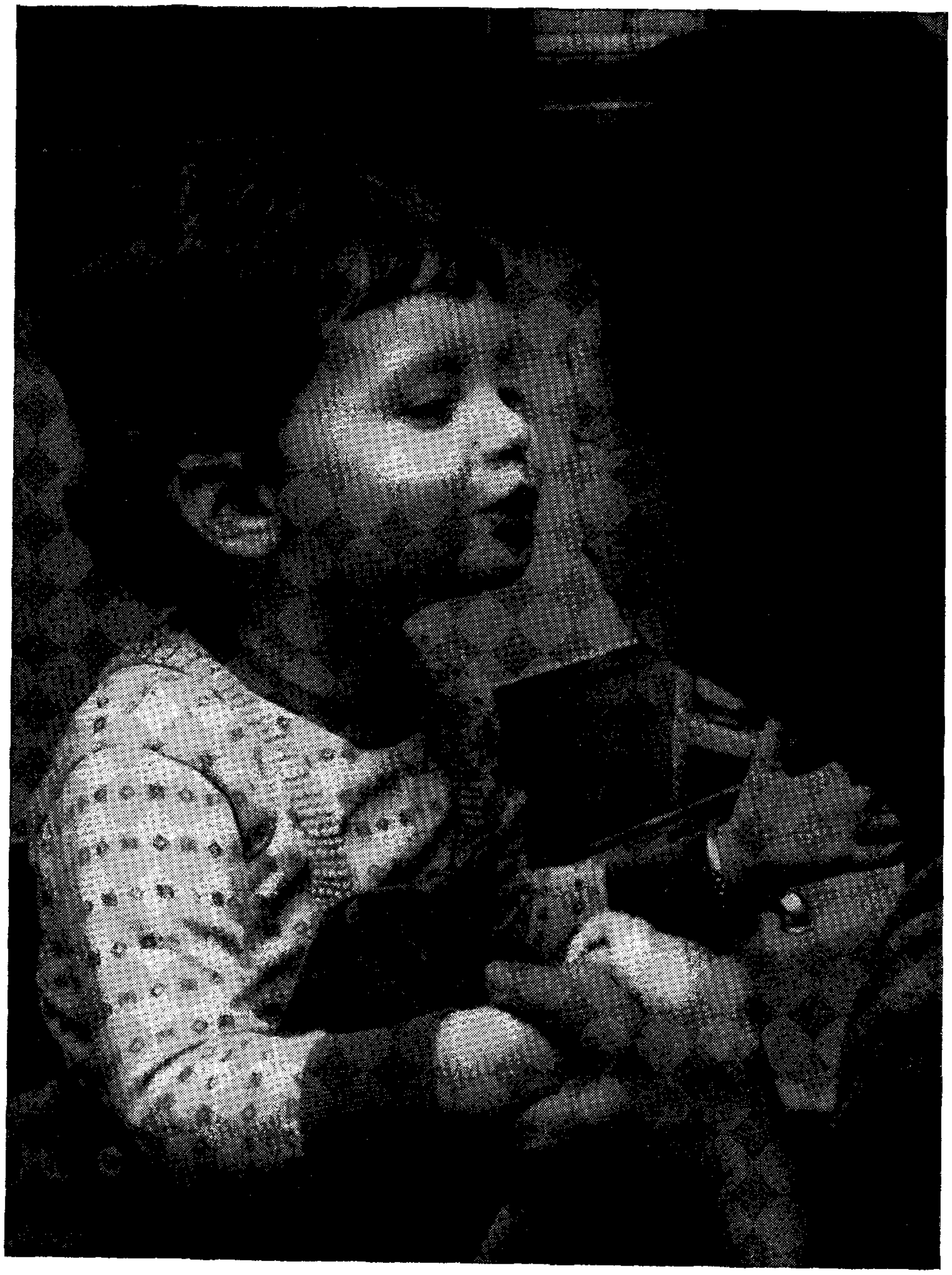
Café Lounge
AND BAR
THE **SAVOY HILTON**
Home of Trader Vic's
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58th STREET
ELdorado 5-2600

Fox Hill . . . an Inn

Superb French Cuisine . . . Entertainment
Exit 40 from Merritt P'kway, 15 Miles North on Rt. 7
RIDGEFIELD, CONN. IDlewood 8-2628

OPEN SUNDAYS
RESTAURANT
Laurent
We Park
Your Car
at Dinner
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2730

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



Nothing's so precious to a child as her mother's love. It surrounds her and helps her find her way in a big strange world.

And though she doesn't know it yet, peace is precious, too. It makes the lives of both mother and daughter more secure.

But like most precious things, peace is not free. Peace costs money. Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals to help keep our economy strong.

Your Bonds make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power.

The chart below shows how the Bonds you buy will earn money for you. But the most important thing they earn is peace. They help us keep the things worth keeping.

Think it over. Are you buying enough?

HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL WITH SERIES E SAVINGS BONDS

(in just 8 years, 11 months)

If you want about	$2,500	$5,000	$10,000
each week save	$4.75	$9.50	$18.75

500
200
100
50
SERIES E

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 4

FOR the fourth or fifth time within a week, the Secretary of Defense has insisted that our missile program is coming along fine, that we are spending on it all the money we need to spend, and that the Russians are not to be believed when they claim to be able to strike any point on earth with their long-range missiles. There is a powerful, almost enveloping tendency here, though, to reject Mr. McElroy's word and to assume that his opposite number, Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky, the Soviet Defense Minister, was speaking the essential truth when he addressed us from Moscow yesterday and said, "Your arms are too short, gentlemen." Of course, the information available to both men is of such a nature as to allow wide differences of interpretation and a broad exercise of sophistry. Mr. McElroy hasn't seen or counted Marshal Malinovsky's missiles, and Marshal Malinovsky hasn't seen or counted Mr. McElroy's. Even the most pessimistic of informed American observers are inclined to believe that the Russians have not yet achieved the striking power they boast of, and it could well be that, as of this moment, the literal truth would confirm the skepticism that Mr. McElroy showed when he said he doubted whether the Russians have intercontinental ballistic missiles ready for combat today. A figure that is accepted by a large number of people is that the Russians are producing about fifteen ICBMs a month; at that rate, impressive as it is, it would take a good many months', if not a good many years', production to give them any assurance of being able to destroy us with missiles alone. But to just about everyone but Mr. McElroy, this is a fact of only secondary importance; nobody, after all, is predicting the firing of missiles tomorrow afternoon. The important truth that *is* known and conceded, even by Mr. McElroy, is that not a single American ICBM is today ready for military use. Mr. McElroy says that the first few Atlases, an Atlas being an Air Force weapon of superior performance, will be emplaced on a site in California by July 1st. But this, too, is disputed by people in the Pentagon and in industry whose acquaintance with such matters is as great as Mr. McElroy's acquaintance with soap; they say they will be surprised to see the first Atlas squadron before the end of next year. As far as it is possible to learn, the United States does not have, right now, today, a ballistic missile that is, in the local patois, "operational" and that could reach Greenwich, Connecticut, from Washington, D.C. (The Redstone, an Army missile, can arch its way over two hundred surface miles with a quite satisfactory degree of accuracy.)

The administration's logic, as it is found in Mr. McElroy's testimony before Congressional committees and in his statements to the press, is that since we don't have *any* missiles ready for use and since the Russians don't have *enough* missiles to destroy every one of our military installations here and abroad, a rough parity exists. It could also be argued that there is no "missile gap" between the United States and Liechtenstein. The administration clings lovingly to the present tense. But its critics—and on this matter it is hard to find anyone who isn't a critic—seem able to destroy its case by accepting the least terrifying of its figures and projecting them no more than twenty-two months ahead. It is known for a certainty that the Russians have a wide variety of missiles of less than intercontinental range. These have been in production at a rate doubtless greater than fifteen a month for a year, at the very least. The stockpile is assumed by some to be in the thousands and by the most cautious intelligence analysts to be in the hundreds. If their ICBM production has been at the rate of fifteen a month for five or six months, and if they maintain this rate throughout this year and next (the chances are, certainly, that the rate will be stepped up), the Russians will have a number of intercontinental missiles—somewhere between four and five hundred—that simply will not be subject to the kind of cheerful comparisons offered today by the President and Mr. McElroy. Such a quantity of ICBMs, plus a somewhat greater quantity of shorter-range missiles, would, unless our experts are talking through their hats, put Mr. Khrushchev in a position to employ the "finite" strategy that we say we ourselves hope someday to be in a position to employ; that is, to proceed from the assumption that the destructive capacity already achieved is adequate to any earthly require-

"First, let's pin this down. Is what's eatin' you why we're here in general or why we're here in particular?"

Conrad N. Hilton explains why the world's finest establishments will honor

CARTE BLANCHE

THE HILTON ALL-PURPOSE CREDIT CARD—
YOUR FINEST CREDIT CREDENTIAL

YOUR FINEST CREDIT CREDENTIAL

Carte Blanche

HONORED HERE

Every day sees many fine establishments added to the list of restaurants, shops, hotels and other services that soon will be honoring Hilton CARTE BLANCHE*. As a businessman, you may be interested in knowing why this new concept in travel credit has caught on so quickly, appeals so much to leading establishments.

- They like the type of men who will carry the CARTE BLANCHE all-purpose credit card. They know that CARTE BLANCHE is reserved for men of responsibility who travel extensively out-of-town.
- They know that the sign "CARTE BLANCHE Honored Here" is a symbol of quality. It means that they are the leading establishments in their field.
- They like the modern way CARTE BLANCHE does business. It is, for example, the first all-purpose credit card with an imprinter system, designed to eliminate costly bookkeeping for associate establishments. They receive immediate payment for CARTE BLANCHE charges.
- And because of savings made possible by efficient electronic billing equipment, they pay a reasonable discount rate.

Because of these features, we believe you will find CARTE BLANCHE the most *welcomed* all-purpose credit card you can present. It will be honored—and will honor you—everywhere you go.

* *Trademark*

You are invited to apply for CARTE BLANCHE today. (Present Hilton Credit Card holders need not apply.)

HILTON HOTELS CORP., Dept. N-5, 9970 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Gentlemen: I do not have a Hilton Credit Card and wish to apply for CARTE BLANCHE†.

Name________________

Address________________

City________ State________

Firm Name________________

Business Address________________

City________ State________

Position________ Yrs. with Firm________

Bank (Branch)________________

Bank Address________________

City________ State________

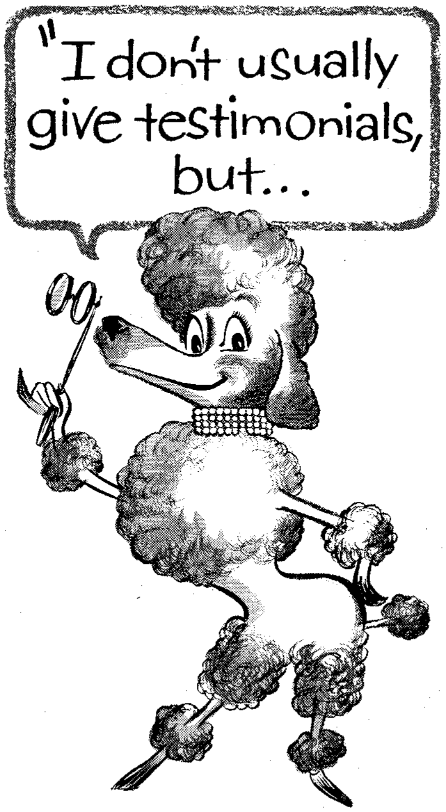
Charge Accounts________________

____

____

Signature________________

You do not have to pay for CARTE BLANCHE until you decide to use it outside of Hilton Hotels. Then the annual charge is $6.


"I don't usually give testimonials, but...

Vionate is definitely a dog's best friend"

Pictured above is "Mrs. Cornelia Vandergilt Bedlington-Smythe," graciously making one of her rare statements to the press. Says Mrs. Bedlington-Smythe, affectionately known as "Rover" to her intimates: "Vionate is definitely *de rigueur* with dinner. It contains 11 vitamins and 9 minerals in a special formula developed especially for dogs. I recommend it even for the lower classes."

Whether you own a ribbon-winner or "just plain dog," remember that no food—not even the finest—should be expected to provide *all* the vitamins and minerals dogs need for well-balanced nutrition. For that, you need Vionate.

EASY, ECONOMICAL. Just add a small quantity of Vionate to food once daily for DOGS OF ALL AGES to promote vigor, healthy skin, silky coat... for CITY DOGS to help keep digestive system and other body functions "in tone"... for WORKING DOGS to help them withstand cold, wet weather... for YOUNG DOGS to help build strong, straight bones... for "EXPECTANT" DOGS to help them produce well-formed litters and a plentiful supply of bone-building calcium, phosphorus and vitamin D in the milk.

VIONATE® is available from your pet shop or pharmacy in 8-oz. and 2-lb. cans. Also available in 10-lb. drums for professional breeders and kennel owners. *Vionate is* recommended for dogs, cats, birds, horses and other valuable livestock.

ONLY 79¢ for 8 oz. size

VIONATE is a registered Squibb trademark.

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION SQUIBB

©OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 1959

SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

ments for destruction. Mr. McElroy has assured troubled congressmen that well before this point is reached by the Russians, we shall have a squadron of Atlases emplaced on the West Coast. One squadron—ten Atlases. Even if the first squadron is soon joined by another, the relative position of the Russians will be the same. The gap will be for some certain period a chasm of almost immeasurable size.

Attempts to measure it tend, if anything, to make it seem less awesome than in fact it is. Senator Symington, of Missouri, has said that "through 1961 our planning envisages the Russians having over four times as many operational ICBMs as the United States." (Senator Symington has been aided in most of his calculations by an old associate in the Air Force, Mr. Tom Lanphier, now of Convair, which is making the Atlas. Mr. Lanphier surely knows what his plant is doing, and he thinks the four-to-one ratio is the most sanguine possible.) But four to one, five to one, even ten to one—no ratio reflects what Senator Symington says is the simple fact that we will at some point be without effective retaliatory power. At that point, there isn't much practical difference between ten to one and a million to nothing.

It has frequently been recalled in recent weeks that, historically, the most discouraging readings of the Russians' claims for their technology and military strength have been confirmed by the facts when the facts have become known. Some highly discouraging readings have been made in recent weeks, and the effect of them has been to make the moment of most extreme danger seem closer to the present than it does in a reading that merely extrapolates from the facts that are almost universally conceded. There are people with access to all the intelligence gathered by our several agencies who believe that the Russians right now have not dozens or hundreds but thousands of missiles ready for business. There are some students of test performances who regard Mr. McElroy's statement that it was not "our intent or policy to match [the Russians] missile for missile" as a macabre joke; they maintain that if by some miracle we did have the precise number they have, they would still be twice as powerful, because their missiles are twice as effective as those we are currently planning to build. A distinguished military critic, Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips, writing in the *Reporter*, says that Russian missiles have anywhere from three to five times the power of ours and that ours are twenty-five per cent behind theirs in

DINNER

in the exciting

Embassy Club

Including a
Theatre Dinner at $4.50
served until 8:15 P.M.
Dancing from 9 P.M.
After Theatre Supper

CHAUNCEY GRAY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
QUINTERO
AND HIS RHUMBA BAND
JANI SARKOZI
AND HIS VIOLIN

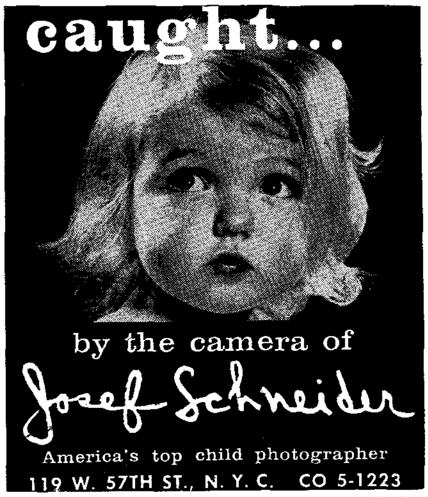
Closed Sundays

Reservations: Henri PL 5-1000

Sheraton-East

FORMERLY THE AMBASSADOR
PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK, GENERAL MANAGER

caught...



by the camera of

Josef Schneider

America's top child photographer
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C. CO 5-1223

What is so rare as Roast Beef as well done as at Concord's historic

COLONIAL Inn

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Your Host — Loring Grimes

NEW TYPEWRITERS FOR OLD!

Trade in, get a new Olivetti "Lettera 22" — the **portable** portable. Light, yet it has everything! (See Olivetti ad, page 65). Phone for home demonstration

ABACO 485 Madison Ave. at 52d St. (CBS Building) PL 5-8161 Open Saturdays

Influence is a tired word—

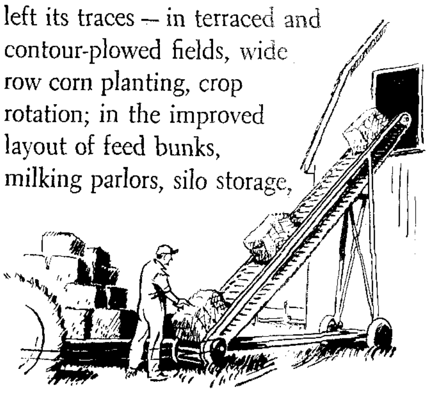
Every publication claims influence, and has some — even the tattered time-killer in your dentist's office, and the comics book that sells the small fry on the space age or switchblades. But probably no other publication has so favorably affected the lives and fortunes of so many people for so long as Successful Farming.

Back in the first decade of the century, Successful Farming's founder, E. T. Meredith helped foster the 4-H Clubs — as a means of inoculating farmers with new ideas and methods through their children.

SF offered to loan any youngster money for any approved 4-H project. These loans built up to a total of $250,000, loaned to individual boys and girls. In addition SF provided direct support of more than $100,000 to 4-H club work. Hundreds of thousands of farm children owed their first taste of success to the help received from Successful Farming.

Today Successful Farming is used as the textbook in high schools by 376,000 Vo Ag students each month, and is indoctrinating another generation of farmers.

On a million Midwest farms, SF has left its traces — in terraced and contour-plowed fields, wide row corn planting, crop rotation; in the improved layout of feed bunks, milking parlors, silo storage, materials handling. It has done much to gain the extra hog per litter, the extra yield per acre through pest control, larger production of beef, hogs, milk and eggs in shorter time, at lower costs, larger profits. It makes money for its readers — and what better form of influence is there?

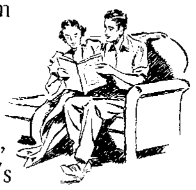


It has also revolutionized hundreds of thousands of farm homes with new kitchen centers, utility rooms, better planned living quarters — that save work and money, help the farm wife to better care for her family, and afford her leisure.

Successful Farming has become an integral part of the lives and businesses of the country's best farmers, as much a part of their thinking and convictions as church, school, representative government. And its real influence gets extra reception and response for every advertisement that appears on its pages.

SF farmers have averaged an estimated annual cash income of around $10,000 for the past decade. And in 1958, during the industrial recession, their incomes advanced sharply. Farm families are spending more than they have in years.

If you want business, Successful Farming's audience has a lot to give. And no medium can match the productivity of Successful Farming in its own field. Get the details from any SF office.



Meredith of Des Moines . . . America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans.

19% more optimism —

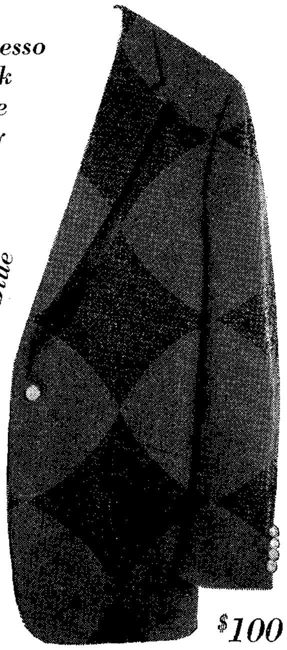
Successful Farming for January 1959
carried 19% more advertising
than the same issue a year ago —
reflecting increased farm income.
SF families farm cash income,
over $10,000 in recent years,
was higher in 1958.
You have a choice class market
in this one magazine —
with unmatched influence in its field.
For better business this year,
better balance in national advertising,
sell SF's 1,300,000 farm families.
Details from any SF office.

Successful Farming . . . Des Moines, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, St. Louis,
Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Minneapolis.

(Advertisement)

accuracy. When these factors are reckoned in, he says, it would take thirty-three of our most powerful missiles to give us ninety-per-cent assurance of destroying a fortified missile site in the Soviet Union, while fifteen of theirs would give them ninety-per-cent assurance of destroying a fortified site on this continent; one of their missiles is worth more than two of ours, and a true matching would require us to have twice the number they have. To be sure, there are estimable men, on and off the government payroll, who dispute this and think that our products are, if anything, somewhat superior. But since we aren't producing our products, the whole matter is academic.

THE strategic and diplomatic consequences of the missile gap, and of the possibility of missile warfare even when no gap exists, are absorbing the thoughts of a good many people here; these consequences appear staggering in their dimensions and revolutionary in their nature. One common assumption after another is going by the board. At some stage, it seems plain, the whole notion of mutual deterrence—on which both we and the Russians have placed great reliance—will be of highly questionable validity. To be sure, it is not quite ready for the discard yet. In a general war fought today, manned bombers would still be used by both sides—presupposing, as all but a fairly small number of our strategists do, that the Russians have yet to achieve the capacity for push-button extermination. The ability of a handful of manned bombers to get close enough to their targets for retaliatory purposes would seem sufficient to deter any government of sane men—sane enough, that is, to wish to go on living and governing—from taking the initiative. The Strategic Air Command may compare to the Russian forces that could be marshalled for attack as a sheriff's posse compares to a Panzer division, yet even with as little as between four and six per cent of S.A.C.'s planes on airborne alert (it used to be said that between twenty and thirty per cent were always airborne, well fuelled, and carrying bombs, but these figures have lately been challenged without any response from Mr. McElroy's office) we have a capacity for visiting intolerable destruction on the Soviet Union. But the moment the Russians are ready with a truly versatile collection of ballistic and guided missiles, they could—in theory, at least—destroy the better part of our civilization without incurring any danger to themselves except that which



OUR JACKET
of knitted wool jersey
(In Sizes or To Order)
Elegance and Excellence for Men
Espresso
Black
Olive
Navy
Red
and new Yale Blue
$100
DESIGNED AND MADE BY
Alexander Shields
484 PARK • NEW YORK
220 Worth • PALM BEACH

CARIBBEAN?
HAWAII?
EUROPE?
AROUND THE WORLD?
RUSSIA?

Wherever your personal travel compass points, you'll get all necessary details when you "Ask Mr. Foster." Complete information on transportation, the world's resorts and hotels, passports, what to wear—everything. ALSO: Choose either personally escorted or independent tours, then leave the problem to us.

Ask Mr. Foster
TRAVEL SERVICE
6 WEST 51st ST., NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

Send FREE folders on............to:
Name ....
Address..........................
City.............Zone..State......

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES IN THE U.S. AND CANADA OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

EMPIRE ROOM
PRESENTS THE
"QUEEN OF HEARTS"
EDITH PIAF
EMIL COLEMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA
BELA BABAI "King of the Gypsies" orchestra
SHOWS 9:30 AND 12:15. CLOSED SUNDAYS.
WALDORF·ASTORIA
Park Ave. • 49th to 50th Streets • ELdorado 5-3000

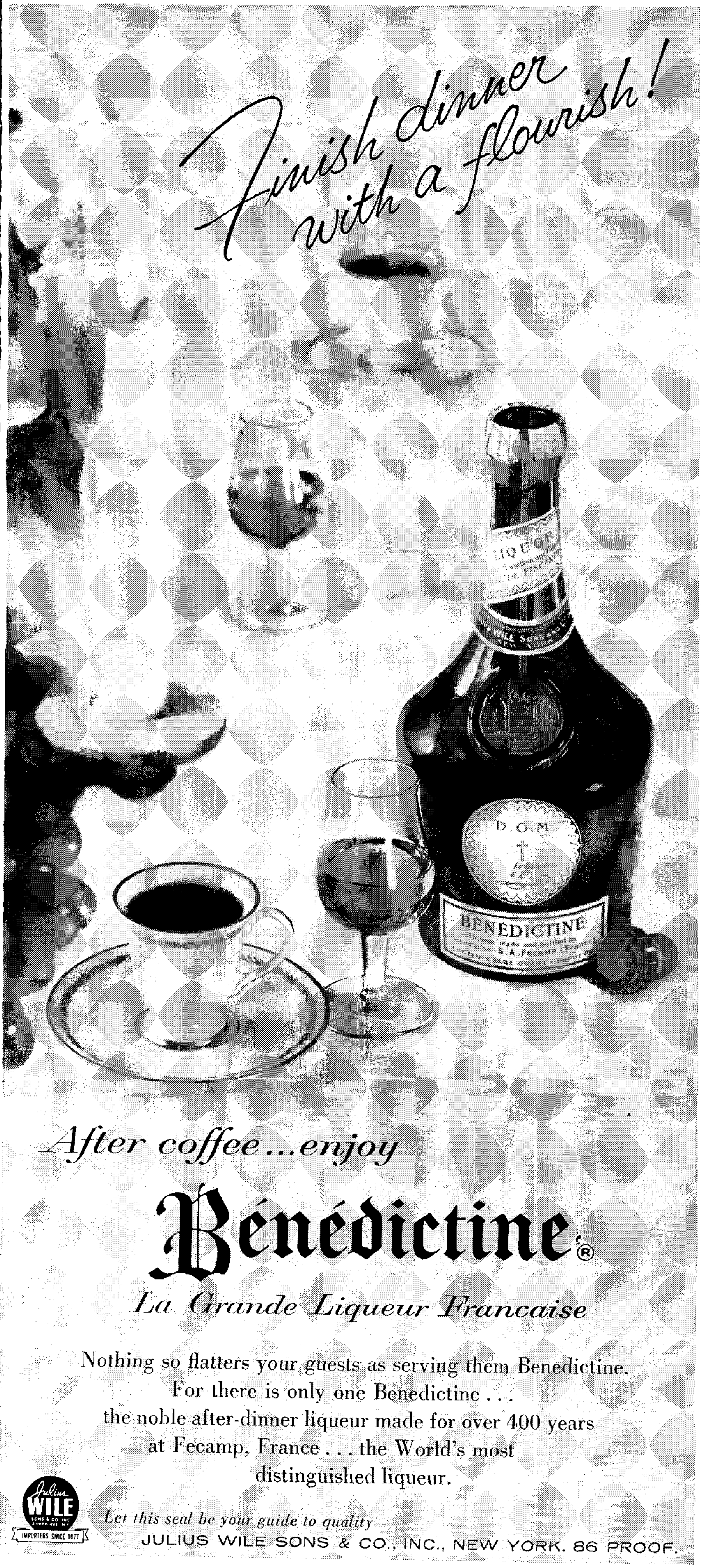
WINTER
AT THE
STANHOPE
HOTEL
5th Avenue at 81st St., N.Y.C.
Snug, Sophisticated Town House Living • Charming 2 & 3 Room Suites • Serving Pantries • Gourmet Table • Entertainment in the Stanhope Gate.
LEASE & MONTHLY RATES
BUtterfield 8-5800
Sharp Ltd. Hotels
EVELYN SHARP, President

ONE HOUR of exercise (even a half hour!), two or three times a week can work wonders for your physical condition and mental outlook. And it's a pleasure at the Health Roof Club. Game courts, gym, golf practice, steam, massage, snack bar. 480 Lexington, YUkon 6-4747.

A TRULY REMARKABLE RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS · DINNER
Rattazzi
OPEN NOON TO MIDNIGHT
Private rooms available for cocktails or dinner.
9 EAST 48 STREET, N.Y.C.—PL 3-5852

might descend upon them when the winds returned to their skies some of the fallout from the warheads rained on us. To achieve a victory so nearly total, they would need a sufficient number of missiles to destroy the missile sites in this country, our S.A.C. bases in other countries, and the few S.A.C. bombers that might come lumbering into Russian air space on instructions from communications centers communicating their last instructions. The S.A.C. planes might be destroyed by guided air-defense rockets with a hundred-mile range—rockets the Russians claim they will shortly have. Thus, with a well-coördinated war plan, an aggressor could eliminate an adversary without suffering the loss of a single life among his own nationals. Never before in the history of warfare has this been so.

The day is coming, then, when we shall no longer be able to place any degree of trust in the "melancholy paradox," as Churchill put it, of peace being maintained through mutual fear of destruction. As long as piloted aircraft are still useful, terror will be roughly in balance and war will continue to seem inviting only to men with an unconquerable impulse for suicide. But when the Russians are really ready for combat with missiles, then aggression, meaning war, may very well appear a sane idea—even, one can imagine, a prudent idea. The doctrine of "preventive war" may once more make sense—for them, anyway. And this is by no means the worst of it. The balance of terror will still not be restored when—assuming that it ever happens—the missile gap is closed. For the speed of ballistic missiles gives the aggressor an almost absolute advantage over any enemy. The enemy may have the *means* of retaliation, but he has practically no *time* in which to decide to retaliate. He may have superb devices for detecting, at the earliest possible moment, that destruction is soaring toward him. His decision, once he has made it, may be communicated at the speed of light, which is still faster than that of any man-made object. But something has to happen between the moment of detection and the moment of response—and that something is quite a lot, and it has to happen in human minds. The procedure by which a decision to retaliate would be made is perhaps the most closely guarded of our military secrets. We know, though, that under the Atomic Energy Act the President is the only person who can authorize the use of nuclear or thermonuclear weapons, so, presumably, the President must be found, given the facts, and given time to make his grave



After coffee...enjoy

Bénédictine®

La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Nothing so flatters your guests as serving them Benedictine.
For there is only one Benedictine . . .
the noble after-dinner liqueur made for over 400 years
at Fecamp, France . . . the World's most
distinguished liqueur.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Let this seal be your guide to quality
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK. 86 PROOF.

Florida's Foremost Four Season Resort

PONTE VEDRA CLUB

★ THE INN
★ THE GOLF CLUB
★ THE SURF CLUB

See Your Travel Agent
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Boston
Washington • Chicago
Toronto

Ponte Vedra
PONTE VEDRA BEACH
FLORIDA

DID YOUR TREE DIE?

Last spring, to herald Oregon's 1959 Centennial we offered you a fir tree. Several of you accepted and received same. Unfortunately, we hear that some of the trees died, probably due to unseasonable weather. Trees have seasons like strawberries and bathing suits, you know.

If yours was one of these unfortunates, please fill out the coupon and we'll send you another Oregon fir. Meanwhile, this is Oregon's Centennial and we do hope you'll visit our state. It will be quite a year.

BLITZ-WEINHARD BREWING CO.
1133 W. Burnside, Dept. X
Portland, Oregon
Dear Blitz:
Alas, my tree died. Will you please send me a replacement?
Name:__________
Address:__________
City:__________ State:__________

This offer is limited to the United States. We found the red tape prohibitively entangling outside.

decision. And even before this there has to be some evaluation of the data about the attack. Is the radar working properly? Could it possibly be a flock of geese showing up as missiles? (Geese have been mistaken for weapons on radar.) All ambiguities, presumably, must be filtered out. And then there are the unknown terms of our agreements with our allies. It may be necessary to get in touch with Downing Street or Bonn or the Elysée or Mecca. After evaluation and consultation must come the decision and the communication of it down the chain of command. No doubt the deciding and the communicating can be done in minutes, even seconds. But after all this comes the countdown, which must be gone through as long as all our rockets are fuelled with liquid oxygen—a substance that cannot be stored as gasoline is stored in a car. The minimum time for this is about twenty minutes. It is estimated that the maximum elapsed time between the detection of the launching of ICBMs aimed at us and their impact on their targets would be thirty minutes. That leaves ten minutes for everything else.

There is a possibility of restoring the balance of terror by the development of solid-fuel missiles that could be launched either from concealed and nearly indestructible sites or from mobile ones. Solid, and therefore storable, fuel would eliminate the need for a countdown, and missiles might be launched as soon as a decision had been reached. Indeed, if the means of detection were foolproof and if the necessary legal and political arrangements could be made, an aggressor's launching could simply trigger a retaliatory launching. A mobile site, such as a railroad flatcar or a submarine, or an impregnable one, such as the ocean floor or the inside of a mountain, would—in the foreseeable future, anyway—eliminate the likelihood of all our missiles' being destroyed on the ground while the President was being fetched. We have no solid-fuel or mobile-base missiles "operational" now, and the only one that is in an advanced state of development—the Navy's Polaris, designed for release from a submerged submarine—has a short range, a low accuracy rating, and not very much of a warhead. (And the problem of communicating a decision to a submerged submarine is formidable, to say the least.) The most promising of our solid-fuel projects (it is an odd world in which "promising" comes to mind as a term for an instrument whose use would make certain the end of life over large areas of the globe) is the Air Force's

The Maisonette

VICKY AUTIER
and her songs

MILT SHAW
and his orchestra
alternating with
RAY BARI
Ensemble

a la carte Theatre
Dinner 6 to 8 p. m.
(no entertainment tax)

HOTEL
St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

Relaxing Surroundings

The Inn offers wonderful food and lodgings in a delightful atmosphere located in the scenic countryside adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Private function rooms. Excellent golf.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

MORDECHAI
AVNIEL
PULITZER GALLERIES, INC.
55 WEST 56 ST.
Feb. 16-Mar. 7
11-6 Mon.-Sat.

Minuteman, an ICBM that is being designed for firing from anywhere anytime. The Minuteman may be ready by 1965.

Our arms may prove useless as a deterrent force. We have, however, the capacity for a surprise attack of our own. It would not be "preventive war," for we could not conceivably hope to destroy the present Soviet power of retaliation. And even if we had a good number of working missiles and could, in aggression, hope for as cheap a victory as Khrushchev may soon have in prospect, we would not, in our present frame of mind, strike the first blow. We know this, and we keep saying it, but if Khrushchev does not believe us when we say it, he would have to give the most serious kind of consideration to destroying us. Even if he accepted our good intentions, he might reasonably consider bringing about our destruction, simply because it would be prudential insurance against an accidental war—the possibility of which increases every time a missile is mounted on its pad, every time a new radar tracking system is set up.

Fortunately, there are deterrents other than American arms. One must be the self-doubt of the Russians. They cannot ever be *sure* of their ability to destroy our power of retaliation. Another must lie in whatever remains of the consciences of the rulers of the Kremlin; they are human beings, and none of them could relish the responsibility that would be theirs for a willful act of aggression of such magnitude. Still another is in their view of life and history; they wish to inherit civilizations, and believe that they will. And, too, there is a certain amount of deterrent power in their own arms. An attack on a scale large enough to wipe us out would poison their air as well as ours, the more surely since thermonuclear warheads would have to be deposited on American bases all around the perimeter of their world. Furthermore, the destruction of those bases would mean war with the allies who have permitted us to place the bases on their soil. In many cases, their resources and populations, which the Russians covet, would be destroyed. For the present, our need for our allies, our need for placing some part of our strength in their hands, may be greater than any need they have for us. In a full-scale war, our overseas bases would probably be useless from a military point of view; the Russians know where all of them are, and they could knock out every last one with missiles. But the existence of those bases is now immensely precious to us, for it greatly compli-

Next to a man ♡
I love my
Vera Stewart

Its dress of
La Galère Triplex rayon,
its cashmere cardigan
with jewel embroidery—
all in the same delicious
Nile green, Azure blue or white,
sizes 10 to 20. About $155.

BERGDORF GOODMAN, NEW YORK
I. MAGNIN & CO., CALIF. & SEATTLE
WALLING'S, HOUSTON
BLUMS VOGUE, CHICAGO
HAROLD'S, MINNEAPOLIS
FRANCES WRIGHT, MEMPHIS
OR WRITE ZOLTAN ROSENBERG CO.,
550 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y.

Lanson
Reims, France

CHAMPAGNE
Lanson

FRANCE'S FINEST
SINCE 1760

There's only one question—can you afford it?

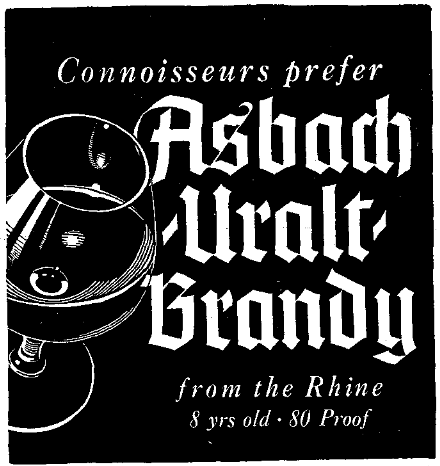
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N.Y.

TERRY JUMP SUIT

Take your ease or burn the midnight oil in ornamental comfort—the **terry** comfort of our winter lounge suit. Aglow with fireside color, terry takes on new richness; keeps its easy-care virtues. Faultless tailoring in the favored one-piece style, with convertible collar and squared-off pocket; sleeves and trousers are custom-folded. White, Cherry Rose, Emerald Green—gold buttons and self-sash. Sm (8-10), M(12-14), Lg (16-18). **$8.95**
Add 35c each for shipping. *Send for catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Lounge Suit 8.95 Size........................Color..........................
Name..
Address..
City...Zone............State..........................



Connoisseurs prefer
Asbach Uralt Brandy
from the Rhine
8 yrs old · 80 Proof

German Distilleries Ltd., 175 Riverside Drive, N. Y.

cates any decisions the Russians must make. Still, there are people here who can foresee a day when the rulers of the Kremlin might make a cool, purposeful decision—one meeting most of the requirements of good sense as they understand good sense—to lay waste to the United States and several of its allies.

IT is not beyond our means to take many steps that would tend to discourage such a decision—to remove from it the elements of good sense and replace them with elements of folly. Some steps would be in the direction of more armament, some in the direction of disarmament. In the peculiar dialectic of the Cold War, it seems always necessary to sprint in the armaments race and at the same time do our utmost to call the whole thing off; mobilization and demobilization are simultaneous aims. The Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee is receiving expert testimony to the effect that our missiles program could be greatly accelerated—and specifically that we could double our Atlas ICBM production in the period just ahead. It is also being told that our airborne alert could be more alert and more airborne. The outlook for disarmament and for agreements to diminish the dangers of accidental war seems as bleak as ever at the moment, but the very effort to obtain such agreements in good faith has some of the value the agreements themselves would have. It keeps the issues alive and under discussion, it demonstrates concern, it encourages an awareness of the awful responsibilities of those who possess modern armaments. "We arm to parley," Churchill said, and we can parley to disarm—if not with hope of an early reduction of destructive force, at least with the hope of reaching honorable settlements of political questions by political rather than military means.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

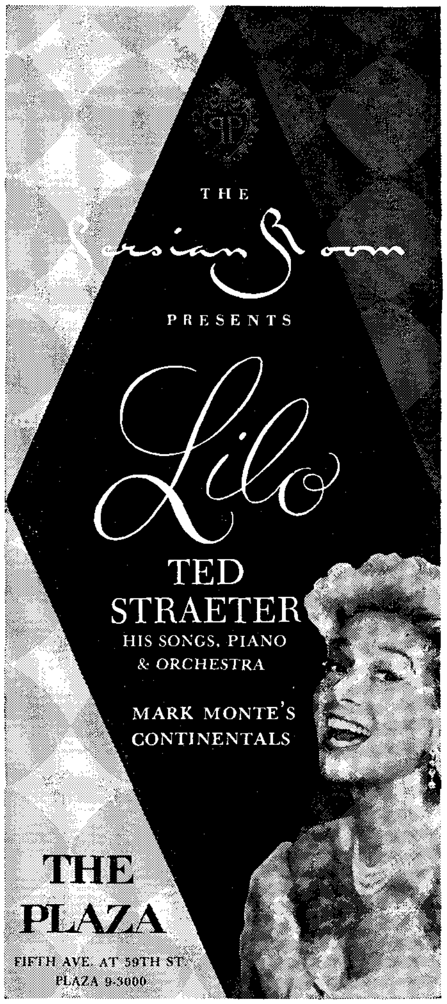
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Port Jervis* (*N.Y.*) *Union-Gazette*]

CORNING, N. Y. (AP)—A brother and sister went around the back of their home here yesterday after they returned from school.

•

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY
Working always to serve the community better.
All Areas, except Bronx.—*Stuffer from the Phone Company.*

How d'ya like *that*?



THE Persian Room PRESENTS
Lilo
TED STRAETER
HIS SONGS, PIANO & ORCHESTRA
MARK MONTE'S CONTINENTALS
THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH ST.
PLAZA 9-3000

Celebrate
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY at Buck Hill

Make plans now for a delightful winter weekend holiday at Buck Hill. Come and enjoy a variety of outdoor sports, tempting meals for mountain-air appetites, and indoor entertainment. Advance reservations necessary.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA

ONLY 3 HOURS AWAY
N. Y. Res. Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza • Phone
Circle 5-5620.

Frank Cerutti RESTAURANT
803 Madison Ave., at 68th St. • RE 4-1680
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Open Sunday Entertainment till 4 A.M.
Rooms for private parties • Diners' Club

through Feb. 25
SOCIN
ahda **ARTZT** gallery
142 WEST 57 STREET, CI 5-4048

THE CURRENT CINEMA

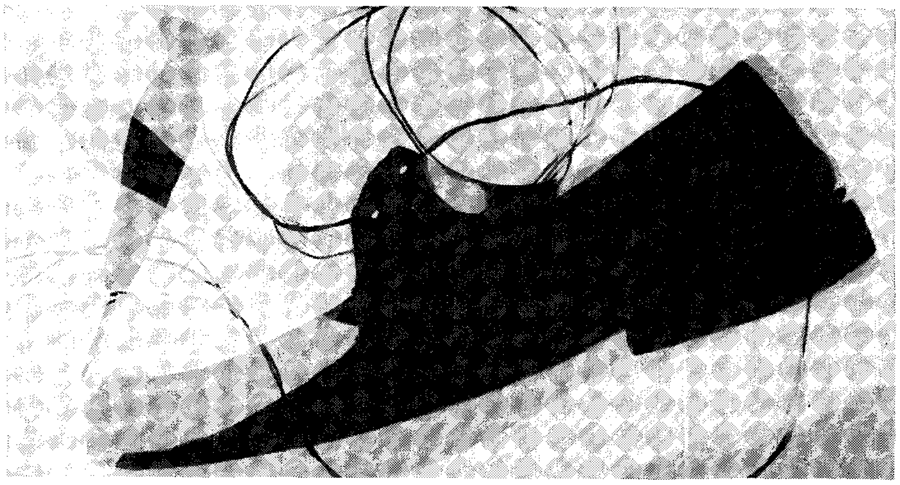
Usurer's Darling

MODERN
REEL THEATRE
ADMISSION
TOTAL
dee

THE sad plight of an impoverished girl in the Japan of half a century ago provides the theme of the Japanese film called "The Mistress." Made in 1953, it has been so tenderly directed by Shiro Toyoda that all its characters are essentially sympathetic. In the circumstances, the picture is long on humanity but somewhat short on drama, and when, at the end of the affair, the heroine (played with moonfaced charm by Hideko Takamine) stands surveying a pond and presumably thinking all kinds of melancholy thoughts, it is difficult to attribute her gloom to anything more significant than a brief infatuation with a medical student and the fact that she resents having been the concubine of a pawnbroker. Admittedly, the pawnbroker is no beauty, but in a system where poor girls are hired as casually as rickshaws he is a most considerate fellow; indeed, after one has watched Miss Takamine contentedly nuzzling up to him for a good deal of footage, it comes as something of a shock to find that she can't stand the sight of him.

Let us, for the moment, remove Miss Takamine from that depressing pondside and take a look at her as she is when "The Mistress" gets under way. She is the daughter of a rheumatic old candy vender who can't get around much any more, and somewhere along the line she has been seduced by an acquaintance of her father's, so she is pretty well hobbled in the marital stakes. When a fixer approaches her with the news that a well-heeled merchant is willing to set her up in style and see to it that Father doesn't have to trundle his candy cart any longer, she agrees to meet the man. According to the fixer, the merchant is not only rich but a widower, so there is always a possibility of marriage in the deal; in reality, he is a pawnbroker, and, more than that, a married pawnbroker, with a couple of children. Initially, our heroine seems quite happy in the house provided for her by her new protector, but then she discovers the truth about his business and his marital state, and this, of course, upsets her. Still, it is not until she gets to know the medical student—he passes her house frequently

it takes 2 days to hand-make a fine shoe . . .



. . . it takes 4 days to make a piece of LINDT chocolate!

People who can, put their best foot forward in fine, hand-made shoes. Expensive, certainly and it takes **two** days to make **one** pair. *It takes **more** time to make each piece of world-famous Lindt.* Only the very best ingredients from all over the world pass Lindt's rigorous quality tests. ➤ ➤ Lindt offers 20 varieties of chocolate bars, priced from 10¢ to $1.65. The famous dark rich bittersweet or creamy smooth milk chocolate and such flavors as mocca-coffee, hazelnut, almond, orange, pistache and others. **Anyone who knows fine chocolate, knows Lindt**

MADE IN SWITZERLAND
CHOCOLAT
LINDT
BERNE
BITTER SWEET CHOCOLATE WITH VANILLA
PISTACHIO
MADE IN SWITZERLAND
SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE CONTAINING WHOLE PISTACHIOS
Lindt

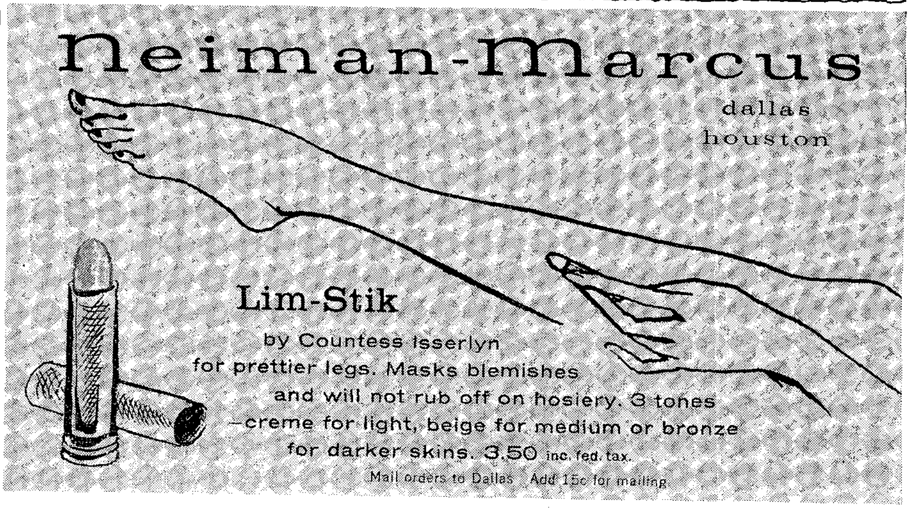
Boxes from 55¢ to $16.95 ➤ ➤ ➤ You'll find Lindt at fine candy and food shops, department and drug stores.

(prices slightly higher on West Coast)

IMPORTED Lindt **SWISS CHOCOLATE**

IMPORTED BY: CRESCA COMPANY, INC., 111 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK

Neiman-Marcus
dallas
houston



Lim-Stik
by Countess Isserlyn
for prettier legs. Masks blemishes
and will not rub off on hosiery. 3 tones
—creme for light, beige for medium or bronze
for darker skins. 3.50 inc. fed. tax.
Mail orders to Dallas. Add 15c for mailing

RIOT!

IMPROVISATIONS TO MUSIC
MIKE NICHOLS & ELAINE MAY

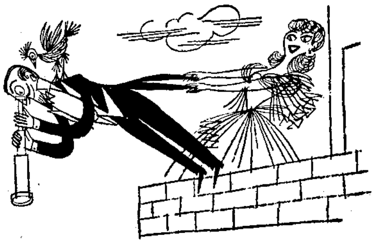
HILARIOUS SOPHISTICATED COMEDY!

How to laugh out loud all by yourself or with somebody! Enjoy this new Mercury album of Nichols and May, the comedy sensations of the season. It's capital *S*—Subtle! It's satirical! It'll fracture you and your guests! Hurry and get it!

Available on Stereo SR 60040 or Monaural MG 29376

Mercury RECORDS

MERCURY RECORD CORPORATION
35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois



SEE WHAT WE MEAN? . . . a room with a view that's unsurpassed in all New York . . . in the smartest part of town—exclusive Beekman Hill . . . a room with intangible little extras in service that will bring you back to us every time you're in town. *Singles from $7.50. Doubles from $12.*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Beekman Tower
HOTEL
49TH ST. AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

with chums, and on one occasion kills a snake about three yards long that is trying to eat one of her parakeets—that she realizes she wants more out of life than the usurer's unctuous embraces.

As directed by Mr. Toyoda, and adapted by Masashige Narusawa from a novel by Ogai Mori, "The Mistress" has many interesting background scenes to recommend it, and the cast performs in fine style. But whether you'll be able to follow a drama so softly related I cannot say. Anyhow, it does offer a glimpse of the way things were in Japan in 1900.

IN "The Last Blitzkrieg," Van Johnson is cast as a German spy who, together with some other German operatives, infiltrates the Allied lines during the Battle of the Bulge and persuades the Americans that he and his pals are lost G.I.s. It's not long before he is in an American rifle company, and learning to like the men he has duped. When the company is trapped and a Nazi officer suggests that its members be shot forthwith, Mr. Johnson is so far gone on the road to redemption that, although he is the son of a celebrated Wehrmacht general, he decides the Fatherland isn't all he'd been taught to believe it was. Mr. Johnson registers no emotion whatever throughout "The Last Blitzkrieg," and the supporting players don't seem very agitated, either.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The spate of recent bank robberies evidently has brought some discouragement to banking circles. Yesterday there came some reassurance.

"Bankers are smarter than bandits," said the American Bankers Association, adding that "it behooves all bankers to remember that in matters of intelligence, ingenuity and bravery, robbers are not a superior lot. Given a fair break, bankers could beat the best of them."—*The Times.*

Furthermore, bankers have money behind them.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

8. Where is the oldest living tree in the world?

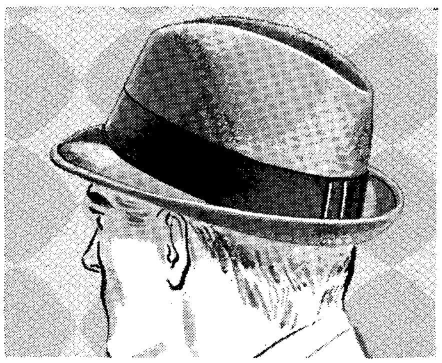
ANSWERS

8. One of the bristlecone pine trees in the Inyo National Forest in California is 4,600 years old—more than 1,000 years older than any of the famous Sequoias.
—*The News.*

Are the giant redwood trees of California the oldest living things on earth?

No, the macrozamia trees of Australia are undoubtedly older. There's no way to figure out their exact age—but scientists have estimated that the oldest macrozamia trees are perhaps 15,000 years old.
—*The Journal-American.*

uniquely **Thomas Begg**
Via Romagna®



$11.50

The avant-garde hat of trim proportions featuring the lower, tapered crown and 1¾" brim. Subtly sophisticated, the choice of men who desire styling in advance. Julep, Granite Grey, Charred Grey, Ancient Bronze, Burnt Brown.

Mail Orders Invited. Send Check or Money Order. Add 50¢ for Mailing. Write for Catalog.

Thomas Begg
GENTLEMEN'S HATTER
480 Park Avenue, N.Y. 22, at 58th St.
400 Madison Avenue—at 47th St.
1427 Broadway—Met. Opera Bldg.

12 min. from downtown Philadelphia
FAMED
Cherry Hill Inn
NJ Rt. 38 at Haddonfield Rd.
Delaware Township, N. J.

103 air-conditioned rooms with 110 more being built. Famed restaurant & cocktail lounge. 7 meeting rooms, parking for 600 cars. Swimming pool. NOrmandy 2-7200. Write for brochure.

Fred R. Clausen,
Gen. Mgr.

**OFF WITH THE OLD,
ON WITH THE NEW!**

New Watchstraps of the most precious of leathers by *STRAPARAMA*. Pecari, Lezards, wild Boar, glove leathers. Alligator, Ostrich and many others.
All sizes—all colors. Prices from 2.50 to 6.50 for men and women.

TIME MART Bet. 48th & 49th Sts.
425 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

Beau Sejour
RESTAURANT
Bethpage, L. I.
Closed Tuesdays
Phone: WEIls 1-0091
Air-Conditioned

MUSICAL EVENTS

B and B

As far as my own pleasure is concerned, I would not willingly venture across the street to hear Eugene Ormandy conduct Brahms' Third Symphony. But a great many other people would—as was proved by the huge audience that attended the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week—and I reflected that this was one of those occasions when a music critic should pull himself together, realize that his life is not supposed to be one continuous round of frivolous joy, and proceed to his duty. Accordingly, I report that Mr. Ormandy's interpretation of this venerable and somewhat overfamiliar work was decent enough, that the Philadelphia Orchestra again exhibited its inimitable smoothness and richness of tone, and that although I have heard countless performances of this symphony that were more inspired—especially in the great days of virtuoso conducting dominated by such figures as Toscanini, Furtwängler, Mengelberg, and Beecham—I have also heard many that were less so.

On the following evening, as I again approached Carnegie Hall, this time to attend an all-Beethoven concert by the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, I reflected that I would not willingly cross the street to hear Mr. Szell conduct Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, either. This time, the auditorium was less crowded, a circumstance that could be taken to indicate that some portion of the musical public shared my premonitions. The premonitions, however, proved to be erroneous. Mr. Szell had the disadvantage of an orchestra that is not quite as smooth or as brilliant as the Philadelphia (though it is every bit as well disciplined), but he had the advantage of a far greater composer than Johannes Brahms to interpret, and in incisiveness, subtlety, and dramatic fervor he had a distinct edge over Mr. Ormandy. In spite of myself, I found that I was enjoying the airy traceries and noble affirmations of the Beethoven work all over again, and admiring the crisp efficiency and the musical taste

BALLY

SHOES THAT CREATE INTERNATIONAL TRENDS

"PILLON"

Simple, clean lines express mastery of an art. Here is shoemaking and styling that gets extra notice, particularly by the wearer who feels remarkably energetic in these flexible, unlined complements to town or country attire. Black or Brown Swiss Calf. Bally Shoes start at 27.50.

At ROGERS PEET *new york & boston*/FRANK WERNER *san francisco*/SHILLITO *cincinnati*/NORDSTROM *seattle & portland*/STIX, BAER & FULLER *st. louis*/MORRIS BOOTMAKERS *beverly hills*/RUTLAND *orlando*/ANDRADE *honolulu*. For other shops, please write BALLY, INC., 444 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Botany-500 tailored by Daroff, accents muted stripes with subdued metal buttons in a whisper-weight jacket. Resists wrinkles and launders easily—of Galey & Lord's Dacron* and cotton.

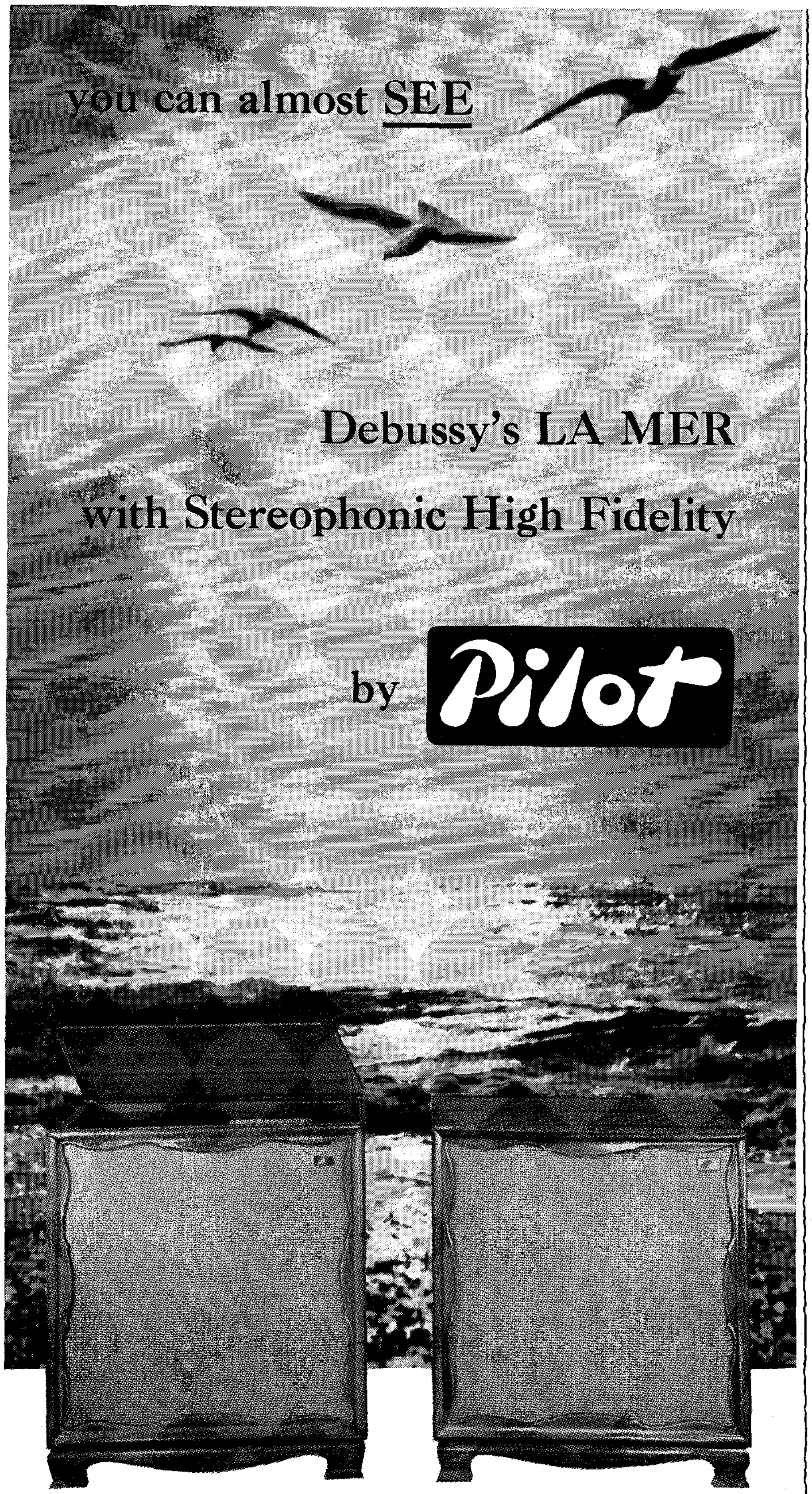
Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. · Burlington

A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

*DUPONT'S POLYESTER FIBRE

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.



LIVING MUSIC you can virtually *see* as well as hear—a wonderful panorama of pure tonal beauty with depth, dimension and direction. This is PILOT performance—uncompromising quality, attainable only from authentic, identifiable custom components, integrated with fine decorator consoles. The PILOT 1071 stereophonic phonograph, left, $445. PILOT 171 speaker system for full stereo, $169.50 (slightly higher in the West). Both in fruitwood. Other PILOT component-consoles from $219.50 to $1050. Write for complete brochure or visit your PILOT dealer for an unforgettable demonstration. © P. R. C.

Pilot RADIO CORPORATION, 37-20 36th Street, Long Island City 1, N. Y.
Electronics manufacturer for 40 years.

with which Mr. Szell set them before the public. If this performance was not quite up to the standards of the golden age of conducting I have mentioned, it was at least about as exciting and perceptive a reading of the "Pastoral" as one is likely to encounter nowadays anywhere.

Perhaps the most interesting event of each of these concerts—interesting because it offered a temporary departure from the routine of symphonic programming, and hence something worth talking or writing about—was the appearance, on each, of a first-rate piano virtuoso. Mr. Ormandy brought along Louis Kentner, whose recitals in the past have shown him to be a master of the nuances of romantic piano music, and who performed the second of Brahms' concertos for that instrument, while Mr. Szell presented the redoubtable English artist Clifford Curzon as soloist in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. On the whole, I found Mr. Kentner's performance of the Brahms concerto a little disappointing. He is an extremely sophisticated pianist, in the sense that he understands—and can project—all the subtleties of musical style in the best nineteenth-century tradition, and he has a formidable technique. On this occasion, however, his sophistication seemed to me to approach the point of self-conscious mannerism and to miss the sort of delicacy and magic that I had previously heard him achieve. Mr. Curzon's reading of the "Emperor" Concerto, on the other hand, turned out to be an extraordinary demonstration of dashing virtuosity and exquisite taste. There are doubtless other ways than his remarkably polished and intellectually refined one of performing this grand old work. But as I listened to his flawless pianissimo runs and to the authoritative sweep of his total conception of the concerto, I realized again that I was in the presence of one of the greatest pianists of the present era. I might add that Mr. Szell's accompaniment was so deft and so intimately gauged to the performance of the soloist as to achieve that rare fusion in which it seems that piano and orchestra have become a single instrument. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

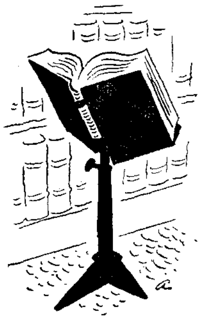
•

Mrs. Herberger was one of the few Americans and Europeans who docked from the historic first cruise boat which landed at Warsaw since the war.—*Phoenix* (*Ariz.*) *Republic.*

Or for a long time *before*, for that matter.

BOOKS

John Singleton Mosby, "The Gray Ghost"

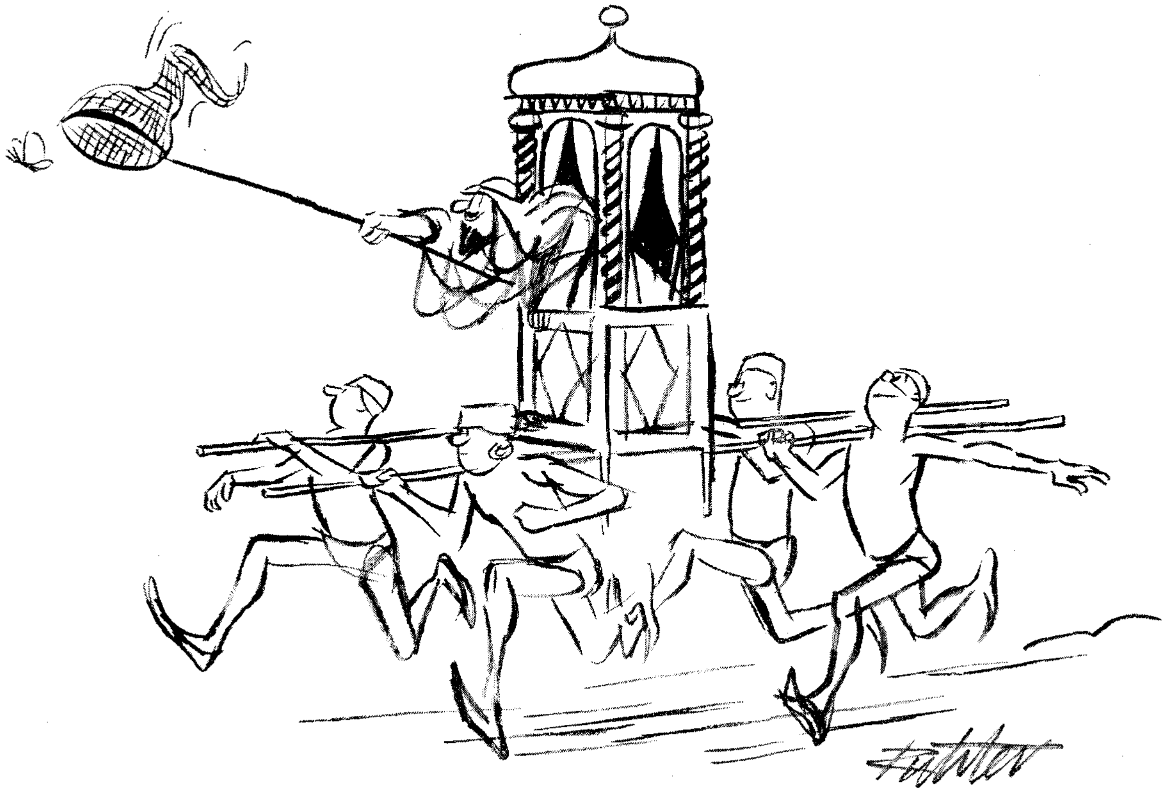


NO other figure of the Civil War became during his lifetime such a storybook legend as John Singleton Mosby, the audacious and resourceful Confederate soldier who, operating in sight of the Capitol dome with a handful of undisciplined guerrillas, performed prodigies in breaking up Union communications and capturing or putting to flight detachments of Union troops that were often far larger than his own. Mosby has been recently revived in a television feature called "The Gray Ghost," and, perhaps as a result of this popular series, as well as of the current interest in everything connected with the Civil War, the two books that Mosby wrote about his career as a soldier have been put in circulation again: "Mosby's War Reminiscences and Stuart's Cavalry Campaigns," by the Pageant Book Company, and "The Memoirs of Colonel John S. Mosby," in the Civil War Centennial Series, published by the Indiana University Press. The first of these is based on a series of lectures. Here Mosby is a story-teller amusing his audience, and the book reads almost like the adventures of some imaginary character of the Conan Doyle era—Raffles or Brigadier Gerard. But, aside from a careful study of "Jeb" Stuart's behavior at Gettysburg, it does not contain much more than these exploits. In his later years, Mosby set out to write a genuine autobiography, with some account of his early life, his recollections of Grant and Lee, and presumably some record of the fifty-one years of his career after the end of the war. He did not live to finish this, but what he left of it was edited and published after his death by his brother-in-law, Charles W. Russell.

Both these reprints are photographic reproductions of the texts as originally printed, and both suffer somewhat from the sloppiness that has characterized so much of the recent reissuing of this Civil War material. The "Reminiscences" has no editing whatever, not even an introduction to explain about Mosby or the book. To the "Memoirs" has been added a short preface by Mr. Virgil Carrington Jones, the author of a biography of Mosby, "Ranger Mosby," published in 1944 by the University of North Carolina Press, which embodies a good deal of original research and supplements Mosby's own record. Mr. Jones does correct in this preface certain misstatements by Mosby, but the photographic reprinting of the "Memoirs" makes scholarly editing impossible. Since the original illustrations have not been retained, a statement on page 365 that a painting of Mosby returning from a raid "is reproduced in this volume" will leave the reader baffled. Why could not both sets of memoirs have been brought out in a single volume, with an adequate job of editing by Mr. Jones?

But Mosby in any form is most readable. It is fascinating to meet face to face the actual human being who created in the minds of his enemies the impression of a will-o'-the-wisp, of a lurking and mocking spirit, an unseizable force of frustration that was liable to turn up anywhere and interfere with any operation.

An unexpected feature of Mosby, as we encounter him in his memoirs, is his appetite for literature and the range of his historical reading. The imaginative liveliness of his actual adventures, his train-stoppings, his commissary robbings, his bluffings and masqueradings, his unexpected poppings-up and his ominous playings of possum, is embellished by constant quotations from the poets—each chapter of the "Reminiscences" has an epigraph, as in one of Scott's or Cooper's novels—and dignified by constant reference to ancient, medieval, and modern wars. The ideal of education that Jefferson had hoped to encourage in founding the University of Virginia was sometimes to realize itself in unpredictable ways through temperaments quite alien to Jefferson's. Edgar Allan Poe had been such a case, and Mosby was another. Coming to the university from a farm outside Charlottesville, he had a brilliant academic career—particularly excelling in Latin and Greek—up to the moment when he got into trouble for shooting a fellow-student, who, in one of those ridiculous Southern quarrels, imagined that Mosby had insulted him and came to his lodgings to attack him. Mosby's enemy, who was bigger than he was, had already slashed one boy with a knife and



Random House Successes

JOHN O'HARA

From the Terrace

"John O'Hara deserves the Nobel Prize." — LOS ANGELES TIMES. $6.95

TRUMAN CAPOTE

Breakfast at Tiffany's

With the heroine who's "a cross between a grown-up Lolita and a teen-age Auntie Mame."—TIME. 7th printing. $3.50

ALINE B. SAARINEN

The Proud Possessors

"Fascinating . . . outspoken and witty human interest stories about immensely interesting human beings." — N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. 3rd printing. $5.95

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Tenderloin

A jubilant novel of sin and society in New York's Gay Nineties. "Sure-fire entertainment." — BOSTON GLOBE. $4.95

STEPHEN POTTER

Supermanship

You can't tell the "ployers" without a copy of the outrageous new book by the author of *Gamesmanship*, *Lifemanship* and *One-Upmanship*. $3.00

Now at your bookstore. RANDOM HOUSE

almost killed another with a rock. He had threatened to eat Mosby "blood raw," and Mosby received him with a pistol. He shot at the aggressor and wounded him, and was sentenced to a fine and a year in jail; but the attorney who had sent him there found him reading Milton in his cell and, when he learned that the young man wanted to study law, began lending him legal books. Public sentiment was much in his favor, and he was released before he had served his full term. The young Mosby was rather frail and was thought to be disposed to "consumption."

He continued to study law, and he eventually set up in practice in the small town of Bristol. He married the daughter of a prominent lawyer. Mosby was in his late twenties when the Civil War broke out. He had been almost alone in his community in resolutely opposing secession. But when Lincoln, after the fall of Fort Sumter, had called for troops to suppress the rebellion and Virginia had voted to secede, "Nobody cared," Mosby writes in the "Memoirs," "whether it was a constitutional right they were exercising, or an act of revolution. At such times reason is silent and passion prevails." "I went along with the flood like everybody else," he says in the "Reminiscences." "A few individuals here and there attempted to breast the storm of passion, and appeared like Virgil's shipwrecked mariners, '*Rari nantes in surgite vasto.*' Their fate did not encourage others to follow their example, and all that they did was to serve 'like ocean wrecks to illuminate the storm.' "

I do not know the source of this last quotation, but in the first twenty-one pages of the "Reminiscences" one notes quotations from or references to Homer, Virgil, Gibbon, Sterne, Byron, Moore, Macaulay, and Longfellow. This bold and tough man of action, who lived constantly in movement, without even a camp, had always the classics about him. One finds, for example, "We dashed after them. I was riding a splendid horse—a noble bay—Job's warhorse was a mustang compared to him—who had now got his mettle up and carried me at headlong speed right among them. I had no more control over him than Mazeppa had over the Ukraine steed to which he was bound." "Everywhere above the storm of battle could be heard the voices and seen the forms of the Dioscuri—'Major' Hibbs and Dick Moran—cheering on the men as they rode headlong in the fight. . . . Sam, to give more vigor to his blows, was standing straight up in his stirrups,

"... memoir by Sheilah Graham turns out to be **the very best portrait of Fitzgerald that has yet been put into print.**

... Sheilah Graham shows us Fitzgerald at both his worst and his best, and, never having been fused into the Fitzgerald fantasy, has been able to put together a picture which, though intimate, is calm and objective . . . This whole story I have found moving. The book fully justifies, it seems to me, all of Sheilah Graham's revelations about both herself and Scott . . . Sheilah Graham saw Scott Fitzgerald, as few even of his close friends did . . . she has done well to leave this record . . . It almost seems to take its place as part of Fitzgerald's work . . ."—**EDMUND WILSON** in *The New Yorker*

Ask your bookseller for

Beloved Infidel

By Sheilah Graham and Gerold Frank

$3.95 • HOLT

H. ALLEN SMITH'S "fun book about Mexico, crammed with delightful stories." —N.Y. Times

THE PIG IN THE BARBER SHOP

$3.95 LITTLE, BROWN

EUROPE BOUND?

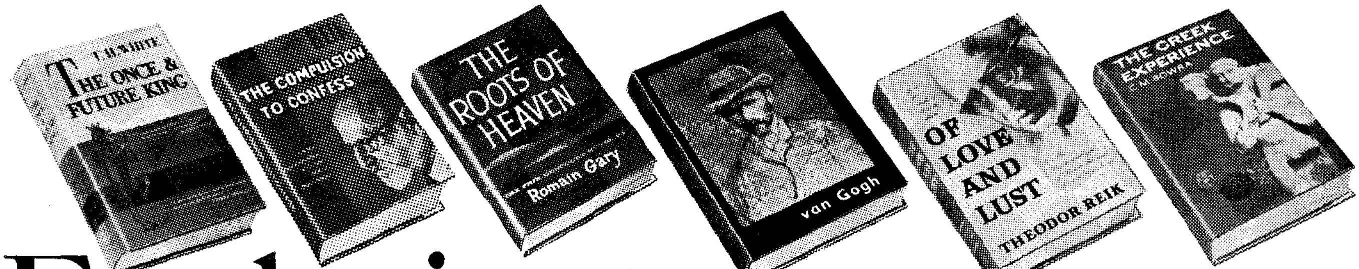
World travelers know EUROPE IN A SUITCASE is the best book to read before going abroad! Jam-packed with paid-the-hard-way experience, it gives twelve check lists to help you prepare for your trip with complete calm. Male or female, learn what to take before taking off! Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in this fact-packed book . . . they'll save you headaches, heartaches, time, money, energy! Send today for the Fourth Revised Edition... just $1.00 ppd.

Fourth Revised Edition

$1.00 ppd.

By Air Mail in U.S. add 25¢

Mrs. Muriel W. Scudder
236 Abbey Road
Manhasset, New York



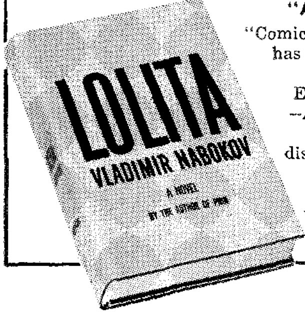
Exclusive* *with the* Marboro Book Club

You can have any 3 of the books shown for only $3.75 with membership

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES
FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE PRESENT DAY
edited by THOMAS CRAVEN
THE BEAT GENERATION & THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN
MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A.

* *The most highly praised art book of our time*

By exclusive arrangement with the publishers, this world-famous volume of 650 reproductions (including 161 full color plates)—from Giotto to Picasso—has been named a Selection of the Marboro Book Club.

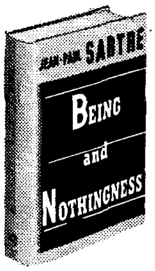


"A GREAT BOOK"

"Comic genius. Nabokov has few equals in the handling of the English language." –*Atlantic Monthly.*

"A fine book, a distinguished book—all right, then – a great book." –*Dorothy Parker, Esquire.*

MASS CULTURE



CHOOSE from A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES–THE GREEK EXPERIENCE–LOLITA–and nine other important books as your introduction to membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB.

The world-wide fame of A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES has grown through each of the twenty years since first it took the art world by storm in 1939. The magnificence and profusion of its 650 reproductions, the amazing fidelity of its color plates to the tones and hues of the original paintings that are the pride of the world's great palaces and museums, have made it the best-known and most highly praised art book of our time.

Even before World War II, when books priced so high were a rarity, art-lovers and collectors were paying $12.50 per copy. Through the years, and through printing after printing, hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have been sold at that high price to the world's most demanding public.

Today, the publishers have made A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES available again, in a superb and luxurious new edition that sells everywhere for $7.95. Anyone who has ever fallen under the spell of its superlative reproductions of the 650 masterpieces of art from the Renaissance to the present will tell you that it is worth far more than its $7.95 bookstore price. Yet it is yours for $1.25 if you wish to select it now as part of your Introductory-Offer privilege.

To demonstrate the values that discerning readers can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES, if you wish) for less than half of what you would otherwise pay for A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES alone.

THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share *your* tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the self-same books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a superlative bonus volume of your choice at no additional charge.

Reach for a pencil right now and check off any three of the books shown. They're yours for only $3.75 with an introductory membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. That's a saving of as much as $21.70 on regular bookstore prices. Mail the application form today, while this exclusive offer lasts.

Choose any 3 of these books for $3.75 with Introductory Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB! Mail your application today.

☐ **A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES.** Ed. by Thomas Craven. A monument of luxurious art book publishing. The 650 great paintings of the Western world, from the masters of the Italian Renaissance to the present—161 in full color. *List Price $7.95.*

☐ **LOLITA.** By Vladimir Nabokov. One of the most hotly-discussed books since the sensational controversy over **Ulysses.** Its subject matter has made the world gasp. The brilliance of its writing has made the world's critics cheer. *List Price $5.00.*

☐ **BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's Philosophy of Being, including his views on social relations, his doctrine of freedom, and existential psychoanalysis. 635 pages. *List Price $10.00.*

☐ **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.** By Romain Gary. The prize-winning novel of adventure and intrigue in Africa that the **N. Y. Times** calls "the most intellectually stimulating novel of 1958." 300,000 copies sold in France alone—and now a best-seller in America. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **THE BEAT GENERATION & THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN.** Kerouac, Ginsberg, Rexroth, Solomon, Osborne, Amis, and 16 others, in the works that have made them famous (and notorious). Ed. by G. Feldman & M. Gartenberg. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING.** By T. H. White. The author of **The Sword in the Stone** re-creates the entire Arthurian Epic. "Everything England was in the Middle Ages, splendid, sordid, credulous, cruel, horrible and holy, is in this great book."—**Saturday Review** *List Price $4.95.*

☐ **VAN GOGH.** By Frank Elgar. The long-awaited factual chronicle of his life and art. A great French critic frees the real Van Gogh from the romantic fable that has obscured him for half a century. 369 reproductions. 67 Full Color Plates. *List Price $5.75.*

☐ **MASS CULTURE.** Ed. by B. Rosenberg & D. White. Monumental, wickedly revealing portrait of the "Lonely Crowd" at play. David Riesman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonald, and other distinguished scholars descend upon the "popular" arts with diabolical zest. *List Price $6.50*

☐ **THE COMPULSION TO CONFESS.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's famous pupil on the psychoanalysis of crime and punishment . . . the unconscious motives of murderers and detectives, the unconscious drives that urge man to transgress and to seek punishment, and the psychoanalytic interpretation of "Original Sin." *List Price $7.50.*

☐ **THE GREEK EXPERIENCE.** By Sir Maurice Bowra. An almost incredibly brilliant summing-up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization, with 64 full pages of rare photographs. The London Spectator calls it "A masterpiece"—and it is. *List Price $6.00*

☐ **OF LOVE AND LUST.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's most famous pupil analyzes the hidden nature of masculinity and femininity, normal and perverse, in romantic love, in marriage, parenthood, bachelorhood, and spinsterhood. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A.** By Martin Mayer. One of the great best-sellers of the year—and no wonder! Never before has any book revealed so fully and frankly the inner workings of the advertising business. *List Price $4.95.*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $3.75 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

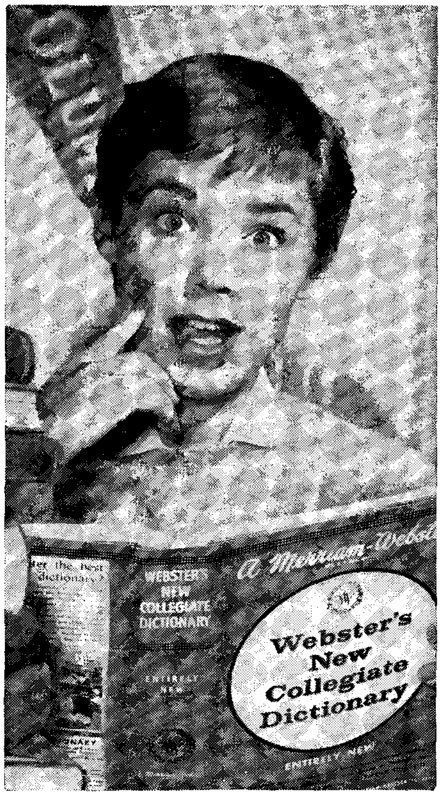
NAME____________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

CITY____________ZONE____STATE______

(*Memberships available only in continental U. S. and Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada.*)MNY-393

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.


A Merriam-Webster
WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY
Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary
ENTIRELY NEW

For better schoolwork – starting tonight . . .

Educational authorities stress the necessity of a good vocabulary in understanding what is being taught and in achieving better grades. Accordingly nearly every school and college requires or recommends Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.

This handy-size Merriam-Webster guarantees correct facts, accurate spelling, and complete understanding of word meanings. Start the students in your family on the "look it up" habit with the most modern, easy-to-use dictionary in America.

- Other "Webster's" do not even include the Latin names for plants and animals that are essential for students. To be sure of obtaining the one dictionary with all the information a student must have, always ask for a Merriam-Webster.

You may purchase your copy at any department, book, or stationery store for only $5 plain, $6 indexed.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

AND DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCE

The only desk dictionary based on Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition—"Supreme Authority" of the U. S. Government Printing Office and courts of law. Advt. copyright by G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield 2, Mass.

dealing them right and left with all the theological fervor of Burly of Balfour. I doubt whether he prayed that day for the souls of those he sent over the Stygian river. I made him a captain for it." "The deliberations of the [United States] Senate were frequently distracted by the cry that the Gauls were at the gate." "When, after my rout, I appeared at Warrenton, attended by a single companion, where I had passed the night before with my command, I was apparently as forlorn as Charles,

> After dread Pultowa's day,
> When fortune left the royal Swede.

But I felt no discouragement. My faith in my ability to create a command and continue my warfare on the border was still as unwavering as Francis Xavier's when he left the Tagus, to plant the cross on the shores of Coromandel." "The Rev. Sam Chapman had passed through so many fights unscathed that the men had a superstition that he was as invulnerable as the son of Thetis. His hour had come at last, and a bullet pierced the celestial armor of the soldier-priest; but he fought with the rammer of his gun as he fell. He lived to pay the debt he contracted that day. 'For time, at last, sets all things even.' The victors now held the howitzer, and barred the only way for my escape; but I held in my hand a more potent talisman than Douglas threw into the Saracen ranks. My faith in the power of a six-shooter was as strong as the Crusader's was in the heart of the Bruce." In the "Memoirs," we find "I felt a good deal like Hercules did when he put on the shirt of the Centaur and couldn't pull it off." A letter, after the war, to an old comrade-in-arms ends with a passage in which Caesar's "Commentaries" and the incidents of the "Iliad" almost crowd the more recent war into the background. In December, 1862, at the beginning of his activities as a partisan, he asks his wife to send him "some books to read. Send Plutarch, Macaulay's 'History' and 'Essays,' 'Encyclopedia of Anecdotes,' Scott's Works, Shakespeare, Byron, Scott's Poems, Hazlitt's 'Life of Napoleon,'—if you can get me a copy of 'My Novel,' send it, also 'Memoirs of an Irish Gentleman' (for Fount Beattie), 'Corinne,' and 'Sketch Book.' " One wonders how, travelling as light as he did, he expected to transport this library.

Yet for all his Virginian upbringing and his love of romantic reading, John Mosby had none of the gratuitous gallantry, the protocol of the tournament, that sometimes bemused and hampered the other Confederate officers. "I con-

Chests and Chests

Hundreds At Special Sale

One of a pair of Chippendale Serpentine chests of fine figured mahogany in a deep, nut brown color, with a brush slide. So beautifully made you'd think it was the original. Length–35″, Depth–20″, Height–31″. F.O.B., N.Y.C. ea. $285

Among others from all parts of the world

Early 19th century camphor wood, English military campaign chest, original brasses $397
American chest in mahogany with bat wing handles, a reproduction. 168
French Provincial chest, fruitwood. 225
Antique lacquered Chinese chests, $65 to $450

Come in, you'll be glad you did.
(free illustrated catalog)

LLOYDS 116 E. 60th St.
N. Y. 22, N. Y.
PLaza 9-7313

RARE BOOKS

enduring treasures!

If your purpose is the pursuit of beauty . . . or investment . . . or the pleasurable relaxation of acquiring fine books for your home, look to Philip C. Duschnes.

WRITE FOR ANY OR ALL OF OUR OUTSTANDING FREE CATALOGS:

- *Contemporary American & English first editions*
- *Limited Editions Club, great books in fine editions*
- *Illustrated books*
- *Fine printing, 15th century to the present*
- *Illuminated Manuscripts and Books of Hours.*
- *Fine bindings.*

PHILIP C. DUSCHNES
757 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

Did he really mean to kill her?

Only irreverent spirits will laugh at the news pictures and texts from the London Police Budget 1900-1904 in

Dreadful T'Was

40 pages, 7x5″. $1.95 at booksellers or direct from

Per Ardua, Old Greenwich, Conn.

GARANTIE
PROUVOST
LA LAINIERE DE ROUBAIX

LESUR

To fashion the loveliest of all tomorrows: the most beautiful textures in all France, from the gifted hand of Lesur. See these weaves in America's finest ready-to-wear fashions: "Jerdy" mauve; "Brildiaz" beige; "Idolza" dacron and wool, blue; "Lorkara" orlon and wool plaid. JEWELRY FROM CARTIER INC.

HIRAM WALKER'S
60 PROOF
4/5 QUART
CREME de MENTHE
Artificially Colored
HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858

You put the "luck"
in pot-luck dinners
with Hiram Walker's Cordials

Even hurried "last-minute" meals can turn into personal triumphs—when they're followed by famous Hiram Walker's Cordials!

So easy to serve, so inexpensive to use . . . Hiram Walker's Cordials add such a gracious note to your entertaining. A long-time favorite like Creme de Menthe, for instance. But, of course, you'll want to offer your guests a choice. Just be sure *you* choose from Hiram Walker's Cordials. The finest money can buy.

HIRAM WALKER'S

CORDIALS

A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors

CREME DE CACAO
CURACAO
Kummel

CREME DE CACAO, APRICOT LIQUEUR, CREME DE MENTHE, ORANGE CURACAO, 60 PROOF; BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY, ROCK AND RYE, 70 PROOF; KUMMEL, TRIPLE SEC, 80 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILL.

fess my theory of war was severely practical—one not acquired by reading the Waverley novels—but we observed the ethics of the code of war. Strategy is only another name for deception and can be practised by any commander. The enemy complained that we did not fight fair; the same complaint was made by the Austrians against Napoleon" ("Memoirs"). "In one sense the charge that I did not fight fair is true. I fought for success and not for display. There was no man in the Confederate army who had less of the spirit of knight errantry in him, or took a more practical view of war than I did. The combat between Richard and Saladin by the Diamond of the Desert is a beautiful picture for the imagination to dwell on, but it isn't war, and was no model for me. . . . Grant, Sheridan, and Stonewall Jackson had about the same ideas that I had on the subject of war" ("Reminiscences"). Depending entirely on "the remorseless revolver," he laughed at the old-fashioned sabres, "as harmless as the wooden sword of harlequin." He said that he believed he was "the first cavalry commander who discarded the sabre as useless and consigned it to museums for the preservation of antiquities." He was as impatient with the formalities of the Richmond government as Sherman ever was with the political machinations in Washington: "Although a revolutionary government, none was ever so much under the domination of red tape as the one at Richmond. The martinets who controlled it were a good deal like the hero of Molière's comedy, who complained that his antagonist had wounded him by thrusting him in *carte*, when, according to the rule, it should have been in *tierce*. I cared nothing for the form of a thrust if it brought blood. I did not play with foils."

It was his ruthlessness as well as his ubiquity that made the Northern Army so nervous. John Mosby was a different kind of Southerner, one who could not be counted upon to do things in the ceremonious Southern way. Of one of the trains he shelled, he writes, "There was nobody but soldiers on this train, but, if there had been women and children, too, it would have been all the same to me." As a private at the beginning of the war, he had been "so depressed at parting with my wife and children that I scarcely spoke a word," and at Manassas he wrote his wife, "There was scarcely a minute during the battle that I did not think of you and my sweet babes. I had a picture of May [his daughter] which I took out once and looked at;" but two years later,

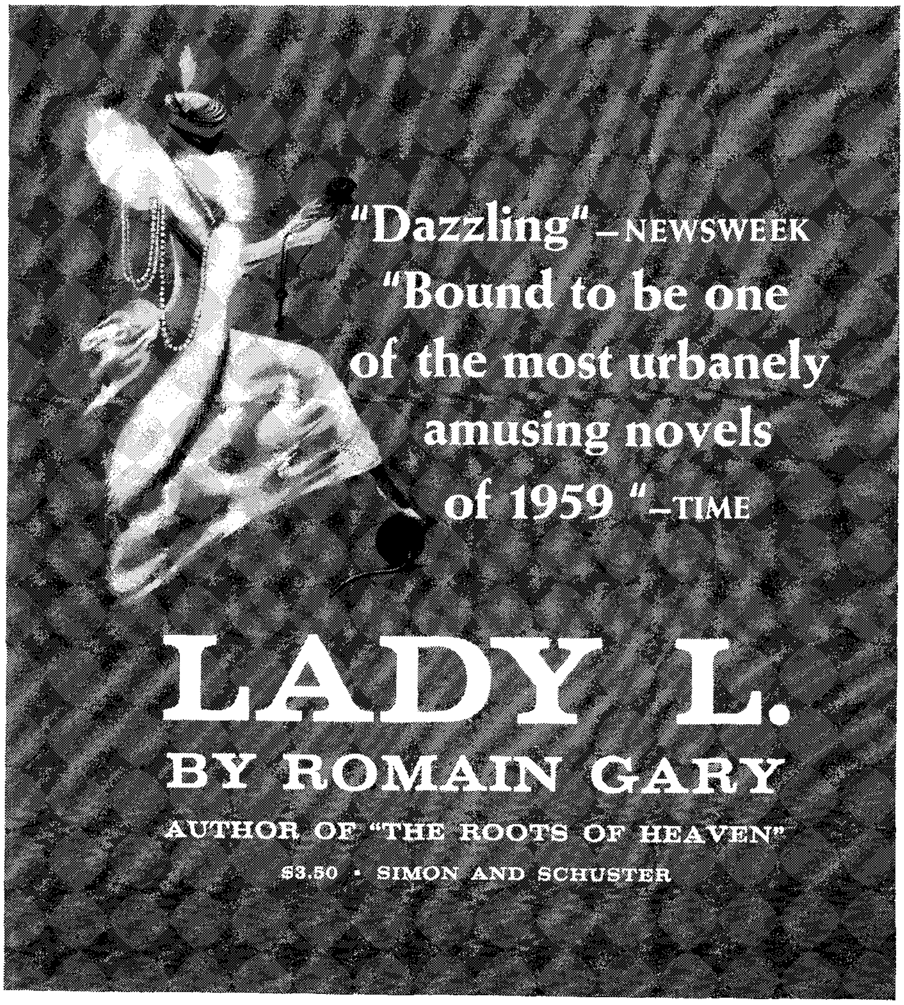
(*Advertisement*)

The Berenstains

USE-TESTED *

© MC CALL CORP.

*the trademark of McCall's, of course



"Dazzling" – NEWSWEEK
"Bound to be one of the most urbanely amusing novels of 1959" – TIME

LADY L.
BY ROMAIN GARY
AUTHOR OF "THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN"
$3.50 • SIMON AND SCHUSTER

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE MAKING TRACKS TO "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

WORLD'S FIRST HOTEL WITH COLOR TV IN EVERY ROOM

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! The entire hotel is AIR-CONDITIONED. Every room with bathroom extension phone, "silent valet," butler's pantry, "catnap throw," FM radio and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! *May we send you a brochure?*

the Tuscany

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600 Teletype NY 1-392

"Wildly funny"
— New York Herald Tribune

ESPRIT DE CORPS
Sketches from Diplomatic Life
by Lawrence Durrell
author of *Justine* and *Balthazar*

"Hilarious . . . Durrell's wild and infectious comic gift is given free rein."
— *Chicago Tribune*
Illustrated by Vasiliu
$2.75 at all bookstores
DUTTON

when he was warned by the enemy that women and children would be travelling on certain of the Union trains, he replied that he "did not understand that it hurts women and children to be killed *any more than it hurts men*." If the enemy took refuge in a building, he immediately set fire to it and reduced them to escaping at the price of surrender, and on one occasion, capturing a train with a carful of immigrant Germans, he gave the order, "Set fire to the car and burn the Dutch, if they won't come out." He was driven to hang prisoners—whom he chose by lot—in reprisal for executions by the enemy. Grant had given the order, "When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial," and Custer, in the autumn of '64, had had six of Mosby's followers executed. Three were shot, two were hanged, and a seventeen-year-old boy, who had borrowed a mount to join Mosby, was dragged through the streets by two horsemen and shot in the presence of his mother, who was begging them to treat him as a prisoner of war.

Mosby's action, he says, was justified, since it put a stop to such executions. But though he does not discuss the subject in the "Reminiscences," intended for popular consumption, he seems to worry about it somewhat in the "Memoirs." Yet even in the latter account, written in his old age, when the exhilaration of youth has lapsed, we are caught by his insolent daring, his agile movement, his sense of humor. "A great many ludicrous incidents occurred," he remarks in connection with the capture of the train already mentioned above. "One lady ran up to me and exclaimed, 'Oh, my father is a Mason!' I had no time to say anything but, 'I can't help it.' One passenger claimed immunity for himself on the ground that he was a member of an aristocratic church in Baltimore." At the end of 1862, when he set out as an independent ranger, he had, he says, only nine men (though Mr. Jones says there were actually six), and he had always, till he was given a colonelcy at the end of the following year, to depend on haphazard recruits, who made up, he says, "almost as motley a crowd as Falstaff's regiment." There were stragglers from "nearly all the cavalry regiments," along with "a sprinkling of men from the infantry," who had been disabled by wounds but could still be useful if mounted; some had to carry their crutches tied to their saddlebows. When their former commanders heard that they had been reclaimed by Mosby and were functioning again, they would

Contemporary C 3560
SHELLY MANNE & HIS MEN PLAY PETER GUNN
Music by Henry Mancini from the TV program starring Craig Stevens

Manne, it's the greatest!

Wonderful jazz originals by Hank Mancini from the score of the TV show PETER GUNN find an ideal interpreter in SHELLY MANNE & HIS MEN. Shelly, who also plays for the TV program sound track, invited guest star Victor Feldman (also a PETER GUNN regular) to join his men for this swinging jazz session. Shelly's Men—stars, all—are: Victor Feldman, vibes and marimba; Conte Candoli trumpet; Herb Geller, alto sax; Russ Freeman, piano; and Monty Budwig, bass. Recorded in Contemporary's superb high fidelity sound.

12" Hi-Fi Long Playing C3560, $4.98, also available on STEREO RECORDS *S7025, $5.95 at dealers everywhere.*

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS
8481 Melrose Place, Los Angeles 46, California

New 1959 edition of the guide that's guaranteed to s-t-r-e-t-c-h your travel dollar

THE POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO EUROPE:
1959 Edition
By DAVID DODGE
$3.50, now at your bookstore
Random House

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Literary scandal leads to murder

THE GALLOWAY CASE
BY ANDREW GARVE
Author of The Megstone Plot and "the leader of the new crop of British mystery writers."—DOROTHY B. HUGHES
$2.95 at all bookstores

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

insist on having them back. And this company of strayed guerrillas had to be recompensed with loot and horses—the latter of which the Confederate government did not supply to its cavalry—and once they had got their mounts, after serving in a raid or two, they would be likely to disappear. He had then no subordinate officer, and his authority over his men was so "transitory" that he "disliked to order them to do anything but fight" and was afraid that if he dispersed them at any point without promising them immediate action, he "would never see them again." Yet, though some of them could not be counted on, though there were always men coming and going, Mosby did maintain a hold on his troops that was astonishing, he says, to others. "The true secret was that it was a fascinating life, and its attractions far more than counterbalanced its hardships and dangers. They had no camp duty to do, which, however necessary, is disgusting to soldiers of high spirit." When he was later given authority to raise a command but was not allowed to recruit among men who were subject to conscription, he had difficulty collecting the requisite quota of sixty competent men.

Yet Mosby, with these oddly assembled troops, was able to keep the Northern cavalry in a continual state of anxious vigilance: "I have often thought that their fierce hostility to me was more on account of the sleep I made them lose than the number we killed and captured." By attacking them from the rear, he would distract them from their main objectives. He would dismay them by assuming the offensive when immediate surrender was expected. Since he had no fixed lines to guard or definite territory to hold, they never knew where to find him, and the rapidity of his attacks at different points, far distant from one another, led them wildly to overestimate his forces. It was characteristic of Mosby that he should maintain this extreme mobility. "He was thin, wiry," says a contemporary Confederate description, "and I should say about five nine or ten inches in height. A slight stoop in the back was not ungraceful. His chin was carried well forward; his lips were thin and wore a somewhat satirical smile; the eyes, under the brown felt hat, were keen, sparkling, and roved curiously from side to side. . . . He rarely sat still ten minutes. . . . The face . . . is tanned, beardless, youthful looking, and pleasant. . . . A plain soldier, low and slight of stature, ready to talk, to laugh, to ride, to oblige you in any way,—such was Mosby in

CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd
3, St. James's Street, London

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

THE MOST UNUSUAL TICKET YOU EVER BOUGHT
The New **EURAILPASS**

MASTER-KEY TO EUROPE

ONLY ONE TICKET
13
EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

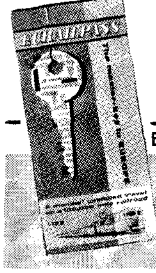
AUSTRIA • BELGIUM • DENMARK
FRANCE • W. GERMANY • HOLLAND
ITALY • LUXEMBOURG • NORWAY
PORTUGAL • SPAIN • SWEDEN
SWITZERLAND

Travel wherever you like • whenever you choose • as far as you wish • as often as you please, for a full 2 months for only $125 . . . with ½ fare for children 4 to 10.

No extra costs for extra fare trains except for food and sleeping accommodations and Pullman seats.

THIS IS TRULY CAREFREE TRAVEL
. . . AT A TREMENDOUS SAVING.

This special Eurailpass sold only in the United States and Canada
. . . Buy it through your travel agent.

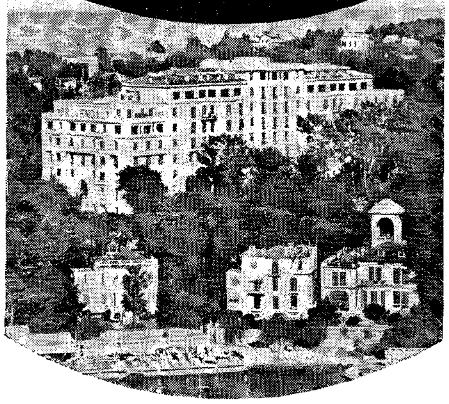


EURAILPASS, P. O. Box 191, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. Y 2

Please send illustrated folder in full color... "EURAILPASS—the master Key to Europe."

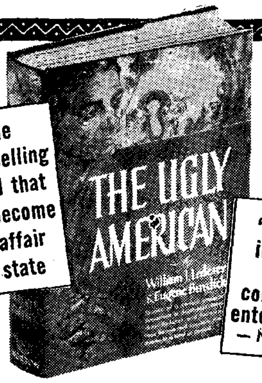
Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State______

THE FRENCH RIVIERA'S
HOTEL
Provençal
JUAN-LES-PINS



Beautifully situated between Cannes and Nice. 250 rooms with private bath and shower, modern bar, dinner and dancing on the terrace with Marcel Bianchi Orchestra. Private beach with snack bar, casino, tennis and golf. 30 minutes from Nice Airport. Open from Easter to October.

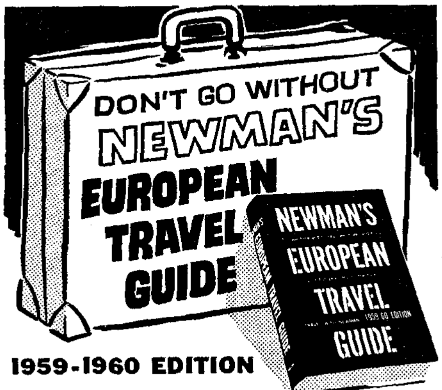
Dorothy Jay Gould, *Owner*
See Your Travel Agent
Represented by
OLIVER-KERMIT HOTEL ASSOCIATES, INC.
521 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
MU 7-6862



The best-selling novel that has become an affair of state

"Not only important but consistently entertaining." — N. Y. Times

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER and EUGENE BURDICK
Over 100,000 copies in print
$3.95 • NORTON


DON'T GO WITHOUT NEWMAN'S EUROPEAN TRAVEL GUIDE
NEWMAN'S EUROPEAN TRAVEL GUIDE
1959-60 EDITION

1959-1960 EDITION

"The only omnibus guide to all western Europe of any solid value to the American tourist."—N.Y. Herald Tribune (Paris Edition)
512 pp. Pocket size. $4.95 HARPER

outward appearance. Nature had given no sign but the restless, roving, flashing eyes, that there was much worth considering beneath. The commonplace exterior of the partisan concealed one of the most active, daring, restless minds of an epoch fruitful in such. . . . His activity of mind and body—call it, if you choose, restless, eternal love of movement, was . . . wonderful."

Mosby sometimes took far more prisoners than he himself had men, and he enjoys, in the "Reminiscences," subjoining at the end of a chapter the dispatches of the other side that exhibit the fantastic notions that the Federals had of his numbers. On one occasion, singlehanded, he captured a whole company of Yankee cavalry simply by riding up to them, demanding their surrender at the point of his pistols, and shouting "Charge 'em, boys! Charge 'em!" to imaginary followers behind him. This was one of the incidents of his celebrated feat of ascertaining the position of McClellan's army by riding completely around it. Among his other achievements were carrying off, from a raid on a train, a hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars in greenbacks, which were being transported by Federal paymasters, and kidnapping General Stoughton with a hundred men and their mounts: "A light was quickly struck, and on the bed we saw the general sleeping as soundly as the Turk when Marco Bozzaris waked him up. There was no time for ceremony, so I drew up the bedclothes, pulled up the general's shirt, and gave him a spank on his bare back, and told him to get up." Another of the Federal officers was forced to escape in the nude.

One of the most sensational of Mosby's escapades—told at length in the "Memoirs" and making a kind of climax which fiction could hardly surpass—occurred toward the end of December in the final winter of the war. He had one evening gone to the house of a farmer to celebrate the wedding of his ordnance sergeant, but he there received the report that a detachment of the enemy's cavalry had been sighted not far away. "Not caring to interrupt the wedding festivities, with one man . . . I rode off to reconnoitre." Two cavalrymen fired at them, but did not pursue, "and we soon saw the whole column in blue moving on the road to Rectortown." He notified his officers that they would have to attack in the morning, and, hungry and chilly now, not returning to the wedding, he dropped in at "the house of a citizen . . . who was famous for always setting a

Voilà!
THE ESCOFFIER SAUCE DIABLE
A LA PROVENÇALE
A. Escoffier
Julius Wile

IT'LL TASTE BETTER WITH
ESCOFFIER®
SAUCE!

Unquestionably the world's finest sauce — the most expensive — and worth it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.

Sharp and zesty **Sauce Diable** — particularly fine with fish . . . excellent with meat.

Smoothly balanced **Sauce Robert** — a must for steaks, chops, poultry.

Rich and luscious **Sauce Melba** — delightful on ice cream.

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK

Shot down in 1928, the underworld's biggest "Brain" still casts a dark shadow over the City today

THE BIG BANKROLL
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
By Leo Katcher • $5 • HARPER

ANSWER AMERICA
ANSWERS YOUR TELEPHONE
24 HOURS EVERY DAY

ANSWER-AMERICA INC.

Offices everywhere . . . For information, look for ANSWER AMERICA in the WHITE SECTION of your Telephone Directory or call information or write
ANSWER AMERICA, INC.
Dept. T-2 55 East Washington Street, Chicago 2, Ill.

D. H. LAWRENCE
A Composite Biography, in three volumes
by Edward Nehls
The New Yorker:
". . . at once tantalizing and wholly absorbing." Each volume $7.50
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS
430 Sterling Court Madison 6, Wisconsin

good table;" but while Mosby was at the table "enjoying some good coffee, hot rolls, and spareribs," the tramp of horses was heard, and a group of Federals arrived and, before he could get away, walked into the room where he was. "I was better dressed that evening than I ever was during the war. Just before starting to Richmond I got through the blockade across the Potomac a complete suit from head to foot. I had a drab hat with an ostrich plume, with gold cord and star; a heavy, black beaver-cloth overcoat and cape lined with English scarlet cloth, and as it was a stormy evening, over this I wore a gray cloak, also lined with scarlet. My hat, overcoat, and cape were lying in the corner. I wore a gray sack coat with two stars on the collar to indicate my rank as lieutenant-colonel, gray trousers with a yellow cord down the seam, and long cavalry boots. As the Northerners entered the room, I placed my hands on my coat collar to conceal my stars, and a few words passed between us. The situation seemed desperate, but I had made up my mind to take all the chances for getting away. I knew that if they discovered my rank, to say nothing of my name, they would guard me more carefully than if I were simply a private or a lieutenant. But a few seconds elapsed before firing began in the back yard. One of the bullets passed through the window, making a round hole . . . and striking me in the stomach. . . . My self-possession in concealing the stars on my collar saved me from being carried off a prisoner, dead or alive. The officers had not detected the stratagem, when I exclaimed, 'I am shot!' The fact was that the bullet created only a stinging sensation, and I was not in the least shocked. My exclamation was not because I felt hurt, but to get up a panic in order that I might escape." There were three hundred Union cavalrymen outside; they kept shooting, and the panic occurred; but Mosby now found himself in no situation to take advantage of it. The wound "was having its effect; I was bleeding profusely and getting faint. . . . I determined to play the part of a dying man." Going into the next room, he took off his coat with the insignia of his rank and tucked it under the bureau. The soldiers found him lying on the floor "with the blood gushing from my wound." When they asked who he was, he invented a name. A doctor examined his wound, and declared that it was mortal, he had been shot through the heart. (The Federals, Mosby says, had had a good deal of liquor.) "He located the heart rather

In Italian Embassies THE WORLD OVER

REPVBBLICA ITALIANA

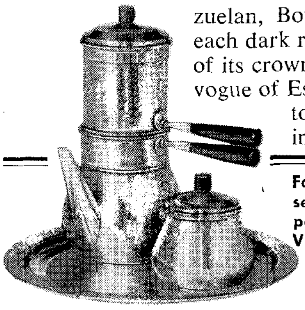
● ONLY ONE COFFEE MEETS THE EXACTING REQUIREMENTS OF THE TRUE AFTER-DINNER CONTINENTAL ESPRESSO

FROMME'S INCOMPARABLE

Caffé Vivo

IL VERO
CAFFÉ ITALIANO
CAFFÉ NERO
ITALIAN ROAST
CAFÉ NOIR
Caffé Vivo
FROMME'S FINEST ESPRESSO COFFEE

Here, connoisseurs, is a magnificent blend of the finest and most costly Colombian, Venezuelan, Bourbon and Mocha Coffees, each dark roasted to the precise second of its crowning flavor. The present-day vogue of Espresso Coffee is largely due to the brilliant, lusty, and savory richness of Fromme's incomparable Caffé Vivo. Enjoy it today!



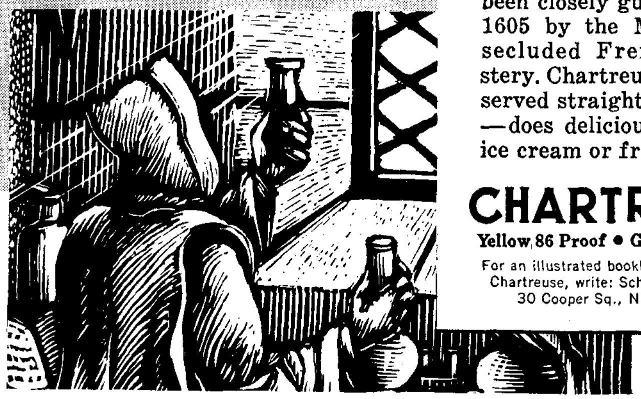
For our friends—while they last—imported from Italy—3-piece Espresso set in heavy hammered brass, hand-crafted, fully silver-lined; 6-cup Neapolitan Macchinetta, sugar bowl, tray—sent postpaid with can of Caffé Vivo for only $14. ($30. retail value).

HARRY FROMME—*The Coffee Man*
66 Front Street, New York 4, N.Y.

THE SECRET OF

Chartreuse

CHARTREUSE
1605



The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The secret recipe of this liqueur has been closely guarded since 1605 by the Monks in a secluded French monastery. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice—does delicious things to ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof ● Green 110 Proof

For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin© & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y., Dept. F

Such a Wise Decision...

Seaboard to Florida!

Make your reservations—and relax! Weather? It's Spring every mile of the way in your Pullman private room or de luxe coach. Enjoy spacious lounges, excellent meals, friendly service.

Liberal free baggage allowance, too.

The Silver Meteor and Silver Star have these exclusive features: Registered Nurse, Passenger Service Agent, Hospitality Hour. Glass-topped SUN LOUNGE on the Silver Meteor.

For Florida Pullman and de luxe Coach reservations: CIrcle 5-7380; 12 W. 51st St.

SEABOARD RAILROAD

THE ROUTE OF COURTEOUS SERVICE

PIERRE GRILL

Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served every day.

Weekdays and Sundays

Telephone: TEmpleton 8-8000

Hotel Pierre

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
DINNER

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

low down, and even in that supreme moment I felt tempted to laugh at his ignorance of human anatomy. I only gasped a few words and affected to be dying." The soldiers now went away, and Mosby was put into an ox cart and carried to the house of a neighbor, two miles away, through "a howling storm of snow, rain, and sleet. . . . When we reached there, I was almost perfectly stiff with cold, and my hair was a clotted mass of ice." In a few days the Federals found out that the man who had been shot was Mosby. They searched for him but could not find him—he had been moved again, to his father's house—and they gave out the report that he had died of his wound, an idea that the Confederates were careful to encourage. Sheridan, then fighting in the Shenandoah Valley, was delighted to hear of his death. But, in spite of a bad relapse, a hemorrhage caused by laughing at his doctor's jokes, he was back with his command by the twentieth of February, and continued his successful raids. He had already been given his colonelcy before he had fully recovered, and he was put in command, at the end of March, of the whole of Northern Virginia. Appomattox came two weeks later.

ALL this is the TV Mosby. But—growing out of these astonishing exploits—there is also a mythical Mosby, possessed of supernatural powers, who, as a creature of the "folk" imagination, has a certain curious interest. The great ranger, in his "Reminiscences," makes a point of discussing this legend.

"When the struggle was over," he writes of his men, "they relapsed into the habits of their former life, and like the Puritan soldiers of Cromwell, became as marked for devotion to their civil duties as they had ever been to war. As for myself, it was for a long time maintained that I was a pure myth, and my personal identity was as stoutly denied as that of Homer or the Devil. All historic doubts about my own existence have, I believe, been settled; but the fables published by the Bohemians who followed the army made an impression that still lives in popular recollection. . . . Among the survivors of the Army of the Potomac there are many legends afloat, and religiously believed to be true, of a mysterious person—a sort of Flying Dutchman or Wandering Jew—prowling among their camps in the daytime in the garb of a beggar or with a pilgrim's staff, and leading cavalry raids upon them at night. In popular imagi-

STL

Space Technology Laboratories' role in the fields of Ballistic Missiles and Space Vehicles provides a medium through which scientists and engineers are able to direct their interests and abilities towards the solution of complex space age problems.

STL invites inquiries regarding staff openings.

Space Technology Laboratories, Inc.

P.O. Box 95001,
Los Angeles 45, Calif.

among the world's famous eating places

Keen's ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St., New York

. . unique atmosphere, interesting customs and traditions.

GO EUROPE Go Caribbean. Go anywhere. Go business. Go pleasure. Go jet. Go ship. Go cruise. Go tour. For your sake, go soon. For pleasure's sake, go see—**WHIBLEY & DODD, WORLD TRAVEL PLANNERS,** 75 East 55th St., N.Y.C.—MUrray Hill 8-2950

86th ST. Brauhaus
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
IMPORTED BEERS ON DRAUGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

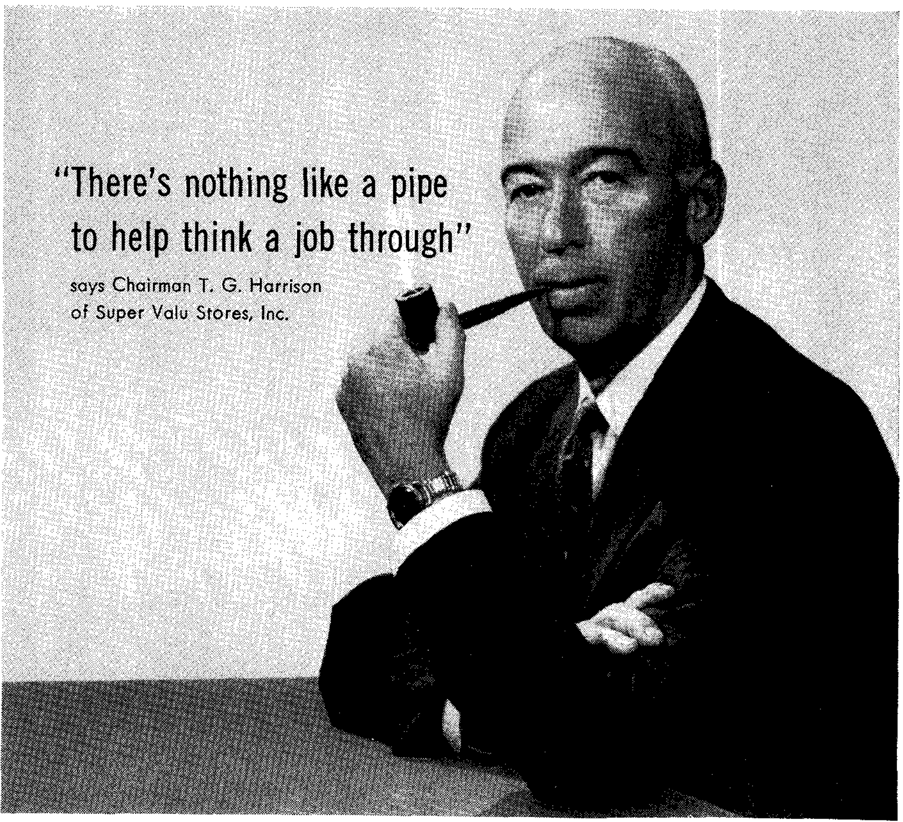
nation, I have been identified with that mythical character." He was supposed, he says, to have been seen in the theatre the night that Lincoln was shot, and "I recently heard an officer of the United States army tell a story of his being with the guard for a wagon train, and my passing him with my command on the pike, all of us dressed as Federal soldiers, and cutting the train out from behind him. I laughed at it, like everybody who heard it, and did not try to unsettle his faith. To have corrected it would have been as cruel as to dispel the illusion of childhood that the story of 'Little Red Riding Hood' is literally true, or to doubt the real presence of Santa Claus. It was all pure fiction about our being dressed in the blue uniforms, or riding with him. . . . I can now very well understand how the legendary heroes of Greece were created. I always wore the Confederate uniform, with the insignia of my rank. So did my men." But it *was* one of Mosby's tricks to insinuate himself, with members of his band, their uniforms hidden by raincoats or darkness, into a group of Union officers, who would quickly be made to surrender, or a marching column of Union troops, which would enable them to move unnoticed. This happened again and again. Since he sometimes conversed with the Federals before presenting his pistols, one wonders why none of the Northerners were suspicious of his Virginian accent. But Mosby had a special genius for misleading the people he met.

THE mythical aspect of Mosby so seized upon the imagination of Herman Melville that he made it the subject of a narrative poem. This poem—"The Scout Toward Aldie"—was included in a book of verse called "Battle Pieces," published in 1866, but it belongs with Melville's stories in prose, especially "Benito Sereno" and "Billy Budd," and it seems strange that, with all the attention that has recently been paid to Melville, this piece should not have been dealt with in connection with his other fiction. In April of 1864, Herman Melville paid a visit to a cousin much younger than he, who was encamped in Virginia with the Army of the Potomac. Mosby was by this time in command of eight companies, and the country in which he operated had become known as Mosby's Confederacy. It had been said of him, he tells us in the "Memoirs," before a Congressional committee, "that the planks on the bridge across the Potomac were taken up every night to prevent us from carrying off the Government." At the time

COINTREAU
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
®
SEAL

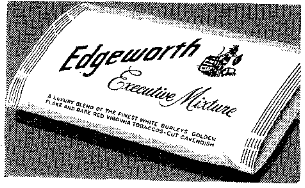
20

Among twenty Cordials by Cointreau, there's a flavor that can be the crowning touch to your dinner tonight. There are liqueurs, fruit-flavored brandies and specialties—Cointreau in quality, Cointreau in reputation. ▪ Cointreau Liqueur, *the crowning touch to a perfect dinner,* 80 Proof. Produced and bottled by ©Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.


"There's nothing like a pipe to help think a job through"
says Chairman T. G. Harrison of Super Valu Stores, Inc.

More and more executives are discovering this most luxurious tobacco you can smoke. A *natural* blend of finest White Burleys, Golden Flake and rare, red Virginia, cut Cavendish. No added aromatics. Try Executive Mixture . . . in the exclusive heat-sealed, wrap-around pouch.

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va. • Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



MUTUAL FUND INFORMATION

Incorporated Investors

A mutual fund investing in a list of securities selected for possible long-term growth of capital and income.

* * *

Incorporated Income Fund

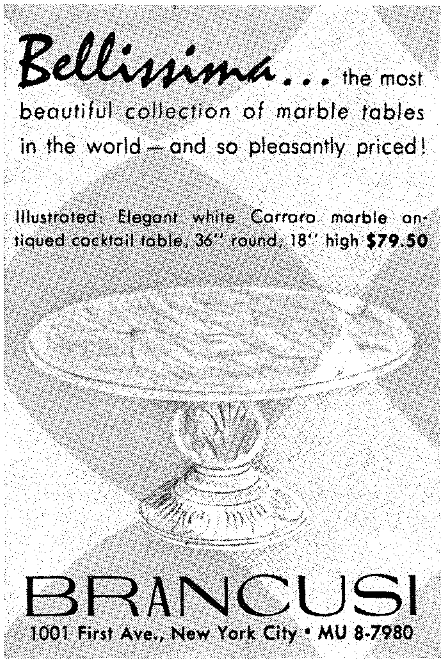
A mutual fund investing in a list of securities for current income.

THE PARKER CORPORATION 22-NY
200 Berkeley St.,
Boston, Mass.

Please send Prospectus on

☐ Incorporated Investors
☐ Incorporated Income Fund

Name............................
Street............................
City...............State.........



Bellissima... the most beautiful collection of marble tables in the world—and so pleasantly priced!

Illustrated: Elegant white Carrara marble antiqued cocktail table, 36" round, 18" high **$79.50**

BRANCUSI
1001 First Ave., New York City • MU 8-7980

EAST OF SUEZ

Purists in Cuisine & Atmosphere

Mandarin Dinner $4.50, Mogul Curry Dinner $4.50
Rijsttafel $5.00

Exotic dishes served in intimate rooms
Exotic Orchids Free to the Ladies

COCKTAILS • DINNER (5:30 to Midnight)

308 E. 58th (E. of 2nd Av.) PL 9-4340—EL 5-9382

of Herman Melville's visit, a special resolute effort was being made to put an end to this maddening harassment, and the subject of "The Scout Toward Aldie" is the adventures of a detachment of Federal cavalry who have gone into the forest to capture Mosby.

This is one of the most ambitious pieces that Melville has attempted in verse, and, as a poet, he is not quite up to it. His complicated stanza form, his knotted and jolting style, and his elliptical way of telling his story—which seem to derive from Browning—are really the kind of thing that requires a master to bring them off. But, as a story, "The Scout Toward Aldie" is tightly organized and well contrived, and it effectively creates suspense. The young colonel who is leading the detachment is eager for military glory, and he has brought his young bride to camp. They are spending their honeymoon in a "bannered tent." But his men, from the moment they enter the wood, feel themselves to be in Mosby's country, and though "The sun is gold, and the world is green" and "Opal the vapors of morning roll," everything they encounter seems ominous: a spring beside which one of their men has been shot; an apparently haunted house where the ghosts have turned out to be rebels; a strip of dangling bark which reminds them of how Mosby and they have been hanging one another's prisoners. Mosby pervades the whole place. "As glides in seas the shark, / Rides Mosby through green dark," writes Melville, reverting to his maritime imagery. The obsession with Mosby of the scouting party is conveyed by the recurrent repetition of his name, which is made to occur at some point in the last couplet of every stanza. (The real Mosby was on one occasion supposed to have escaped recognition by having his face covered with lather in a barber's chair, and, on another, to have avoided capture, when surprised at night with his wife and children, by escaping through the bedroom window to the branch of a tree outside.) The Federals take prisoner five enemy soldiers, who are standing in plain sight on a hill. One of them is groaning, he cannot walk, he has evidently an internal injury. The Federals give him some brandy and eventually leave him in a house with people whom they know to be Confederate sympathizers. They also waylay a wagon, driven by a humpbacked Negro, in which a veiled lady is riding. The Negro begs for his freedom, and they let him go, but they detain the lady and take from her a letter which they see sticking out of her dress. This

Make delicious
WHISKEY SOUR
cocktails-at home
EQUAL TO THOSE SERVED AT WORLD-FAMOUS BARS

Make them the quick, easy way with Holland House Whiskey Sour Mix. Just add your favorite brand of whiskey to the Mix and you'll serve perfect Whiskey Sours every time.

Other popular Holland House Cocktail Mixes: Manhattan, Dry Martini, Daiquiri, Tom Collins, Old Fashioned, Bronx, Side Car, Quinine Tonic & Gimlet.

HOLLAND HOUSE
WHISKEY SOUR MIX
Full pint—enough for 22 cocktails
85¢ Slightly higher West of the Mississippi.

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores.
Write for free cocktail and canapé recipes!
Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.

DORSET ROOM

Top Mid-Manhattan Restaurant highly recommended for
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS & DINNER
Dorset BAR-CAFE
favored for
LATE SUPPER
Cocktails-Snacks

Member Diners' Club
Bing & Bing Inc., *Mgt.*
Hotel DORSET
30 West 54th *Just off Fifth*

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT *L'Aiglon*
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E. 55TH
PL 3-7296
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55 ST.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

PAN AM
PAN AM
JET CLIPPER PASSENGER

Through the magic of Pan Am's daily Jet Clippers, this is *your* year to visit Europe.

Let yourself go! Europe by Jet Clipper...fastest way there, no extra fare

Pan Am gives you the travel match of the century: the world's finest, fastest transatlantic jetliners at money-saving economy-class fares.

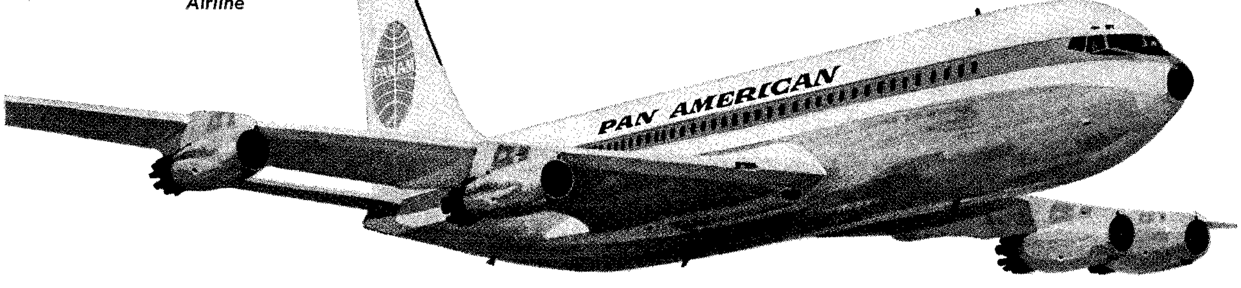
Today, all the richness of Europe is well within the limits of a 2-week vacation and an average vacation budget. Economy class from New York to Paris is only \$272 one way, $\$489^{60}$ round trip. Only Pan Am offers you Jet Clipper* service to London, Paris and Rome. Both deluxe *President Special* and Economy-Class service available on every flight.

From the Midwest and West Coast, fly other Pan Am direct services to Europe. Call your Travel Agent or any of Pan Am's 61 offices in the U. S. or Canada.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

World's
Most Experienced
Airline

Pan Am Jet Clippers...world's fastest airliners...the only economy-class Jet service...
the only Jets to all three: London, Paris and Rome.



please care . . .
hunger hurts!

FOOD from America's farm abundance . . . milk powder, flour, cornmeal, cheese . . . is given to CARE, by the U.S. Government . . . for relief distribution in less fortunate lands. These foods are allocated after all requests from qualified U.S. relief programs have been met.

FOR every $1 you give, CARE can pack and deliver one Food Crusade package (average, 22 lbs.) to those who need food most in critical areas of Asia, Europe, the Middle East and Latin America.

HUNGRY children and their parents, orphans, refugees, the aged and sick are reached by distributions made directly to needy families or to schools, hospitals and welfare institutions.

PEOPLE who otherwise would never get enough to eat receive this food as your personal gift: your name and address, or that of your group, go with each package, to tell them that you and our country are their friends. Send as many dollars as you can to join the people-to-people Food Crusade!

Every $1 sends 22 lbs.
. . . $100 sends a ton of food

Colombia
Egypt (Port Said)
Greece
Hong Kong
India
Israel
Italy
Korea
Macau
Pakistan
Poland
West Germany
and Berlin
Yugoslavia

CARE
FOOD CRUSADE

You may select the countries from those listed above.

CARE 660 First Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $________ to send Food Crusade packages to the needy.
(Make checks payable to CARE, Inc.)

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________ Zone____ State________

CARE Food Crusade contributions are income tax-deductible (Federal).
343

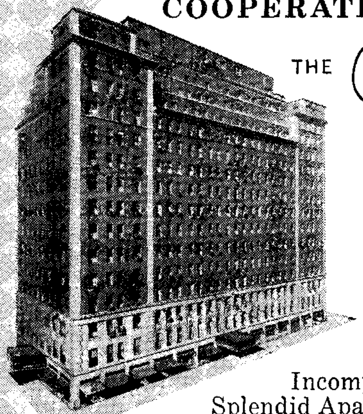
turns out to be an invitation to a party to be given in a nearby town in celebration of Mosby's last victory. Now, they think, they know where to find him: he will certainly attend the party. They joke with their Confederate captives, exchanging boasts and taunts, and at evening both factions sing grisly songs, with the grisliness disguised as gaiety. The young colonel converses with an elderly major, who has his doubts about the lady and the letter, and who somewhat dampens his ardor. The young man takes a nip of brandy, and their feeling of uncertainty grows. They soon find they have been caught in a trap. The lady and her driver were Mosby's men; the crippled soldier was Mosby himself. (These incidents have evidently been suggested by an actual exploit of Mosby's, in which his wife, an old Negro, and a carriage figured, and his device of making use of convalescent cripples, who, after taking part in a raid, would install themselves again in their hospitals and to the Federals thus become unidentifiable as the raiders who, the previous night, had created such alarm in their camp.) He had been with them without their knowing it, directing their expedition, and now they are in Mosby's hands. Some of the Yankees are wounded, others are taken prisoner; the spirited young colonel is killed.

The weary troop that wended now—
  Hardly it seemed the same that pricked
Forth to the forest from the camp:
Foot-sore horses, jaded men;
  Every backbone felt as nicked,
Each eye dim as a sick-room lamp,
All faces stamped with Mosby's stamp.

They carry back the young colonel's body, and when they come within sight of his tent, they see his young bride outside it, waiting for them and waving her handkerchief.

What we recognize in this story, of course, is Melville's familiar favorite theme: the pursuit or the persecution by one being of another, with an ambivalent relation between them which mingles repulsion and attraction but which binds them inescapably together: Captain Ahab and Moby Dick, Claggart and Billy Budd, Babo and Don Benito. For though the death of the young colonel is a tragedy and though Mosby plays the role of menace, the whole poem, in a way characteristic of Melville, involves a glorification of Mosby. We are made to feel that the colonel has a fatal rendezvous with the mysterious ranger, that he is drawn to his opponent by a kind of spell that is somehow a good deal more powerful than the attraction exercised by his bride.

Yet the story, though so personal a



A Singular Opportunity
to enjoy the advantages of
COOPERATIVE OWNERSHIP
THE Westbury
840 MADISON AVENUE
69th TO 70th STREET

One of New York's Most Distinguished Hotels . . . synonymous with a way of life enjoyed by the finest families in America.

Incomparable Location
Splendid Apartments of 1 to 6 Rooms
Complete Hotel Service • Superior Cuisine

Attractively Priced
Moderate Maintenance • Significant Tax Benefits
Offered to persons resident within the State of New York

TRANSIENT GUEST ROOMS AND SUITES CONTINUE TO BE AVAILABLE ON A DAILY OR WEEKLY BASIS—OR FOR EXTENDED STAYS.

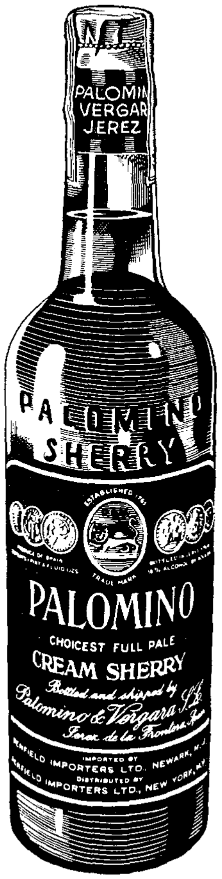
KNOTT HOTELS MANAGEMENT
Inspection Invited
Visit Sales Office in Hotel or call LEhigh 5-2000
BROWN, HARRIS, STEVENS, INC., Selling Agent

Sherry of the Grandees

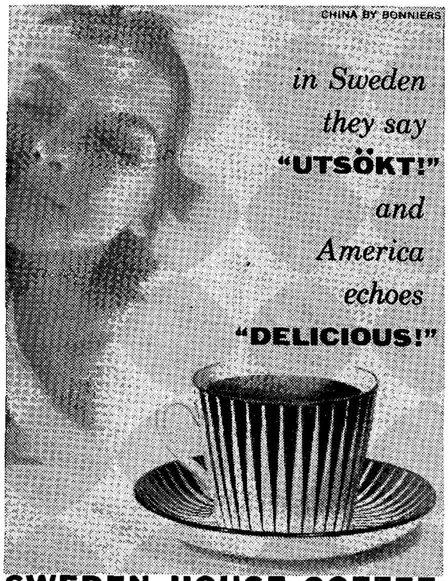
Imported from Spain

Palomino begins its voyage at Jerez, Spain, where the first page of Sherry's history was written. We hope you are among the fortunates at whose table this happy journey ends.

Available in Cream, Pale Dry and Amontillado.


PALOMINO VERGARA JEREZ
PALOMINO SHERRY
PALOMINO
CHOICEST FULL PALE
CREAM SHERRY
Bottled and shipped by Palomino & Vergara S.A.
Jerez de la Frontera
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. NEWARK, N.J.
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PALOMINO
SHERRIES
©RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.



SWEDEN HOUSE COFFEE

A wonderful new coffee experience . . . rich, deeply satisfying Sweden House. This special Scandinavian blend mingles the world's most flavorful coffee beans to bring you a truly magnificent brew.

SWEDEN HOUSE
A SPECIAL SCANDINAVIAN BLEND
COFFEE
SCANDINAVIAN COFFEE CORP

At grocers and *gourmet shops including:*

SIMON DAVID CO.
Dallas, Texas

THE OUTLET CO.
Providence, R. I.

THALHIMER'S
Richmond, Va.

LEVY'S
Houston, Texas

or order Sweden House Coffee directly from us. Specify grind—Regular, Drip or Silex

2 lbs. for $2.50
Postpaid

SCANDINAVIAN COFFEE CORP.
3905 Second Ave., Brooklyn 32, New York

HOLD THAT TIGER!

with an **easybaby car belt**

- Here is the answer to safe driving with young children on long drives or short trips about town.
- Allow the child to stand, sit, or lie down in comfort and safety.
- It need never be removed—is not in the way when not in use, replaces cumbersome car-seats.
- Made of strong blue webbing, this adjustable belt fastens around the child's waist with a dog leash catch and travels up and down a second strap that buckles over the seat back. A perfect baby present.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or M.O. Postpaid in U.S. $2.50.

Harvest House, Inc., 1200 Niagara R322, Buffalo 13, N.Y.

Cecil says, "No 4-letter words!"

Play the long-word word game, classic Bali, alone or with other eggheads.

Two decks of cards, $3.00 ppd.

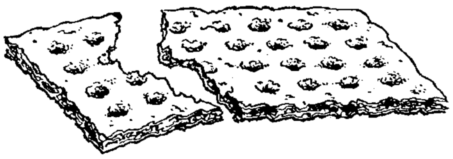
THE FIRESIDE

18 E. EVERGREEN AVE. CHESTNUT HILL, PHILA. CH7-4123

product of Melville's imagination, has also its historical significance in its insight into one aspect of the Civil War. What Melville has revealed in the fanciful tale inspired by his visit to his cousin is a mutual fascination of each of the two camps with the other, the intimate essence of a conflict which, though fratricidal, was also incestuous. One is continually being reminded, in reading the military memoirs of the war, how often—from West Point or Mexico or even through family ties—the officers on both sides of the lineup had been closely associated with one another. There is even something of Captain Ahab and Moby Dick, we feel in reading Grant's "Personal Memoirs," implied in Grant's pursuit of Lee. And Mosby's peculiar knack of infiltrating the Federal Army and getting himself mistaken for a Northerner, this myth of the false Northerner who is out to destroy the real ones, is a symptom of the same situation. This peculiar entanglement with one another of the American North and South was, after the war, to give rise to a formula of romantic fiction that continued to be popular for decades and that produced all those novels and plays in which the lovers, though destined for one another, are divided by their loyalty to different flags. The theme has even lately cropped up again, in terms of André Gide's Paris, in the strange homosexual play called "Sud," written in French and done in France and Germany, by the Virginian Julian Green.

ONE day in April, 1864, when Mosby was not far from Washington, he met a woman who was driving a wagon and who told him that she was on her way to join her husband in the capital. He was a Virginia man loyal to the Union, who had gone for refuge there. Mosby cut off a lock of his hair and told her to take it to Lincoln with the message that he was coming for a lock of his. It was reported in a newspaper that this had been done and that Lincoln had laughed about it. Between Mosby and Grant there grew up, without their ever having seen one another, a peculiar relationship based on mutual respect and interest that was to realize itself after the war in an actual personal friendship. Grant tells in his "Memoirs" how Mosby—in the spring of '64, when Grant was making weekly trips between Culpeper, Virginia, and Washington—came within an ace of capturing the train in which the Union commander was travelling. (Mosby was afterward to say to him that if this capture had taken place, he might well

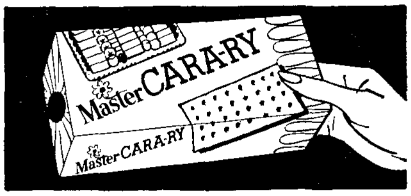
Somewhat Surprising



It's CARAway...It's RYe..
It's CARA-RY

You'll probably love it. Unless, of course, you happen to prefer your rye straight. Cara-Ry is a crisp rye wafer with an unexpected touch of caraway that puts it in a class by itself. The perfect base for spreads, cheese, or just plain butter — at lunchtime, cocktail-time, snack-time.

About 30¢ at your favorite food shops in town. Or, write Zinsmaster, Box 957, Minneapolis, Minnesota, for name of store nearest you.



See RUSSIA for yourself!

Take your choice. You can now travel alone through the Soviet Union or with an escorted, worry-free American group. You can choose your travel route and visit more than 35 cities from Moscow to Samarkand, as well as see the country inbetween. See your travel agent or write Robert Doucé for our new MAUPINTOUR Russian travel brochures.

American specialists in Russian travel

maupintours
101 Park Avenue
New York 17, New York

The Ultimate in Cantonese Cuisine
Luncheon, Cocktails and Dinner
Diners Club and American Express
860 3rd AVE. nr. 52nd ST.——EL 5-5096

The **JADE PALACE**

ITALY

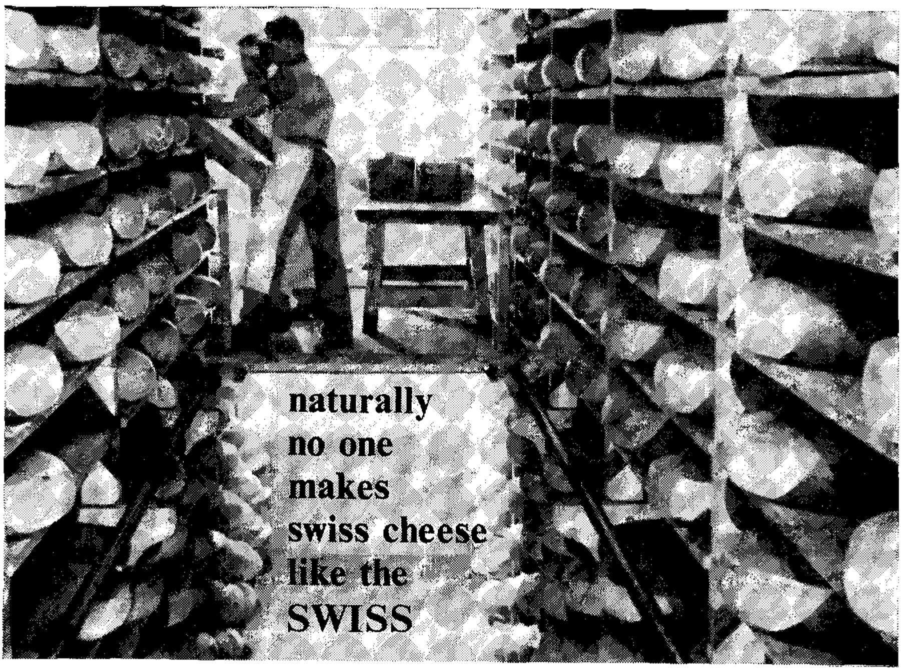
positano art workshop

On The Mediterranean—near Amalfi and Capri Year *round courses. Painting, mosaics, sculpture, art* history. Distinguished staff, individual instruction. $55-$75 weekly including residence with meals in modern pensions or superior hotels. For information: Positano Art Workshop, 238 E. 23 St., N. Y. 10.

Assistance in obtaining trans-ocean reservations.

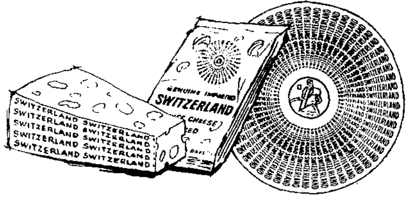
have been President instead of Grant.) "Since the close of the war," adds Grant, "I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally, and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I had supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical exercise. He is able, and thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a separate detachment, in the rear of an opposing army and so near the border of hostilities, as long as he did without losing his entire command." "I had strong personal reasons," writes Mosby, "for being friendly with General Grant. If he had not thrown his shield over me, I should have been outlawed and driven into exile." When Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, Mosby, by order of Stanton, had alone been excluded from parole, but Grant had corrected this. Mosby, as we have seen, had at first been an opponent of secession, and he had never approved of slavery; he was to write after the war, in the "Memoirs," that "we now thank Abraham Lincoln for abolishing it." He much admired Grant, and he decided to support him against Greeley—on the ground that, as he said, the South had been fighting Greeley for forty years but had fought Grant for only four—when the latter ran for President the second time. He was invited by Grant to the White House, and was able, after the reëlection, to get government jobs for his sister and for some of his former followers. He would not accept office for himself, but this forbearance did not save him from being vehemently attacked in the South as a turncoat seduced by self-interest. He found it necessary to carry a revolver, and someone in the town where he lived took a shot at him in the darkness one night. The President, just retiring from office, became alarmed at this incident and induced his successor, Hayes, to offer Mosby the consulship at Hong Kong, a post which he consented to accept and from which, after seven years, the advent of Cleveland displaced him. When asked once what he thought of China, he answered, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

After Mosby's return to the States, he worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad till, as the result of a reorganization, he was laid off in 1901. He spent three years as an agent at the Land Office, then was made by Theodore Roosevelt an assistant attorney in the Department of Justice. He was dropped in 1910, at the age of seventy-seven,



let this red seal be your guide

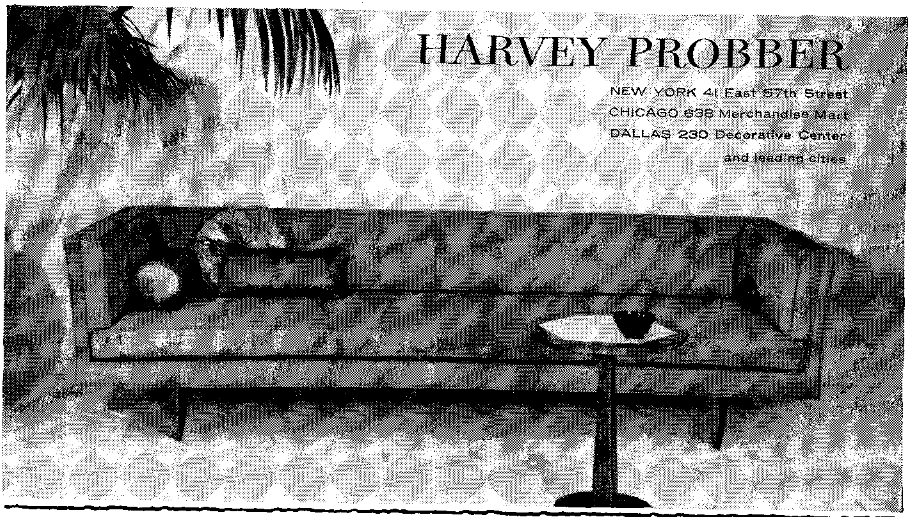
Imported Switzerland Swiss Cheese comes only from the Alpine valleys of Switzerland where Swiss dairy cows thrive on incomparable mountain grass and air. To taste this classic cheese is to realize that no one makes Swiss Cheese like the Swiss. Sliced in packages or by the piece.

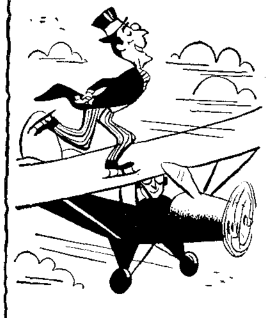


the true imported **SWITZERLAND SWISS CHEESE**

send for free recipe booklet to:

SWITZERLAND'S TRADITIONAL CHEESE PRODUCERS, P.O. Box 2050, New York 17, N.Y.


HARVEY PROBBER
NEW YORK 41 East 57th Street
CHICAGO 638 Merchandise Mart
DALLAS 230 Decorative Center
and leading cities



Skating on a Plane Wing—
Like Campari, an Acquired Taste...

You Could Learn to Love IT!

CAMPARI

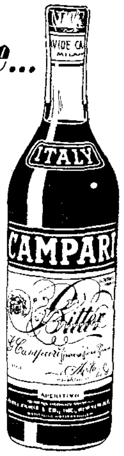
THE CAMPARI COCKTAIL
(also called NEGRONI)

⅓ Campari
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
Stir with ice

THE WORLD CONNOISSEUR'S COCKTAIL

IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

Campari is wonderful on the rocks! Additional recipes for sophisticates in the gold booklet attached to each bottle. 48 Proof.



Love Leather?

Give it cherished care with CAVALIER LEATHER BALM

Give your leather deep new beauty and vibrant new life . . . clean it, protect it, renew it, enrich it with the one preparation created for people who love leather.

Use Cavalier Leather Balm to preserve and beautify all new or old smooth leather articles *from shoes on up:* belts, luggage, handbags, upholstery, camera cases, leather-bound books, desk accessories, leather clothing . . . all these and more.

Buy Cavalier Leather Balm at fine stores. Or send us fifty cents for a large sample. Write Dept. G.

CAVALIER LEATHER BALM

Cavalier Co., Baltimore 30, Md. or Cavalier of Cal., Oakland 20, Cal.

OUR HOPSACK TROUSERS

This subscriber has acquired his most newsworthy hopsack wash and wear trousers ever, possessing lightweightness and quiet refinement. Garment is dacron and cotton . . . with king's knight trim inside pockets and waistband, pleatless, tapered leg, no back pockets, adjustable side tabs.

Shades of panther black, wheat tan, vintage wine, somber olive. Sizes 28-38.

$13.95

Mail orders promptly filled. Add 55¢ for postage.

paul bennett, ltd.
THE CAMBRIDGE SHOP
916 14th St., N.W.
Washington 5, D. C.

LATZ OWNERSHIP
Knife & Fork Inn
Atlantic City's Oldest Steak House

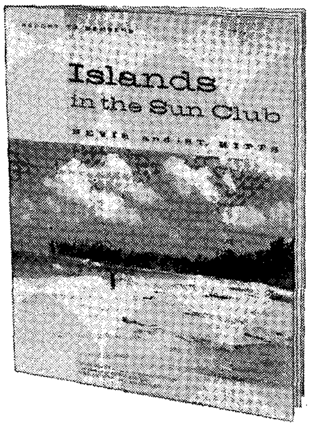
and reduced to extreme poverty: "I was up against it," he said, "during the war and did not take it seriously to heart. I shall endeavor to do so now." He had not even tea to offer his visitors and would walk around Washington in his bedroom slippers. He had lost his wife in childbirth in 1876, and the use of one of his eyes when, in 1896, he was kicked by a horse he was driving. He had always kept in touch with his veterans, but most of them now were dead. He had become in his later years rude, irritable, and dictatorial; would lay down his opinions in conversation and then leave the room or get up from the dinner table before others had finished. It was said of him by one of his sons that the war had "ruined a good father." Five years after his dismissal, he died, but not before, just at the end, a delegation from his old university had brought him a bronze medal and an embossed address. He spoke of his imprisonment in Charlottesville for the shooting of his fellow-student, and added, "My chief regret is that I could not do for my prison what Tasso did for his dungeon at Ferrara—confer immortality upon it." —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HAPPY SUMMER DAYS, by Sue Kaufman (Scribner). A smoothly told and often witty novel about some sophisticated New Yorkers, all old and close friends, who are spending the summer on an island not far from the city. Miss Kaufman starts her story on the ferryboat that is bringing a group of teen-age baby-sitters to their summer jobs, and indirectly, through the baby-sitters, we meet their employers. There are the Russells (he is an architect), the Frys (he is a lawyer and a connoisseur of beauty, and she is an actress and beautiful), and the Kleemanns (he is a famous theatre director and much older than his attractive wife). Once arrived at the island, still in the company of the baby-sitters, we meet others of the group who are to entertain us with their pleasures and their problems. Miss Kaufman has a sharp and accurate hand with personality, but her touch becomes a trifle heavy at times, and there are occasions in her story when her people talk and behave like caricatures of themselves. This tendency to caricature is the only serious flaw in a very diverting light novel.

PIONEER, GO HOME!, by Richard Powell (Scribner). Toby Kwimper



$2

So many people have asked, "What is this *Islands in the Sun Club?*" We've had letters from hopeful souls asking if we're nudists. Others want to know where our clubhouse is. We're not nudists (except privately) and we don't even own a billiard ball, much less a clubhouse.

Simply put, we send reporters and photographers to little known islands in the Caribbean, the Mediterranean and everywhere. Then we give our members comprehensive, honest Reports. One is shown above. Six Reports a year cost $10. You'll either love them or hate them. So we suggest you send $2 and we'll mail a trial Report with our bill for the additional eight dollars. Then, in the privacy of your own home, as they say, you can decide — tear up the bill or send eight dollars. We certainly don't want any malcontents in our club.

ISLANDS IN THE SUN CLUB INC.
117 Liberty Street, New York 6, N. Y.

FOR THE BIG MAN IN YOUR LIFE!

Help him discover perfect fit and smartest styling in his hard-to-find big size!

SHIRTS... SHOES... and SOX...for HIM!

Superb dress and sport shirts, cut extra long, with sleeve lengths 35 to 38 in every neck size. Shoes in sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE, in 21 styles for dress, work, sport or casual wear. Fit and satisfaction GUARANTEED. Not sold in stores — by mail only. Priced amazingly low! Write TODAY for FREE full color Catalog.

FREE STYLE BOOK

KING★SIZE 172 BROCKTON, MASS.

The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Diner's and American Express
SUN YAH

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

is a gloriously masculine, genial youth who plays juvenile lead to two lovely, aggressive girls in this comical tale of simplehearted individualism at war with pigheaded bureaucracy. There is no subtlety in the story; it is a lively, well-delivered farce—nothing more. Next to Toby, it chiefly concerns his father, known as Pop; a pair of seven-year-old twin boys; and a beautiful young nursemaid. The tone of the work and the quality of its characters are indicated in some remarks of Toby's: "Some say the twins are my cousins and some say my uncles. All us Kwimpers are related to each other half a dozen ways, what with living in Cranberry County, New Jersey, since the Year One and getting married to each other when there warn't nothing much else to do." Pop Kwimper and his brood, who have been living on relief, are returning from a Southern vacation when their car breaks down a leafy coastal road. After spending the night among the pines and palms, Pop and Toby decide to make themselves at home, and their resolution is strengthened when it is discovered that they are camping in the middle of an elaborate new government park.

LETTER OF MARQUE, by Andrew Hepburn (Little, Brown). Mr. Hepburn writes with an aficionado's relish and care about spanker gaffs, parbuckled pars, and low-cambered decks, but when he turns to the people in his story—among them an American privateer captain, a young French beauty, and a fifteen-year-old British midshipman, all of whom are involved in the War of 1812—his book goes as blank as a Grand Banks fog.

CLOTILDE, by Cécil Saint Laurent, translated from the French by Humphrey Hare (Morrow). Clotilde is a pretty, sexually inquisitive young girl who finds herself alone and wandering after the fall of France in the Second World War. Clotilde's adventures are repetitious, and she herself is without surprise. M. Saint Laurent's style is lightsome but shows great effort.

GENERAL

EDUCATION AND FREEDOM, by H. G. Rickover, Vice Admiral, U.S.N. (Dutton). Admiral Rickover became concerned about the inadequacies of American education, he says, when he began to work with atomic energy, and realized that his projects needed men and women who had acquired not only great profes-

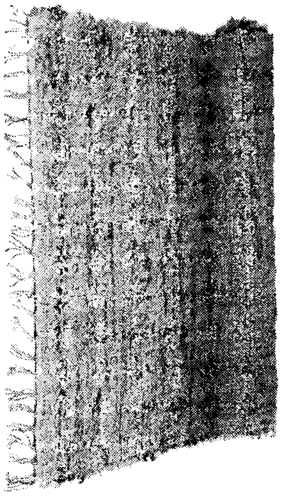
SPECIAL
PD
PETER
DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Peter Dawson

The Scotch with the secret you can taste . . .

PETER DAWSON

Julius WILE IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y., Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 proof



ideal town or country gift

Equally smart in black for a city foyer or in a variety of colors for country and summer homes, these reversible, hand-woven burlap rugs make splendid gifts. In soft green, beige, brown, rust, black. Shown: 2' x 3' size, $6.60. Postage 75¢. Also available for custom orders in any size you wish at only $1.10 per square foot. Please allow 3-5 week delivery.

America House catalog on request.

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 20, N. Y.
PLaza 3-0839

ISLAND FOOD and EXOTIC DRINKS
POLYNESIAN • CANTONESE • CONTINENTAL

SUNDAY LUAU from 3 P.M.
Wed. & Sat. Luncheons

HAL ALOMA TRIO
(No 20% Tax)

- Diners' Club
- American Express

AN ISLAND PARADISE ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE

Luau 400

Parking Service
ELdorado 5-6555

EAST 57th STREET
at FIRST AVENUE

do you know HU-KWA?

Enjoy a superb tea! HU-KWA, finest obtainable, smoky Lapsang Souchong from Taiwan is delicious, deeply satisfying . . . favorite of connoisseurs since the 19th century. Order direct from the importer. Full pound, $3.50. Add 25¢ for delivery beyond city limits.

MARK T. WENDELL, Importer
156 State St., Boston, Mass.
Please send..........lbs. of Hu-Kwa tea to:
Name..........
Street..........
Town..........State..........Zone..........
☐ Check ☐ Money Order Please No C.O.D.s

sional competence but the benefits of a good liberal education, including a sense of proportion about their work and their society, and a capacity for original thought. Rickover found such people unduly scarce, and concluded that American schools have not been trying to produce them. In this book, he recommends that we reform our educational system to provide different curriculums for children of different abilities, and hard work in all courses. The Admiral is probably right—he usually has been—but unfortunately he writes the way Rocky Marciano used to fight; he exhibits very little deftness and just wades in, pummelling the reader with simple declarative sentences whose cumulative effect is more stunning than stimulating.

Seven Shares in a Gold Mine, by Margaret Larkin (Simon & Schuster). "On Wednesday, September 24, 1952, a time bomb exploded in the forward baggage compartment of an airplane flying between Mexico City and Oaxaca. My ten-year-old daughter and I were among the seventeen passengers aboard." Thus, irresistibly, the author, an American journalist, opens this unusual account of a fortunately bungled attempt by two megalomaniacal Mexicans (one a famous baritone) to enrich themselves by secretly insuring the lives of seven unsuspecting men, women, and children. Miss Larkin and her daughter were not among the chosen victims, but her brush with death, taken in conjunction with her profession, gave her an understandably tireless interest in the case, and she presents it here—the hunt for the bombers, their ferocious efforts to incriminate each other, their long and devious trial under the Code Napoleon—with absorbing drama and an excellent feeling for character. Photographs.

Main Street, U.S.S.R., by Irving R. Levine (Doubleday). Mr. Levine has travelled all over Russia as a radio-and-television reporter for the National Broadcasting Company, and in this book he describes, with the aid of jokes as well as statistics, what ordinary Russians are like and what sort of lives they lead—provincial, cocky, good-natured people living under pressures, overt and implicit, that Americans would find irritating or outrageous. Mr. Levine's report suggests that since Stalin's death Russia no longer resembles a concentration camp but, rather, a slovenly militia encampment; the barracks

Big Bands are Back!

And they're on 12 new Omega stereo disks. Recorded at the Brussels World Fair by the BAY BIG BAND, the following are a series of swingin' stereo salutes to the world's best known big bands.

BRUSSELS FAIR SALUTES GLENN MILLER osl-18
BRUSSELS FAIR SALUTES TOMMY DORSEY osl-16
SWINGING THE FORTIES
tunes by Benny Goodman & others osl-19
BAY BIG BAND FLAG WAVERS
tunes by Ted Heath & others osl-17
SWING LOW GREAT CLARINET
tunes by Artie Shaw & others osl-21
BAY BIG BAND'S LATIN BEAT
tunes by Perez Prado & others osl-20
SENTIMENTAL SWINGERS
tunes by Les Brown & others osl-25
SWINGIN' SWEET TRUMPET
tunes by Harry James & others osl-22
SWINGIN' HIGH
tunes of Count Basie & others osl-26
BAY BIG BAND PLAYS ELLINGTON
tunes of Duke, Strayhorn, Hodges & others osl-24
BIG SOUNDS
tunes of Stan Kenton & others osl-27
STRINGS AROUND THE WORLD
tunes of Dave Rose, Paul Weston & others osl-23

Also available on stereo 45 EPs. and monaural long play

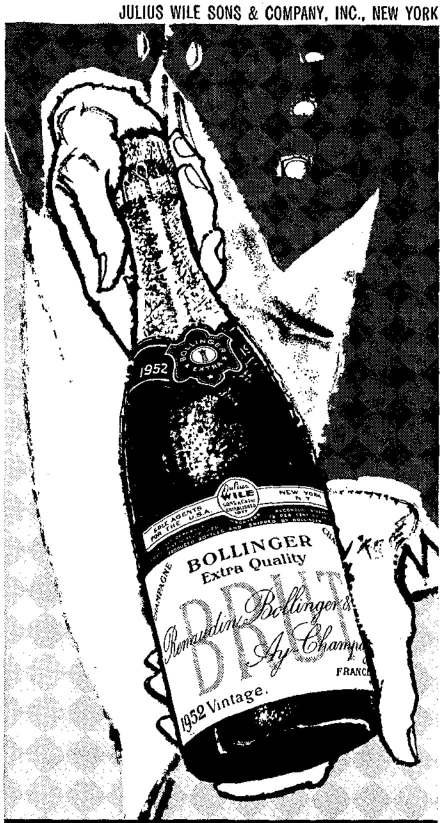
Omega STEREOPHONIC disk
6906 SANTA MONICA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

1028 N. RUSH
WH 3-2233
Mister Kelly's
Chicago's finest prime steaks
Nitely 'til 4 a.m.

Hooray and Hallellujah!
ELLA FITZGERALD
Jonah Jones now at London House

Established 1864
Keeler's
STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

meet me at
the A house



JULIUS WILE SONS & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

BOLLINGER®
The Aristocrat of French Champagne

A COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL IN A KEY UPSTATE CITY

Heart-of-town location and complete parking facilities. Exceptional personal services assure every convenience and comfort—add pleasure to your stay. Radio and TV. Four famous restaurants offer unexcelled dining.

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N. Y. Teletype SS300
JAMES F. GILDAY, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT

Memo to Tatham-Laird:

If you want to be seen in Central Ohio . . WBNS-TV.

CBS-TV in Columbus, Ohio

From delectable hamburgers to gourmet delights . . . . . . 55c to $1.95
Lunch - Dinner - Supper till 1 AM, - Sunday Brunch $1.75
Fountain Service
COOKERY
8th St. & University Place, NYC Lafayette

leak and the men gripe about it, but they do as they are told and remain unaccountably convinced that theirs is the finest outfit in the world.

Against the Wind, by Geoffrey Household (Little, Brown). A brisk and candid autobiographical memoir, by the Englishman who wrote "The Third Hour," "Rogue Male," and other superior books of adventure and intrigue. The author, who is about of an age with the century, went out from Oxford, in 1922, to Bucharest as a clerk in the Ottoman Bank; in the Byzantine world of the post-war Balkans and the Middle East he quickly found his true vocation (aided by an exchange rate favorable to a young man with a salary of four hundred pounds a year), which was hedonism. After some years with the bank, Mr. Household, for no very clear reason, became a commercial traveller in bananas, with Spain as his territory, and after putting in some time in that field he came to the United States, in the wake of a girl he had become attached to. He spent a couple of bohemian years in New York and then returned to England, where he sold printer's ink for a firm that dealt with agents in Northern Europe and South America. Somewhere along the line, he became a writer; he was just getting under way as a successful one when the Second World War caught up with him and landed him, because of his knowledge of languages, in the job of a Field Security officer with the British Army in the Middle East. (More adventures.) Mr. Household, though a painfully self-taught writer, is a born raconteur with a nicely balanced sense of irony and an amused attitude toward the world and himself. This adventure story, with its honesty and its little fillips of absurdity, is one of his most delightful books.

The Angry Scar, by Hodding Carter (Doubleday). A popular history of the Reconstruction, compiled from secondary sources by an author who disarmingly calls himself an "unscholarly poacher." The material is fascinating—particularly a lengthy account of a spirited carpetbagger in Mississippi named Albert Morgan—but its disorganization is maddening, and Mr. Carter's style is more pretentious than it need be, as when he says of the later career of Senator Tom Watson, "So fell Lucifer into the outer dark."

The Art of the Essay, edited by Leslie Fiedler (Crowell). An anthology

"Oh, my heavens, here come the Rogers!"

Out-of-town guests are always more welcome when they telephone ahead!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

RURAL CURE-ALL?

Ever feel like getting away from it all, like forsaking civilization and retiring to the country?

Thoreau did it, of course. And, not long ago a man down in Tennessee elected to go to live in a hut in the Smokies and limit himself to fifteen cents a day for essentials. Says he's perfectly happy, too.

But let's face it — most of us aren't cut out for the simple life. We want at least some of the comforts and the money it takes to have them. In fact, the more the merrier.

So if you don't want to take to the woods, if you'd like to put your money to work and give it a chance to multiply (not overnight, of course, but over the years), we'll be glad to tell you how other people have done it in the past—and how you may be able to do it in the future if the stock market continues its long-range trend upward. Just ask for a copy of our booklet "HOW TO INVEST IN STOCKS AND BONDS." It's free as country air.

Department SB-17

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange
and all other Principal Exchanges
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

designed for college use that, miraculously, gives pleasure to the lay reader. Most textbooks are pedestrian, and many anthologies are boring because the compiler does his job with the muse of Academe breathing down his neck. But Mr. Fiedler, an avant-garde critic, has turned up his collar. He has made a very personal selection and arranged it under some eccentric but not uninteresting heads. The result is a collection one wants to read, not just respect. There are sixty essays, ranging from "Of Presumption," by Montaigne, who invented the form singlehanded, to "The Simple Art of Murder," by Raymond Chandler. Unpredictable variety is the keynote. There are younger writers—Steven Marcus, Henry Popkin, Norman Podhoretz, James Baldwin. There are older writers represented by unhackneyed pieces—Jean-Paul Sartre's "American Cities," James Agee's appreciation of the silent-film comedians, Mary McCarthy's "America the Beautiful," John Peale Bishop's "Princeton," W. H. Auden on Huckleberry Finn. There is an engaging confusion of genres; the editor stretches the form to include letters, book reviews, reporting, a story, and even an extempore radio talk. And there is pleasing typography, at once dignified and inviting. A rich six hundred pages.

NOTE: Macmillan has published "The Idle Demon," a collection of poems by R. P. Lister. Many of them first appeared in this magazine.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[From the Chicago Sun-Times]

Dr. Tibor Helvey, a University of Kansas professor, explaining why he is seeking two men and a woman to volunteer for an isolation experiment simulating conditions on the moon:

"One man by himself might go psycho. Two men would quarrel. Maybe a man and woman would, too, but three people have the best chance of getting along together, and by making one of them a woman we increase the chances."

•

As a result of frank utterances by many of them—Nixon, Harriman, Williams, Kennedy, Symington, Johnson of Texas—the 1960 contest may be more decisive and controversial than any since Dewey, Willkie and President Eisenhower began to embrace many New Rochelle Fair Deal doctrines.—*White Plains* (N.Y.) *Reporter-Dispatch.*

Which everybody knows were snitched from Pelham Manor.

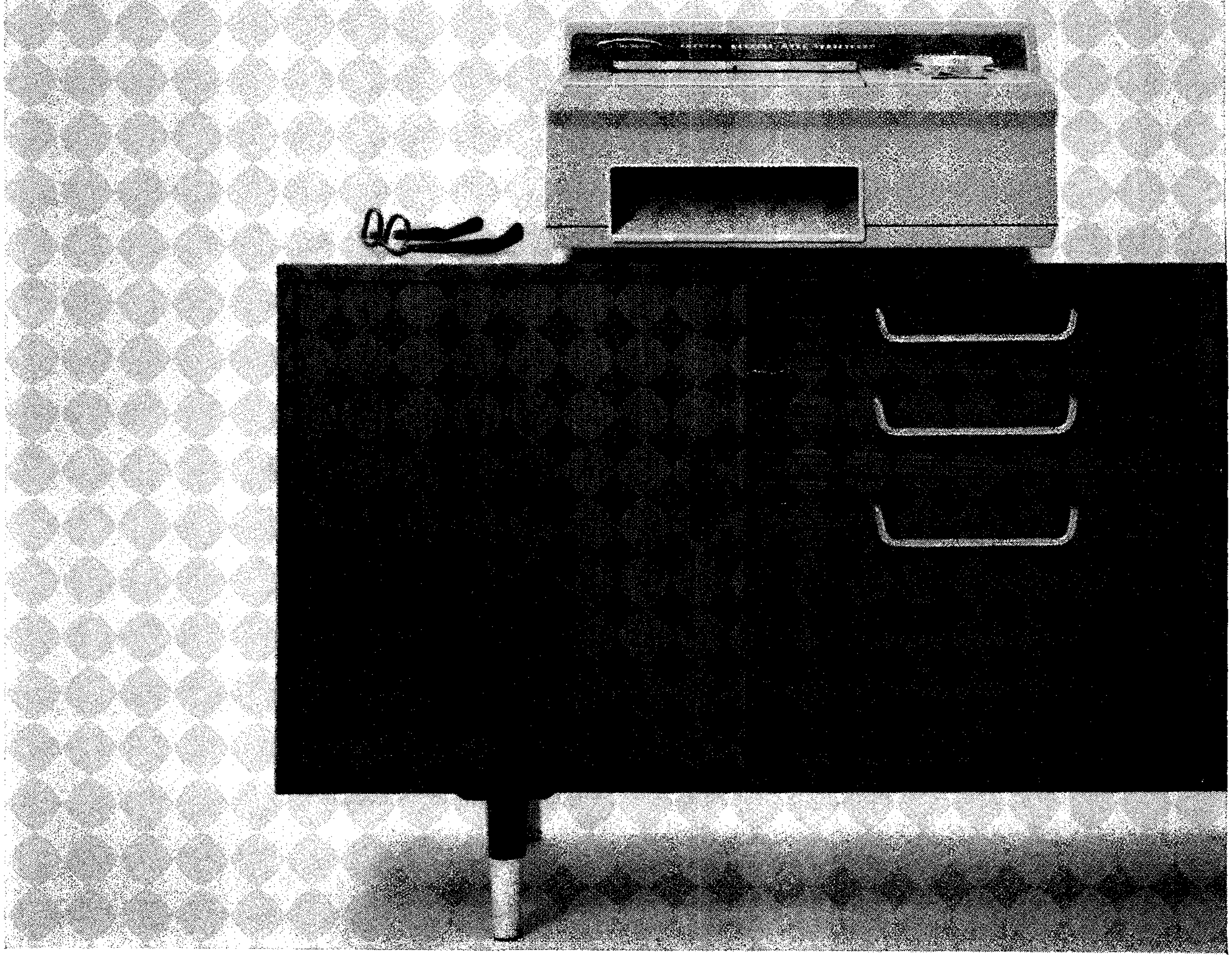
a Festive Drink
for ALL the Family!
...and for your guests who prefer non-alcoholic refreshment
GOLDEN CHAMPAGNE COLOR... SPARKLING ZESTFUL FLAVOR!
MEIER'S
OHIO STATE
Sparkling Catawba
GRAPE JUICE
THE CHAMPAGNE OF GRAPE JUICES
The JOHN C. MEIER Grape Juice Co., Silverton, Ohio
Owners of the famous Isle St. George vineyards
Write Dept. N for FREE Catawba Recipe Folder

OPEN 11:30 A. M.
'TIL MIDNIGHT
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car
at dinner

Leaders read the
Kiplinger Letter
every Monday morning

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

First choice with businessmen...
the "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machine



No other office machine does so many jobs so easily...for so little!

Billing, accounting, addressing, communications . . . businesses throughout America use the "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machine—in over 100 different ways—to speed work and cut costs. It's completely electric, completely clean. It makes dry copies of business papers in just four seconds without the use of chemicals or negatives. "Thermo-Fax" Copy Paper is available in a variety of colors to expedite communications. These are reasons why more businessmen buy and *prefer* "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machines—proved by recent surveys made by leading business publications. See this office machine that does more, quicker, at lower cost. Phone your dealer or mail the coupon.

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

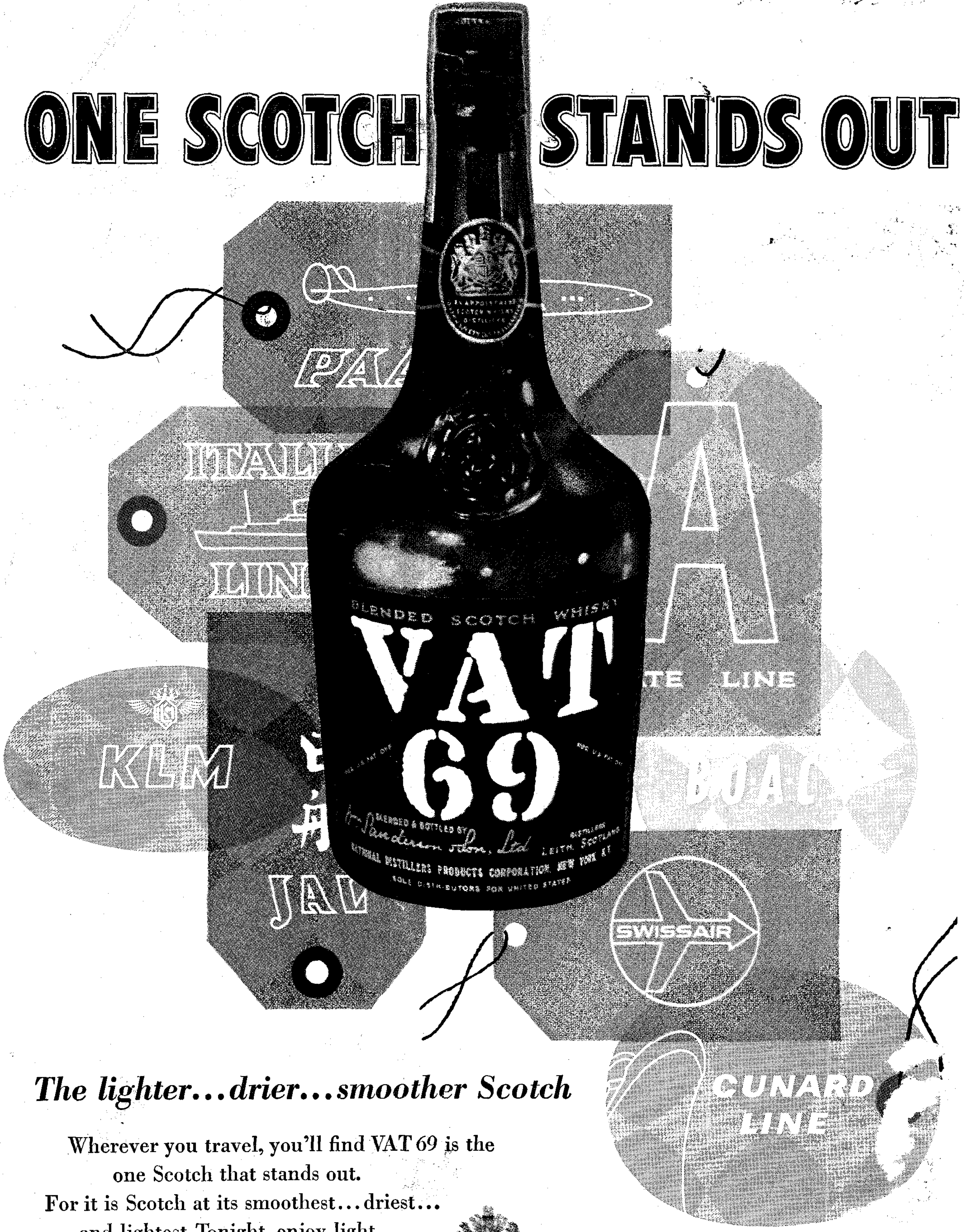
Thermo-Fax BRAND COPYING PRODUCTS

3M COMPANY

THE TERMS "THERMO-FAX" AND "SECRETARY" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY Dept. NM-2149, St. Paul 6, Minn.
Please send me details on how the "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machine will help me cut costs in my business.

Name______________________________
Company____________________________
Address____________________________
City________________Zone____State__________


ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT
PAA
ITALIA
LINE
KLM
JAL
TE LINE
BOAC
SWISSAIR
CUNARD LINE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd
LEITH, SCOTLAND
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES

The lighter...drier...smoother Scotch

Wherever you travel, you'll find VAT 69 is the one Scotch that stands out. For it is Scotch at its smoothest...driest... and lightest. Tonight, enjoy light, dry VAT 69—you owe it to your taste for Scotch!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.